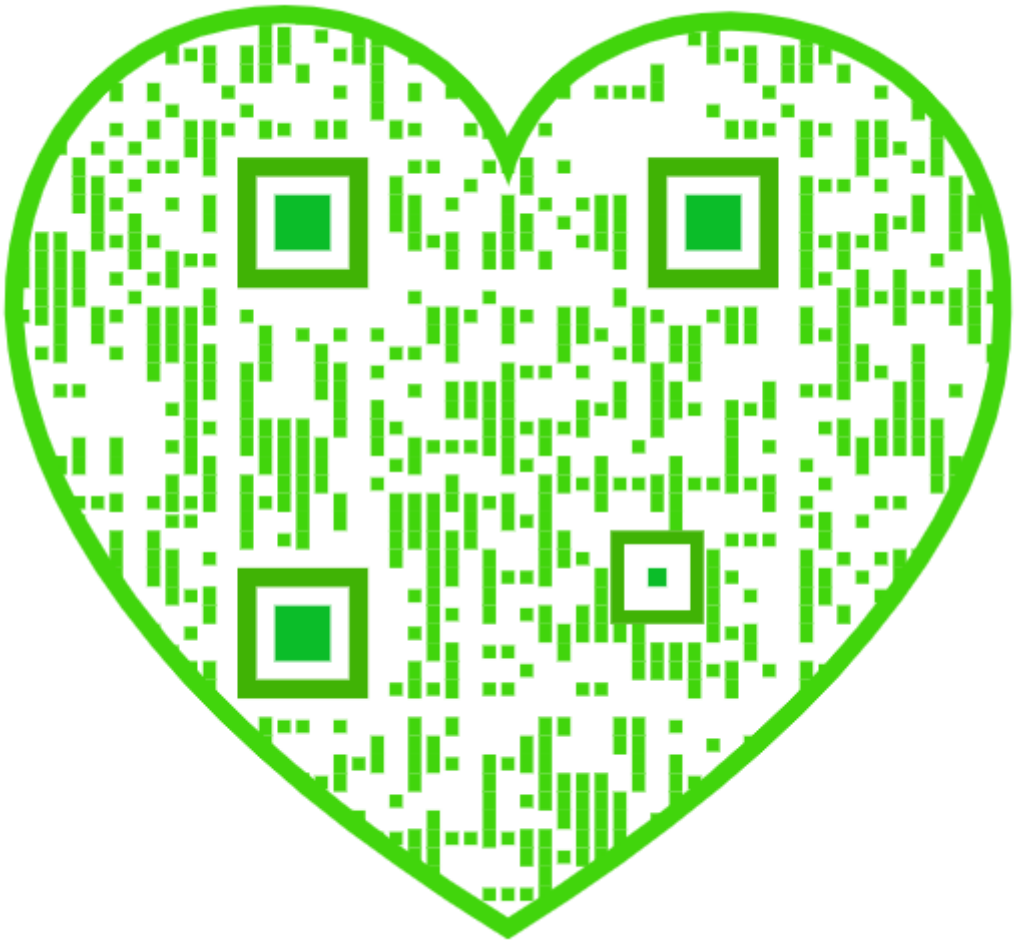

THE

EPISTLES

OF

LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA.

VOL. II.

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OF

LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA.

WITH LARGE

ANNOTATIONS,

WHEREIN, PARTICULARLY,

THE TENETS OF THE ANTIENT PHILOSOPHERS

ARE CONTRASTED WITH

THE DIVINE PRECEPTS OF THE GOSPEL,

WITH REGARD TO THE

MORAL DUTIES OF MANKIND.

In TWO VOLUMES.

By THOMAS MORELL, D.D.

VOL II.

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THE

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OF

LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA.

EPISTLE LXXVI.

On Wiſdom; the chief Good.

YOU threaten, *Lucilius*, to take it ill, if I do not inform you of my daily tranſactions. Obſerve how ready I am ſincerely to anſwer your requeſt. I go to hear a certain philoſopher; and it is now the fifth day that I have attended his ſchool, and heard him diſpute from the eighth hour of the morning. *At a good age, truly!* Indeed I think ſo, *Lucilius*, (though you laugh); for what can be more ridiculous than to think, becauſe you have ſome time deſiſted from ſtudy, you need no further inſtruction? What would you have me do? mount my horſe, and act the young eſquire (*a*)? Happy would it be for me indeed, if this *(going to ſchool*, as you call it) was the only thing that diſgraced my old age!

The ſchool of philoſophy invites men of every age: here let us grow old, and ſtill follow it as earneſtly as young men (*b*). Shall I at this age frequent the theatre, and be carried into the circus, and no

two gladiators be matched to fight without my preſence; and at the ſame time ſhall I be aſhamed to attend the lectures of a philoſopher? No; a man muſt ſtill be learning ſomewhat, as long as there is any thing to be learned; that is, according to the proverb, *as long as he lives* (*c*). Nor is this more applicable to any other purpoſe than to the following, *you muſt be learning as long as you live*, how to live. But know alſo, that I teach at the ſame time: do you aſk what? why, that old age hath always ſomewhat ſtill to learn: and indeed in this reſpect, I am aſhamed of the folly of mankind. You know the way to the houſe of *Metronactes*, is by the *Neapolitan* theatre; this I find always full; and it is debated with great earneſtneſs, who is the beſt piper. Nay, a Grecian fidler or the common cryer ſhall gather around them a vaſt concourſe of people: but the place where a man is taught ſound morality, very few attend *(d)*; and ſuch as are pleaſed to attend, are thought by many to have no extraordinary buſineſs there; nay are even called idle blockheads. They may laugh at *me* too if they pleaſe; the opprobrious language of the rude and illiterate is eaſily to be borne: and their contempt to be deſpiſed by thoſe, whoſe endeavours aim at what is right and fit.

Go on, my *Lucilius*, and make all the ſpeed you can, that it may not be your caſe as it was mine, to be obliged to learn in your old age; and haſten ſo much the more; becauſe you have undertaken that which you can ſcarce be maſter of, live you ever ſo long. What *improvement ſhall I make?* as much as you endeavour after *(e)*. *What do you expect?* wiſdom is not an accidental accompliſhment. Riches will ſometimes come of themſelves, honour will be offered you; favour and dignity, will haply be your portion; but virtue is not to be obtained but by great and inceſſant labour; but it is worth while ſo much the more to labour, as this will confer all good whatever: for this indeed is *the only good.* There is no truth, no certainty, in thoſe things, ſo highly extolled by common fame. But I will now ſhew you, the *honeſtum*, or *virtue*, is the *only good:* becauſe you ſeem to think that in my former epiſtle I have not executed the ſaid purpoſe; and that I have exhibited virtue rather as recommended, than proved; and to contract all in a few words.

Know,

Know, that *all things have their proper good.* Fertility recommends the vine, as a fine flavour does the juice of the grape; the excellency in a ſtag is ſwiftneſs; in beaſts of burthen, a ſtrong back: an exquiſite quickneſs of ſcent diſtinguiſhes the hound; ſpeed the greyhound; fierceneſs and courage the bull-dog, or ſuch as are ordained to attack wild beaſts *(f)*: and what is the excellency in man? *reaſon.* It is this, wherein man excells the brute creation, and draws near to the gods *(g)*. Perfect reaſon therefore is the proper good of men. Other qualities he hath in common with plants and animals: is he ſtrong? ſo are lions. Is he beautiful? ſo are peacocks. Is he ſwift? ſo are horſes. I do not ſay how far he may excell, or be excelled in any of theſe points; for I am not enquiring after what is greateſt in him, but what is *his own.* Has he a body? ſo has a tree. Has he internal power of ſelf-motion? ſo have beaſts, and even worms. Hath he a voice? ſome dogs have a louder; more ſhrill is that of the eagle, more deep that of the bull; and more ſweet and voluble is the voice of the nightingale. What then is proper only to man? *reaſon.* This when right and perfect, completes the happineſs of man. If therefore every thing that hath accompliſhed its own proper good, is praiſe-worthy, and hath reached the end of nature's deſignation; reaſon being the proper good of man, if he hath perfected the ſame, he is then praiſe worthy, and hath attained the end of being. Now, this reaſon when perfect, is called *virtue,* or what is *right and fit* in all circumſtances. That therefore is the *one* good in man, which is his proper good: for we are not now enquiring after what is good, but what is the peculiar good of man. If there is no other good peculiar to man, then this is the *one good,* in which is comprehended all other.

Further, is any one a bad man, I doubt not but he will be condemned; and if good he will be approved of: that therefore is the proper and only good in man, according to which he is blamed, or praiſed. But perhaps you doubt not whether this be a good, but whether it be the *only* good. Surely, if a man hath all other enjoyments of life, as health, riches, ſtatues of his anceſtors, and a large levee of his own, but is confeſſedly a bad man, you will condemn him. Again, if a

man hath none of theſe things, if he wants money; hath no clients, is not noble: nor can boaſt a long line of anceſtors, yet is a good man; you cannot but commend him. Therefore that is the *only* good of man, which if he poſſeſſes, tho' deſtitute of all other things, he is very reſpectable, and praiſe-worthy; and he that hath it not, tho' in full poſſeſſion of all other enjoyments, is condemned and deſpiſed. As the condition of other things; ſuch is that of man. It is called a good ſhip, not becauſe it is painted with the moſt brilliant colours; and hath its decks of ſilver or gold; and its prow decorated with ivory (*b*); nor becauſe it is freighted with royal treaſures; but becauſe it is not crank, but firm and ſteady; well caulked, ſo as to admit no leak, and with ſuch ſtrong ſides, as to defy the violence of the waves; ever obedient to the rudder; and ſwift and eaſy to tack about with every wind. You will not call a ſword good for hanging at a golden belt, and having the hilt adorn'd with jewels: but becauſe it carries a fine edge for cutting, and a point able to pierce an armour of ſteel. A ruler or ſquare is not required to be beautiful, but ſtrait and true. Every thing is excellent when adapted to its proper uſe *(i)*. Therefore in man alſo, it is of little avail, how many acres he ploughs, how much money he hath out at intereſt; how many ſalute him by the way; how rich his bed; or how tranſparent and coſtly his cup; but how *good* a man he is; now, he is a good man, whoſe reaſon is explicit and right; in all reſpects adapted to the will of nature. This is all called *virtue*; this is the *Honeſtum*, and *only* good of man. For ſince reaſon alone perfects the man; perfect reaſon alone hath made him happy; and that is the only good of man, by which only he is made happy.

We likewiſe call all thoſe things good, which proceed from or are in contact with virtue; they are all her works. But, therefore is virtue only good, becauſe there cannot be any good without her. And if all good be in the mind, whatever ſtrengthens, exalts, and enlarges the mind, is good. Now virtue makes the mind ſtronger, nobler, more extenſive. Whereas all other things, which provoke our appetites and deſires, depreſs and weaken the mind; and when they ſeem to raiſe, they only puff it up, and delude it with much vanity. Therefore that is the only

good,

good, which improves the mind. All the actions of the whole life of man are meaſured by the moral ſenſe of good and evil, from whence reaſon takes her directions for doing, or not doing ſuch and ſuch things. I ſhall further explain this.

A good man will always do what is right and fit, whatever pains it coſts him. Again, he will not do any thing, that is baſe and vile, were he to gain thereby riches, or pleaſure or power. He will not abſtain from what is right, for any terror; nor, by any hopes whatever, be drawn in to a baſe action. Therefore as he will follow what is juſt and fit, he will always eſchew what is unjuſt and vile; and in every action in life, he will have theſe two principles in view; that there is no good but what is right and fit, nor any evil but what is vile and ſcandalous. If then virtue alone is pure, and ever of the ſame tenour; virtue is the only *good*; nor is it poſſible it ſhould be otherwiſe than good. Wiſdom is not ſubject to the danger of a change; as it is not to be taken from us forcibly, nor will ever revert into folly (*). I told you, if you remember, that many by a ſudden tranſport of zeal, have contemn'd and trodden under foot things ſo indiſcreetly coveted or dreaded by the vulgar: there have been found thoſe, who would thruſt their hand into the flames (*k*); whoſe ſmiles no torture could interrupt (*l*), who have not ſhed a tear at the loſs of their children: and have themſelves met death with intrepidity. Love, anger, deſire, have defied all manner of danger. And if a ſhort obſtinacy of the mind, inſpired by ſome ſudden impulſe could do this; how much more can virtue, which is ſtrong, not by fits, or on a ſudden, but with ever-equal ſteadineſs; and whoſe ſtrength never faileth? It follows then, that ſuch things, as are deſpiſed, *ſometimes* by the raſh and inconſiderate, and *always* by the wiſe, are in themſelves neither good nor evil. The only good therefore is virtue, who proudly marches between good and bad fortune, and treats them both alike with contempt. If you fancy, there is any good, but ſuch as conſiſts in what is *right and fit*, there is no virtue but what will prove defective: for none can be obtained, if it has regard to any thing without, or beyond itſelf. And were it ſo, it would be repugnant

to

to reaſon, from whence proceed all virtues; and alſo to truth, which ſubſiſts in reaſon: now whatever opinion is repugnant to truth, is falſe.

Further, you muſt grant it neceſſary for a good man to be truly pious, and to have the higheſt veneration for the gods; conſequently whatever happens to him, he will bear it with a patient and even mind, being perſuaded that it proceeds from the Divine Law, which governs the univerſe. And if ſo, that will be the only good to him, which is right and fit: foraſmuch as it conſiſts in this, to obey the gods, not to fall into ſudden paſſions, nor to bewail his lot, but patiently to abide his fate, and willingly perform what is enjoined by the powers above. Beſides, was there any other good than what is right and fit, we ſhould be perſecuted with the deſire of life, and an inſatiable hankering after all the requiſites thereto, which is intolerable, infinite, vague: therefore what is right and fit, is the only good, becauſe it hath its certain meaſure and end.

I have before ſaid, if thoſe things of which the gods make no uſe, ſuch as riches and honours, were really *good*, the life of man would be much more happy than that of the gods: add now, that if ſouls, when ſet free from the body, ſtill exiſt, they are in a much happier ſtate than when detained in the body (*m*). But if thoſe things be good, which are made uſe of while in the body, it would then be worſe for them to have been ſet free; but it is not credible that being impriſoned and confined they ſhould be happier than when at liberty to range the univerſe. I ſaid alſo, if thoſe things be good, which happen to dumb animals as well as to man, that then even dumb animals live an happy life: which by no means can be admitted. All things are to be endured for the ſake of virtue, or doing that which is right and fit; but this would be unreaſonable, if there was any other real good but virtue.

Thus, *Lucilius*, have I contracted and run through the ſeveral points, which I explained more at large in my former Epiſtle. But you will never approve of this my opinion or think it true, unleſs you raiſe your

your mind, and aſk yourſelf this queſtion; whether, *if upon an emergency you are required to die for your country, and to redeem your fellow-citizens at the expence of your own life, you would ſtretch out your neck to the ſword, not only with a patient but a willing mind?* If you can do this, there is no other good: you poſtpone all things to this. See how great is the force of virtue. You will die for the good of the commonweal, though it be not at preſent required of you, yet whenever it ſhall ſo happen. In the mean while, from a good and beautiful action, great joy may be received in a ſhort ſpace of time; and though no benefit from the ſaid action were to accrue to the perſon defunct, and taken from the world, yet the very contemplation of the good intended gives delight; and the brave and juſt man, when he hath in view the price and conſequence of his death, ſuppoſe, the liberty of his country, and the welfare of all thoſe for whom he lays down his life, is in the higheſt glee, and enjoys his peril. Nay, even he that is deprived of the joy, which the execution of ſo great an affair would give him, as the greateſt and laſt pleaſure of his life, will yet brook no delay, but will ruſh upon death, well ſatisfied with doing what is right and fit, ſuppoſing it right and fit ſo to do.

Oppoſe to this however all that can be objected againſt it: tell him, *the favour will ſoon be loſt, and buried in oblivion: that the citizens will not make him any return of grateful eſteem.* He will readily anſwer, *all theſe things concern not my action: I conſider it in itſelf: I know it to be right and fit; therefore wherever it leads or invites me, I come.* This then is the *one good*, which not only a perfect mind, but a generous and good diſpoſition is ſenſible of. All other things are light and changeable: therefore they are poſſeſſed with anxiety, though kind fortune heaped them all upon one man: they become a heavy burden to the owners, they always oppreſs them, and ſometimes weigh them down. Not one of thoſe whom you ſee arrayed in purple, is happy; any more than thoſe whom you ſee dreſſed up for kings on the ſtage: they ſtrut in their buſkins, and look big during the time of action; but having made their exit, they are diſrobed, and ſhrink again to their own ſtature. Not one of thoſe whom wealth and honours have ſet on high

high is a great man. How comes it then that he ſeems ſo? Becauſe you meaſure him baſe and all. A dwarf is ſtill little though you ſet him upon a mountain; and a Coloſſus will maintain his bulk though he ſtands in a well. This then is the error we labour under: thus it is we impoſe upon ourſelves: we eſteem no one according to what he really is in himſelf; but we add to him all external advantages: but in order to make a true eſtimate of man, and to know what he really is, view him in himſelf: let him lay aſide his patrimony, his honours, and all the lying ornaments of fortune. Nay, let him throw off the body; inſpect the mind alone; examine what, and how great it is, and whether great in itſelf, or from ſome foreign good. If with a ſteady eye he can look upon the drawn ſword; if he knows that it is of little concern, whether the ſoul depart from him naturally, or forcibly from a wound, call him happy. If he is threatened with excruciating torture of the body, either ſuch as is caſual or inflicted by the injurious treatment of thoſe in power; if, of chains and baniſhment, and all the terrors that affright the mind of man, he hears without anxiety, and ſaith (with *Æneas* in Virg. 6. 103)

—— Non ulla laborum,
O virgo, nova mi facies inopinave ſurgit.
Omnia præcepi, atque animo mecum ipſe peregi.
—— *No terror to my view,*
No frightful face of danger can be new.
Innur'd to ſuffer, and reſolv'd to dare,
The Fates, without my pow'r, ſhall be without my care.

Dryden.

You but now *threaten me with theſe things, but I always threatened myſelf with them; being a man, I was always prepared againſt whatever man is ſubject to*; call him happy. The ſtroke of an evil preconceived, comes eaſy: but to fools and ſuch as truſt in fortune, every change ſeems new, and comes upon them with ſurprize; and the greateſt part of evil, to the unexperienced and unprepared, is the novelty of it. This you may learn from their bearing patiently ſuch things as they have been accuſtomed to. Therefore a wiſe man makes himſelf acquainted with evils ere they happen, and ſuch as others make light by long ſuffering,

he

he makes eaſy by due reflexion. We often hear the unſkilful crying out, *I could not imagine that this would ever be my lot.* But the wiſe man knows that all things are incident to him, and therefore whatever happens he ſaith, *It is what I expected (o).*

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Troſſuli] See Ep. 87. *Lipſ.* Elect. ii. 1. Perſ. Sat. i. 81. ubi in N.—Troſſulus, vel a Troſſulo Tuſcorum oppido: vel qu. Toroſulus dim. a Toroſus, ut notentur homines delicatuli.

—— Unde iſtud dedecus in quo
Troſſulus exultat tibi per ſubſellia lævis?
Whence that diſgrace, when the aſſemblies meet,
To ſee a coxcomb ſkip from ſeat to ſeat?

(b) In hac Seneſcamus, hanc ut juvenes ſequamur. *Lipſius* doubts this expreſſion, ſcholam ſequi.—But *Gronovius* proves it juſt, from *Cicero*, when *ſequi* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe with *petere*; and adds from *Virgil*, Italiam ſequimur.—However, he is not ſatisfied with the reading, as all the MSS. want the demonſtrative pronoun *hanc*; and therefore propoſeth the conjecture of *Schrevelius*, In hanc Seneſcamus, ut juvenes ſequantur.—*Let us old men go thither, that the young men may follow us.*

(c) According to that in *Plato* (in amator) τί ὖν ἐστιν φιλοσοφῆσαι; κ. τ. λ. *what is it to philoſophize? what, but as* Solon *ſaith,*

Γηρασκω δ' ἀεὶ πολλὰ δ'ιδασκομενος;
I ſtill learn ſomewhat as I grow in years.

Live and learn, ſays the Engliſh proverb. *Non ſi finiſce mai d' imparare.* Ital.—And very properly, as *Hippocrates* begins his aphoriſms with, Ars longa, vita brevis. *Ray*, p. 170. *Lipſ.* Manud. i. 1.

(d) According to the proverb in *Cicero*, (de Orat. ii.) Diſcum audire malunt quam philoſophum. *They will rather hear the ſound of a Coit than a philoſopher.* Which *Eraſmus* (i. v. 2. 19) thinks may be transferred to (diſcus eſcarius) *the rattling of plates for dinner.*

(e) This is according to the Stoical maxim; Velis eſſe bonus, eris. *If you have an inclination to be good, you will be ſo.*

(f) So Phocyllides. Ὅπλον ἑκαστῳ τεῖμε θεὸς, φυσιν περάφοιτον,
Ὀρνισι-μεν πολλὴν ταχυτῆτ', ἀλκήν τε λεουσι,
Ταυροις δ' αυτοχυτοις κεράεσσιν κεντρα μελισσῃς,
Ἐμφυτον ἀλκαρ ἐδωκε. λογος δ'ἐρυμ' ἀνθρωποισι.
On every animal hath Nature's God
Its proper uſeful implement beſtow'd.
To all the feather'd choir ſwiftneſs of wing,
To bulls their ſprouting horns, to bees their ſting.
Reaſon his ſtrength, and ſureſt guard, is giv'n
To man alone, the richeſt gift of heav'n. M.

Sidon. Apoll. vii. 14. Statum noſtrum ſupra pecudes---Ratiocinatio animæ intellectualis evexit, &c. *Victorius* Genes. i.

Unumquodque ſuo donavit munere largus
Armavitque manu, cornu, pede, dente, veneno, &c.

Bochius. iii. 8. Jam verò qui bona præ ſe corporis ferunt, quàm exiguâ, quàm fragili poſſeſſione! ſituatur!

nituntur! Nam etiam elephantes mole, tauros robere ſuperare poteritis? Num tigres velocitate prœibitis, &c. *Now is it wel yſeene, how litel and how brytel poſſeſſion they coveten, that putten the goodes of the bodie above her own reaſon. For mayſt thou ſurmounten theſe olifaunts in greatneſſe, or in weight of bodie? or mayſt thou be ſtronger than the bull? mayſt thou be ſwifter than the tyger?* &c.

Chaucer.

Cic. de Nat. Deor. ii. de Fin. v. Sen. Ep. ult.

(g) Deos ſequitur] *Inferieur a un ſeul Dieu.* Vet. Gall.

Puteanus reads it, Diis æquatur. *He is equal to the gods*, according to the inſolence of the Stoics. *See* Epp. 31, 92.

(*h*) Navis tutela] Gr. Νεως περισημον, *Lat.* Inſigne. *The image*, from whence the ſhip generally had its name.——Tutelæque Deum fluitant. *Sil.*

——Et pictos verberat unda Deos

Navis tutelam—*Ov.* de Triſt. i.

Viſa coronatæ fulgens tutela carinæ. *Val. Flacc.* i. Vid. Brodæ, Miſc. i. 10. Turn, Adv. xix. 2.

(*i*) See an ingenious modern treatiſe, called *The Analyſis of Beauty*, by Mr. *Hogarth*, p. 72.

* For according to the Stoics their wiſe man is ever fixed on good.

(*k*) As *Mutius Scævola*, Ep. 24.

(*l*) As the ſervant who in revenge of his maſter killed *Aſdrubal.*

(*m*) This is one of thoſe paſſages, wherein *Seneca* ſpeaks in a clear and noble manner of the happineſs of ſouls after death, when freed from the incumbrance of the body, and received into the place or region of departed ſouls. *Vid.* Conſol. ad Polyb. c. 28. Conſ. ad Marc. c. 25. But eſpecially Epiſt. 102, where he has ſome ſublime thoughts on this ſubject, and among the reſt—Dies iſte quem tanquam extremum reformidas, æterni natalis eſt. *The day which you dread as the laſt of life, is to be regarded as the birth-day of an eternal one*—though it muſt be owned he ſpeaks of this elſewhere with doubt and uncertainty. *See* Leland ii. p. 287.

(*n*) They ſtrut and fret their hour upon the ſtage,
And then are heard no more.—*Hamlet.*

(*o*) Dixit, ſciebam.] As ſome of the editions want *ſciebam*, I was thinking that if we might transfer the three letters S. V. B. which begin the next Epiſtle, and inſtead of *Si Vales, Bene eſt*, they might be allowed to ſtand for *Si Vult* (Deus) *Bene eſt*, this would make a proper ejaculation not only for a wiſe heathen, but a good Chriſtian; *God's will be done.*

EPISTLE LXXVII.

Againſt the Fear of Death.

I (*Hope you are well*; (*a*) *and*) beg leave to inform you, *Lucilius*, that, this day, ſomewhat unexpectedly appeared in ſight the *Alexandrian ſhips* (*b*), which are uſually ſent before to announce the approach of the

the whole fleet; they are called packet boats. Very grateful was the ſight of them to all *Campania:* The people were ſtanding on the mole of *Puteoli,* and could eaſily diſtinguiſh the *Alexandrian* from the reſt of the numerous fleet by their ſails; foraſmuch as theſe veſſels alone have the privilege of ſpreading their top-ſails, which the other never hoyſe, but when out at ſea: as nothing contributes more to ſwift ſailing, than the top-ſail by which the veſſel is chiefly carried along; therefore when the wind ariſeth, and blows too ſmart a gale; the top-yard is generally ſtruck, whereby the wind hath leſs force on the body of the ſhip. Now when they have enter'd between *Capreæ* and the promontory, from whence

Alta procelloſo ſpeculatur vertice Pallas *,
Pallas looks down upon the foamy deep.

The reſt are oblig'd to be contented with the mainſail, and the top-ſail (*c*) is left as a mark of diſtinction to the *Alexandrian.* In this great concourſe of people, that were flocking to the ſhore, I enjoyed ſome ſatisfaction in walking at my leiſure, foraſmuch as tho' I expected letters from my correſpondents; I was in no ſuch great hurry to know their contents, and how my affairs ſtood at *Alexandria;* having long ſince been indifferent either to loſs or gain. Was I not ſo old as I am, I ſhould ſtill have thought the ſame; but much more now, when, however ſmall my ſtock, I have far more proviſion left, than way to travel (*d*), eſpecially too, when on a journey, which there is no neceſſity I ſhould completely finiſh. A journey cannot be ſaid to be finiſhed if you ſtop in the midway, or before you have reached the deſtin'd place; but the journey of life is ſuch, that it is at all times complete, provided it be juſt and honorable. Whenever you finiſh it, if finiſhed well, it will be entire: nay it may ſometimes be ſtniſhed courageouſly even upon the ſlighteſt cauſe; for in truth there are no other that detain us here.

Tullius Marcellinus, whom you knew very well, a ſweet-temper'd youth, but of a crazy conſtitution, was ſurpriſed by a diſeaſe, not perhaps incurable, but ſuch as was tedious, and very troubleſome, and which obliged him to ſuffer much; he therefore was deliberating

concerning death. He called many friends about him: when ſome of them, of a timorous diſpoſition, perſuaded him to act, as they ſhould in the like caſe; while others, more inclined to ſooth and flatter, gave him ſuch advice, as they thought would be moſt acceptable to him. But at laſt a friend of ours, a *Stoic*, a moſt excellent man, and to give him his due commendation, ſtrenuouſly brave, gave him, as I think, moſt admirable counſel, when he began as follows; *Be not overmuch concern'd, dear Marcellinus, as if you was deliberating on ſome affair of conſequence; it is no ſuch great matter to live; all your ſlaves, and all ſorts of animals live; but it is a great thing to die honorably, prudently, and courageouſly. Conſider how long you muſt ſtill be doing the ſame thing; food, ſleep, dalliance, fill up the round of life; ſo that not the prudent and brave, or the wretched, but even the moſt delicate and effeminate may well be willing to die:* this he ſaid; when *Marcellinus* ſtood in more need of an aſſiſtant than a counſellor; his ſervants loved him too well to obey him in this reſpect; the ſtoic therefore firſt endeavour'd to root out their fears; and ſhewed them, that domeſtic ſlaves were then only in danger, when it was uncertain, whether their maſter came by his death, voluntarily or not (*e*); and beſides, that they would ſet as bad an example, in preventing him, when deſirous to die, as in killing him (*f*). And then he exhorted *Marcellinus* himſelf to a kind and generous action: that, as, when ſupper is ended, what is left is divided among the ſtanders-by; ſo, at the concluſion of life, ſome legacies were due to thoſe who had waited upon him all his days. *Marcellinus* was of an eaſy and liberal diſpoſition, eſpecially in thoſe things that were properly his own; he therefore parcell'd out ſome ſmall ſums to his ſervants who ſtood weeping by; and gave them all the conſolation in his power. There was no need of the ſword, or ſhedding of blood: he entirely abſtained from food three days; and having ordered his pavilion to be placed in his bed-chamber, as alſo his bathing tub, he lay therein; and having warm water continually poured over him, he grew fainter by degrees, and as he declared, not without a ſenſation of pleaſure; ſuch as a gentle ſwooning is apt to bring, and as we have often experienced who have been ſubject to fainting.

I doubt

I doubt not but that this digreſſion will be acceptable to you; as you will learn from hence, that your friend made not either a painful or miſerable exit. For tho' indeed he brought death upon himſelf, yet it was in ſuch an eaſy manner, that he rather ſeemed to ſteal out of life. The relation likewiſe of this incident hath its uſe; as ſuch an example of conduct is ſometimes neceſſary (*g*). We have often reaſon to wiſh to die, and yet we are not willing; and when we really die, it is with regret.

No one indeed is ſo ignorant, but that he knows he muſt die; yet when the time draws near, he flinches, he trembles, he weeps. Would you not think a man ridiculouſly fooliſh, who weeps, becauſe he did not live a thouſand years ago? it is equally abſurd, for him to weep, becauſe he ſhall not live a thouſand years hence. There is no difference between, *thou ſhalt not be, and thou haſt not been.* In either of theſe times you have no concern. Your lot is fallen upon a point; which if you would prolong, how many years will you think to prolong it? why do you weep? what do you require? it is to no purpoſe.

Deſine Fata Deum flecti ſperare precando.

They are ſettled and fixed; they are conducted by a powerful and everlaſting neceſſity. You will go, where all things go. Is there any thing ſtrange in this? you was born upon theſe conditions: your parents, your anceſtors, and all poſterity are ſubject to the ſame. A chain of cauſes, invincible and invariable, binds and draws all things with it [illegible]. What numbers ſhall follow you, when you are dead! how many ſhall accompany you in death! I am perſuaded that you would be more contagious, if thouſands were to die with you: know then, that, at this very moment in which you make ſuch a difficulty in dying, thouſands of men, and other animals, are breathing their laſt by various kinds of death. And did you not think, you ſhould one day reach the place, to which you have been travelling your whole life? every journey has its end. You perhaps now expect I ſhould ſtrengthen my exhortation by the example of ſome great man; no, I ſhall only give you one of a young lad: I mean, that famous Lacedæmonian, who tho' a ſtripling, when taken priſoner cried out in the *Doric* dialect, *I*

will

will not be a ſlave; and made good his words; for at the firſt vile and mean office that he was put upon, (the emptying a cloſe-ſtool) rather than comply, he daſhed his brains out againſt the wall. When liberty is ſo near to a man, ſhall he ſubmit to ſlavery? had you not rather a ſon of yours ſhould die ſo gloriouſly, than grow old in idleneſs and diſhonour? Why then are you diſturb'd at the thoughts of death; when even a child can die ſo courageouſly? and what if you are unwilling to go, know you not, that you ſoon will be compelled! transfer this power, to yourſelf (*k*). Will you not aſſume the magnanimity of a boy, and ſay, *I will not be a ſlave?* Thou wretch, a ſlave to men, and, among other things, to life! for life if you have not courage to die, is ſervitude. Have you any thing more to wait for? you have already enjoy'd thoſe pleaſures that make you ſo dilatory, and ſtill detain you. None of them are new to you (*l*); none, but what are become diſguſtful from ſatiety. The taſte of metheglim you know; and the taſte of wine; no matter, whether an hundred or a thouſand rundlets have paſs'd through you. You are a mere ſtrainer. No one knows better the flavour of an oyſter, or of a mullet: in ſhort, your luxury hath left nothing in ſtore for you to treat your palate with a novelty. And yet theſe are the things you are ſo forcibly plucked away from. What elſe, I ſay, is there that you complain of being robbed of? your friends, and your country? but did you ever honour them ſo far as to put off your ſupper on their account? nay if you could, I believe you would extinguiſh the ſun itſelf. For what did you ever do that would bear the light! confeſs, O man, that it is not any reſpect to the ſenate, or forum, or to the nature of things that makes you ſo backward and afraid to die. No; you unwillingly bid adieu to the ſhambles, though you have left nothing there untaſted. You are afraid of death: and yet you ſeem to contemn it, in the height of your pleaſures. You would fain live; for you know what life is, but you know not what death may be; and therefore are afraid of it (*m*). But is not ſuch a life death itſelf? As *Caligula* was paſſing along the latin way, an enchained priſoner, who had a beard down to his girdle, aſked death of him: *why*, ſaid the Emperor, *do you think then you are ſtill alive?* The ſame anſwer may be made to thoſe whom death can in any

any way give relief to. Are you afraid to die? *do you think then you are ſtill alive? yes ſurely,* you will ſay, *and I would ſtill live; for I employ myſelf in many good and decent actions: I am unwilling to forego the duties of life, which I perform with fidelity and induſtry.* What then, know you not, that it is one of the duties of life, to die? You forego no duty; for the number of them being uncertain, what was incumbent upon *you* is already finiſhed (*n*). There is no life, that can be called *long*. For if you conſider the nature of things, the life of *Neſtor* or *Statilia* (*o*), was comparatively ſhort; though the latter order'd an inſcription on her monument, to ſhew that ſhe had lived ninety nine years. You ſee how an old woman can glory in her length of days. Surely her vanity would have been inſupportable could ſhe have completed her hundredth year. Life is like a play upon the ſtage; it ſignifies not how long it laſts, but how well it is acted (*p*). Die when, or where you will, think only on making a good and decent exit (*q*).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) S. V. B. Si vales benè. *Muret.* But *Lipſius* rejects this form, as not exhibited in the MSS. nor agreeable to the cuſtom of the times. *See* the laſt note of the foregoing Epiſtle.

(*b*) Vid. *Lipſ.* Elect. i. c. 8. de frumentatione.—*Suet.* Aug. c. 98.

* Where ſtood a temple of *Minerva,* to whom the ſailors, as there was danger in weathering the point, made libation, according to *Statius*;

Prima ſalutavit capreas, et margine dextro
Sparſit Tyrrhenæ Mareotica vina Minervæ.

(*c*) Supparum] al. ſeparum vel ſipparum.—Luc. v. 428.

Obliquat lævo pede carbaſa, ſummaque pandens
Suppara velorum perituras colligit auras.
When looſing from the ſhore the moving fleet,
All hands at once unfurl the ſpreading ſheet:
The ſlacker tacklings let the canvas flow,
To gather all the breath the winds can blow. Rowe.
—— Summis annectite ſuppara velis. *Statius.*

——Non invehet undis ſuppara. *Manilius.* Ubi communiter pro velis. *Vid.* Turn. Adverſ. xxi. 4.

(*d*) Cic. de Sen. 18. Poteſt quidquam eſſe abſurdius, quàm quo minus reſtat viæ, eo plus viatici quærere? *Can any thing be more abſurd, than the ſhorter a journey is, to lay in the more proviſion?*—*See* the Life of *Seneca.*

(*e*) Upon a debate in the ſenate, concerning the death of *Afranius Dexter,* mentioned by *Pliny,* Ep. viii. 14, Lord *Orrery* obſerves, "the plain and legal queſtion to be decided by the ſenate was, whether *Dexter* had been killed by his freedmen, from their malice, or in purſuance of his own command:

mand: if they were convicted of the former, the puniſhment was death; if it was proved that they killed him in obedience to his own orders, they ought to have been acquitted. The opinion of *Pliny* therefore is not to be juſtified. He declares that *the freedmen ought to be put to the queſtion, and afterwards releaſed.* If they were innocent, why ſhould they be puniſhed? If guilty, why releaſed?—Throughout the whole Epiſtle the quibbles of the lawyers are much more conſpicuous than the dignity of the Senator. *Vid.* Sidon. Ep. viii. 11.

(*f*) Invitum qui ſervat idem facit occidenti. Hor. A. P. 467.

For 'tis a greater cruelty to kill
Than to preſerve a man againſt his will.

(*g*) God forbid that ſuicide ſhould *ever* be thought *neceſſary* among heathens, much leſs among Chriſtians. When Nature ſpeaks for herſelf, even the *Stoics* with whom it was an avowed doctrine, ſpeak in a ſofter tone. For thus *Epictetus*, l. i. c. 9. "*My friends*, ſaith he, *wait for God, till he ſhall give the ſignal, and diſmiſs you this ſervice; then return to him. For the preſent be content to remain in this poſt, where he has placed you. Stay; depart not inconſiderately.*" And again, with an entire reſignation to the divine will—*Whatever poſt or rank thou ſhalt aſſign me, like* Socrates, *I will die a thouſand deaths rather than deſert thee.* Nor can it by any means be pretended that when we meet with great adverſities in life, it is a call from God to quit it; on the contrary, it is a call to the exerciſe of patience, reſignation, and fortitude.

Rebus in adverſis facile eſt contemnere vitam:
Fortiter ille facit qui miſer eſſe poteſt.
'Tis eaſy to ſpurn life in wretchedneſs,
But far more brave to triumph in diſtreſs. M.

(*k*) Epp. 24. (N. p. q.) Sen. de Tranq. Animi, 2.

(*l*) Ep. 24. (N. r.)——Lucretius iii. 1095.

Nec nova vivendo procuditur ulla voluptas.
Life adds no new delight to thoſe poſſeſs'd.

(*m*) Aye, but to die and go we know not where?——Ep. 82, (N. f.) See *alſo* the incomparable ſoliloquy in *Hamlet.*

(*n*) (Non enim certus numerus quam debeas explere, finitur.) *Pincean.* reads it with an interrogation; *num enim——Have you done all that was your duty to do?*

(*o*) She was of a noble family, the daughter of *Statilius* the Conſul, in the reign of *Claudius.* *See* Plin. vii. 48 ——It may not, perhaps, be right to mention a relation of mine with this noble lady; yet out of reſpect to the memory of my father's grandmother, Mrs. *Combes*, of Windſor, I cannot help obſerving that ſhe died of a fall (a violent death) at 107.

(*p*) All the world's a ſtage;
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts;
His acts being ſeven ages.—(incomparably deſcribed in *Shakeſpear's* As You Like It.
Life's but a walking ſhadow; a poor player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more.——*Id.* Macbeth.

(*q*) Which title, the death recommended under the Note (*g*) can, by no means, lay any claim to, in any Chriſtian or Heathen.

EPISTLE LXXVIII.

On Sickneſs, Pain, and Death.

IT is the more diſagreeable to me, *Lucilius*, to hear, that you are frequently troubled with colds, and ſlight fevers, ſuch as generally attend defluxions of ſo long continuance, as to become conſtitutional; becauſe I have been ſubject to them myſelf, and have ſuffer'd not a little by neglecting them at the firſt attack. The ſtrength of youth indeed could ſupport ſuch violence, and ſtubbornly bear up againſt theſe infirmities; but at length the burden was too great for me, and I fell into a ſevere diſorder of this kind. I was quite emaciated (*a*), and began to think that life was not worth preſerving: but the old age of a moſt indulgent father check'd the daring thought: for I conſider'd not ſo much how reſolutely I could die myſelf; but that the loſs of me would neceſſarily afflict my father. I was therefore determined to ſtruggle for life. For even this is *ſometimes* a manly deſign (*b*). What at that time particularly comforted me, I will tell you, having firſt premiſed, that the things which gave me repoſe of mind, had the real effect of medicine. Juſt and pleaſant conſolations are at times the beſt of remedies; as whatever raiſeth the ſpirits is of great ſervice to the body.

Know then, I found health in ſtudy. I am indebted to philoſophy for the recovery of my ſtrength. I am indebted to her for nothing leſs than my life. My friends indeed contributed ſomewhat thereto; having ſupported and comforted me, with their good counſel, watchings, and diſcourſes. Nothing, my *Lucilius*, beſt of men, ſo revives, and helps a man in ſickneſs, as the affectionate tenders of a friend: nothing ſo much alleviates, and ſteals away the expectation and fear of death. So long as theſe ſhould live, I did not think I could die: I thought, I ſay, I ſhould ſtill live, if not in their company yet in their

memory; and that I was not pouring out my ſpirit, but delivering it up to them. From hence I took upon me the reſolution of doing what I could for myſelf, and of enduring patiently all manner of pain. Otherwiſe, it would have been very miſerable, to have no inclination to die, and yet, make no endeavours to live. Apply therefore the remedies preſcribed. As to the reſt, your phyſician will direct you how far you are to walk, and what other exerciſe to take; he will order you likewiſe not to indulge that liſtleſſneſs which an ill ſtate of health is apt to bring upon us; to read aloud; and by exerciſe ſtrengthen the breath, that labours in its paſſage from the lungs, ſo choak'd up as not to have free play; he will ſometimes recommend ſailing to ſtir the bowels, and procure an appetite; he will inſtruct you in what food is moſt proper, and when to refreſh yourſelf with a glaſs of wine, or when to abſtain from it, for fear it ſhould provoke and heighten your cough.

But ſuch is *my* preſcription, that it will not only ſerve for this diſeaſe, but the whole life. *Contemn Death.* Nothing is diſtaſteful, when we have got over the fear of death. There are three things, which in every diſeaſe are grievous. *The fear of death, the pain of the body,* and *the intermiſſion of pleaſures.* Of death, we have ſaid enough already, I ſhall only add, that this fear proceeds not from the diſeaſe, but from nature itſelf. A diſeaſe hath often prevented death, and the very thoughts of dying have contributed to health. You will die, not becauſe you are ſick, but becauſe you live. Be you ever ſo well recovered, death ſtill expects you. You have not eſcaped death but only ſuch a fit of ſickneſs. But to return to what is properly diſagreeable and irkſome in this reſpect.

A diſeaſe is generally attended with great pains, yet ſome intervals make even theſe tolerable. And the more intenſe the pain is the ſooner it comes to an end. No one can ſuffer any torture long. Kind nature hath been ſo indulgent to us, as to make our pains either tolerable or ſhort. The moſt ſevere are felt in thoſe parts of the body that are leſs muſcular, The nerves, the joynts, and the fineſt membranes rage moſt

moſt furiouſly, when they have contracted a vitious humour. But then theſe parts are ſoon benumb'd, and in the agony loſe the ſenſe of it; either becauſe the animal ſpirits, being hinder'd from their natural courſe, and flowing irregularly, loſe the power with which they before ſtrengthen'd and animated the body; or becauſe the corrupted humour, having met with a ſtoppage, deprives the aggrieved part of ſenſibility. So, the gout in the hand or foot, and every pain of the *vertebræ*, or nerves, finds intermiſſion, when the part they before racked, is deaden'd. The pricking and ſhooting of the firſt attack is generally moſt painful; the violence goes off in time, and ends in ſtupefaction. The pain of the teeth, eyes and ears is moſt acute upon this account, nor leſs certainly the pain of the head: but the more violent this is, the ſooner it turns into inſenſibility or a delirium. This then is our great comfort, when afflicted with any ſore diſeaſe, that, if we feel it too much, we ſhall ſoon feel it no more. But what greatly adds to the torment of the ignorant, is, that, when the body is afflicted, they have no recourſe to the ſatisfaction of a ſound mind: the body engroſſeth their whole care: therefore a great and prudent man diveſts himſelf, as it were, of the body, and converſeth much with that divine part of him, the ſoul; taking no more thought of that frail, and ever-querulous part of him, the body, than is merely neceſſary.

But it is very grievous, you ſay, to remit our wonted pleaſures, to abſtain from food, and to ſuffer hunger and thirſt. I grant, at firſt ſuch abſtinence is irkſome; but the hankering after them grows weaker by degrees: nor do the things themſelves retain the ſame incitement and provocation. Hence the ſtomach grows moroſe and ſqueamiſh, and a loathing comes on even of what we moſt greedily coveted. Deſires themſelves often die away, and we cannot think it hard to be denied that which we no longer covet. Add to this, that there is no pain, but what finds ſome intermiſſion, or certainly a remiſſion. Add likewiſe, that a diſeaſe may ſometimes be prevented, or at leaſt checked by timely medicine: for there is no diſeaſe but what hath its ſymptoms, particularly ſuch as we have been ſubject to before. In ſhort, any diſeaſe may be render'd tolerable, by deſpiſing the laſt extre-

mity that it threatens. Make not therefore thine afflictions more grievous than they are by impatience and heavy complaints: the pain is light, when not aggravated by fancy and opinion. If you can be perſuaded to comfort yourſelf with ſaying, *It is nothing, or in effect very little, let us bear it patiently*; it will be ſoon at an end; or this very thought will make it eaſy and tolerable.

All things depend upon opinion: not only ambition, but even luxury and avarice, refer to it. Pain alſo is proportioned to opinion. Every one is as wretched as he thinks himſelf to be (*b*). The complaints of former grievances, eſpecially, I think, are to be forgotten, nor any ſuch acclamations to be heard, as, *no one was ever worſe: what afflictions, what tortures have I endured! no one could think that I ſhould ever recover: how affectionately did my friends weep for me! when the phyſicians gave me over! men upon the rack were never tortur'd more.* Though all this may be true; it is now paſt and gone. What avails it to reflect upon the pains we have ſuffer'd, and to make ourſelves miſerable, becauſe we were once ſo? Beſides there is no one, but who makes ſome additions to his misfortunes, and often gives himſelf the lye. Not but that there is a certain pleaſure in recounting paſt ſufferings; and it is natural to rejoice in an eſcape.

There are two things therefore to be particularly renounced, *the fear of what may happen*, and *the recollection of an evil paſt*. The one is no concern to me now, nor need I anticipate the other. A man under preſent difficulties may comfort, himſelf with ſaying,

—Forſan et hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit. Virg. i. 207.
An hour will come, with pleaſure to relate
Your ſorrows paſt——

But let him ſtrive againſt them with all his might: he will certainly be overcome if he gives way; but if he bears up with patience and reſolution againſt pain, he will overcome it: but the manner of moſt men, is, to draw upon themſelves that deſtruction, which reſiſtance might have prevented. That which preſſeth hard upon you, and is very urgent, if you begin to withdraw yourſelf, will certainly purſue you,

you, and fall the heavier; if on the contrary, you ſtand your ground, and ſeem reſolv'd upon oppoſition, you will drive it from you. How many ſtrokes do the boxers receive on the face and over the whole body! yet a thirſt of glory makes them regardleſs of pain, and patiently bear it; not only becauſe they fight, but that they may fight on. Torture to them is exerciſe. We likewiſe may overcome every thing, if we would conſider, that the reward propoſed to us is not a ſimple coronet, a palm, or the trumpet commanding ſilence at the proclamation of our honour; but virtue, ſtrength of mind, and everlaſting peace, if in any conflict we have ſubdued fortune.

But I feel, you ſay, *great pain*. And how ſhould you do otherwiſe than feel it, if you bear it like a weak woman? As an enemy is more pernicious to thoſe that fly; ſo every fortuitous evil preſſeth hardeſt upon the ſubmiſſive coward. *But indeed it is very grievous*; what then? does bravery conſiſt in the ſufferance of light things? which had you rather undergo a ſlow chronic diſeaſe, or a ſudden, violent, but ſhort, fit? the former can never be ſo long, but it will have ſome intermiſſions, and permit ſome refreſhment; at leaſt it gives time, and muſt one day come to a criſis, and go off. And a ſhort and violent ſickneſs, will ſoon, either carry *you* off, or itſelf. And where is the difference, whether that, or you, ſhall be no more? in either caſe, there is an end of pain.

It may likewiſe be of ſervice to divert the mind with other thoughts, and not ſo much as to dream of pain. Reflect upon ſuch actions, as were founded upon the principles of honour and virtue: look upon yourſelf in the beſt light you can; call to memory ſuch feats as you moſt admired in other men; and take the braveſt of thoſe, whom you know to have overcome pain, for example. There have been found thoſe who could amuſe themſelves with reading, while their ſwellings were lanced and ſcarified: others perſiſting in a contemptuous ſmile, while their executioners, the more enraged upon this account, have tried upon them the ſevereſt tortures, that cruelty could invent. And ſhall not reaſon overcome that pain, which laughter can get the better

of?

of? Tell me now what you pleaſe of rheums, and the violence of a cough, throwing up part of your lungs; and of a fever burning your heart-ſtrings; of the moſt painful thirſt; and of limbs and joints diſtorted and diſlocated with pain: yet how much more ſevere is it, to be burned alive; to be torn in pieces on the rack; to have red hot pads of iron laid upon the body; and a preſſure made upon the ſwoln wounds, to renew the pain, and make it pierce the deeper? And yet there have been thoſe who have endured all this without a groan: nay more, they aſk'd for no remiſſion: and more, no word could be extorted from them; yet more, they laughed, and earneſtly from the ſoul. After all this, will you not ſcoff at pain?

But your diſeaſe, you ſay, *will not permit you to do any thing; it prevents all manner of buſineſs.* Be it ſo; ſickneſs indeed reſtrains the body but *not the mind*; it fetters the feet of the running-footman and will tie up the hands of the cobler and blackſmith: but if you have learned the right uſe of the mind, you will ſtill give advice, teach, hear, learn, be inquiſitive, reflect, and the like. Beſides, do you think you are doing nothing if you are temperate in your ſickneſs? you will hereby ſhew that your diſtemper may be conquer'd, or at leaſt ſupported with patience. Believe me, *Lucilius*, virtue finds a place even in the ſick-bed. Not only arms and battles give teſtimony of a valiant mind, unterrified by danger; the brave man is alike ſeen under his coverlet. You have ſtill wherewithal to employ you. Contend ſtrenuouſly with your diſeaſe; if it can neither compel you, nor perſuade you, to do an unworthy action, you ſet a rare example. O how great cauſe of triumph is it, to be look'd upon with admiration on the bed of ſickneſs! look upon, nor ſcruple to praiſe, yourſelf.

Moreover there are two ſorts of pleaſure; ſickneſs indeed reſtrains bodily pleaſures, but does not altogether take them away: nay, if you judge rightly it rather enhanceth them: the thirſty have more pleaſure in drinking; and food is the more taſteful to him that is hungry: whatever we have been commanded to abſtain from we now receive more greedily. But no phyſician can debar his patient the other pleaſures

of

of the mind, which are ſtill greater and more certain. He that follows theſe, and underſtands them well, deſpiſeth all the blandiſhments of the ſenſes. *O, how wretched is a ſick man!* and why? becauſe he dilutes not his wine with ſnow; becauſe he cools not his draught with ice, broken into it, and mixed in a great glaſs; becauſe no oyſters from the *Locrian* lake are opened at his table; becauſe the dining room does not ring with the noiſe of the cooks that are bringing in their ſtew pans and chafing diſhes. For this too hath luxury introduced; that the meat may not grow cool; that it may be hot enough for the palate, now grown callous; the whole kitchen attends at ſupper.

O how wretched is the ſick man! he muſt eat no more than he can digeſt, he ſhall not ſee a whole boar, meſſed up and ſet upon a ſide table, as coarſe commons; nor ſhall he have the breaſts of fowls (for it is not the faſhion to ſee them whole) heaped up for him in different diſhes in the larder. And what harm do you ſuffer in all this? you ſhall ſup as becometh a ſick man: nay, ſometimes, as if really in good health. But we ſhall eaſily endure theſe things, weak broths, warm water, and whatever the delicate, and luxurious, and ſuch as are rather ſick in mind than in body, think intolerable; if we once get over the horror and fear of death: and this we certainly ſhall do, if we rightly diſtinguiſhed the ends of good and evil: for by this means neither life would ſeem tedious or diſtaſteful, nor death terrible. For a life, taken up with reflecting on things ſo various, ſo great and divine, can never be cloy'd with ſatiety. Eaſe and idleneſs only are wont to give it a diſreliſh. Truth never fatigues the mind when traverſing the nature of things; it is falſehood alone that gives it a diſguſt.

Again, if death makes his approach, and calls upon us, though ſomewhat immaturely; nay, though he cuts us off in the flower of our age, yet the fruit of the longeſt life may yet have been gathered. Nature for the moſt part is open to the knowledge of the wiſe man; who plainly perceives, that virtue (or *what is right and fit*) is not enhanced by length of days. But every life muſt neceſſarily ſeem ſhort to thoſe who meaſure it by their pleaſures, vain, and therefore infinite.

Comfort:

Comfort yourſelf, *Lucilius*, with theſe reflections, and at leiſure peruſe my Epiſtles. The time will come when we may meet again and converſe together: how ſhort ſoever that time may be it may be lengthen'd by knowing how to uſe it well. For, as *Poſidonius* writes, Unus dies hominum eruditorum plus patet, quam imperiti longiſſima ætas, *One day enjoyed by the* Literati, *is of longer duration than whole years among the ignorant and unlearned (d)*. In the mean while adhere ſtedfaſtly to theſe precepts; *not to yield to affliction nor put your truſt in proſperity; to ſet the whole power of fortune before your eyes; and to ſuppoſe that ſhe* will *do, what ſhe* can *do*. An evil that hath been long expected, gives the milder ſtroke when it happens.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) In the time of the emperor *Caius*, who dreading his eloquence, was determined upon his deſtruction, but he was ſaved by the declaration of an old woman, *that he was in ſo deep a conſumption it was impoſſible for him to live long.*

(b) It is always ſo.—Pliny (Ep. l. 22.) ſpeaking of his friend *Titus Ariſto*, ſays, " He deſired us " to inquire of his phyſicians into the nature of his diſtemper, that if it was incurable he might " chuſe an immediate death: but if only ſtubborn, and tedious, he might ſtand firm and ſtruggle, as " *he ought*; for he thought it not allowable, to fruſtrate the prayers of his wife, the tears of his " daughter, and the hopes of his friends, if there were any grounds for theſe hopes, by putting an " end to his own life. A noble determination; and always proper!—

(c) Si poſſis ſanum fingere, ſanus eris.
Think yourſelf well, and all complaint will ceaſe.

(d) From this ſaying of *Poſidonius*, *Muretus* ſuppoſes that *Cicero* took in his *Tuſculan queſtions*, l. v. Unum bene et ex philoſophiæ præceptis actum, eſſe pœne toti immortalitati anteponendum; *One day ſpent well, and agreeable to the precepts of philoſophy, is preferable to an eternity of ſin.* But more juſt and ſublime is that of the royal *Pſalmiſt*, *One day in thy courts, O Lord*, is better than a thouſand, Pſ. 84. 10.

EPISTLE LXXIX.

On Wiſdom. All wiſe Men equal.

I Expect letters from you, *Lucilius*, with an account of what new things you obſerv'd in your voyage round *Sicily*; and particulatly what you have learned of certainty concerning *Charybdis*. I know well enough that *Scylla* is a vaſt rock, and conſequently very terrible to ſailors, but I ſhould be glad to be inform'd whether the ſtories related of *Charybdis* have any foundation; and if you have obſerv'd, (for 'tis a thing worthy to be obſerved) whether it is one particular wind, that forms theſe hideous whirlpools, or whether every tempeſtuous wind alike diſturbs that boiſterous ſea: and whether it be true, that whatever is ſucked in, is carried under the water many miles, and flung up again in the *Tauromenitan* bay (*a*). When you have oblig'd me herein I will make bold to deſire the favour of you to aſcend mount *Ætna*; which ſome have ſuppoſed to have been ſomewhat conſumed and lower'd by degrees; as they were wont to ſhew it formerly to paſſengers at a greater diſtance than they do now (*b*). Though this might happen, not becauſe the mountain's height is lowered, but becauſe the fires are weaken'd and do not blaze out with their former vehemenence: and for which reaſon it is that ſuch vaſt clouds of ſmoke are not ſeen in the day time. Yet neither of theſe ſeem incredible: for the mountain may poſſibly be conſumed by being daily devoured: and the fire not be ſo large as formerly: ſince it is not ſelf-generated here, but is kindled in the diſtant bowels of the earth and there rages, being fed with continual fuel: not with that of the mountain, through which it only makes its paſſage. In *Lycia* there is a famous territory, which the inhabitants call *Hephæſtion*, where the ſoil is perforated in many places (*c*). From whence breaks forth a lambent flame, that is not in the leaſt detrimental; the country therefore is ſtill pleaſant, and fertile, with good herbage, as the flame does not ſcorch it,

but only makes it ſhine with a faint and glimmering brightneſs. But for the preſent we ſhall wave this matter, and reſume it again when you have inform'd me how far from the orifice of *Ætna* are thoſe heaps of ſnow which the ſummer itſelf does not diſſolve: ſo little danger are they in, from the neighbouring heat.

Now, there is no reaſon you ſhould ſay that I impoſe this work upon you; for I know, you would indulge your poetical vein herein, though no one required it of you; nay, it would be in vain to pretend to bribe you, not to undertake a deſcription of *Ætna* in verſe, or not to treat on a ſubject that has been thought ſo worthy the pen of all the poets: For tho' *Virgil* had before elegantly and fully deſcribed it; this did not prevent *Ovid* from the attempt; and neither of them debarred *Cornelius Severus* from writing on the ſame ſubject. It is a ſubject moreover ſo happily copious, that they who have gone before, ſeem by no means to have exhauſted it, but to have opened matter for further explanation. There is alſo a great difference, whether you undertake a ſubject that is quite exhauſted, or ſuch a one as only exhibits a rough draught; for this daily increaſes, and ſupplies room for further invention. Add likewiſe that the laſt writer hath generally the greateſt advantage. He finds words already prepared, which, under a different arrangement, put on the ſemblance of ſomething new; nor does he uſe them as the property of another, but as things in common; and the lawyers ſay, *that what is in common no one can claim as his own property*. If I know you then, *your mouth waters, as they ſay*, at a deſcription of *Ætna:* you long to write ſomething great and ſublime, and to ſhew yourſelf at leaſt equal to thoſe who have wrote before you. For your modeſty will not permit you to hope any thing more: nay, it is ſo great, that I verily believe, you would check your genius in its career, if there was any likelihood of excelling them. Such reſpect you pay to your predeceſſors.

Be that as it will; know, that wiſdom hath this peculiar good, among many other, that not one profeſſor of it can excell another, but in the time and act of aſcending: when they once come to the ſummit of perfection, there is no room for any advantage of one above another. There

is a full ſtop to advancement. Can the ſun receive any addition to his greatneſs? or the moon make a further progreſs than uſual? the ſeas ſtill keep their bounds: and the world maintains one conſtant order and meaſure. Such things as have attained their juſt and proper magnitude, can riſe no higher.

All men that are truly wiſe, are equal and alike; though each may be endowed with a peculiar gift; as one may be more affable, another more expeditious; another more prompt in declaiming; and another more eloquent; but the particular under conſideration, *what conſtitutes the happy man*, will be equal in all. I know not whether your *Ætna* will ſink and be conſumed; or whether the fire by degrees will firſt eat away its lofty ſummit, now ſo conſpicuous many leagues at ſea: but this I know, that no flame, no ruin can ever ſubdue virtue. The majeſty of this alone is not to be depreſſed, no nor exalted nor perverted. Her magnitude is fixed like that of the heavenly bodies. To this then let us faſhion ourſelves; we have gone a great way towards it already; a great way, did I ſay? I am miſtaken. To confeſs the truth, we have advanced but a little way as yet; It is not goodneſs, to be better than the worſt: who can boaſt of thoſe eyes, that can behold and admire the brightneſs of the ſun only through a cloud; though in the mean time it is ſome ſatisfaction not to be in the dark; yet we enjoy not the pure benefit of light. Then will the mind have wherewithal to congratulate itſelf, when, ſet free from the darkneſs wherein it is now involved, it ſhall ſee things as they are; not with theſe dim viſual rays: but a full and continual day, without night, ſhall ſhine upon it; and, returning to its own heaven, it ſhall be reſtored to the happy manſion, from whence it came into the world. Its firſt original ſummons is to ſoar aloft; it may be there even before it is ſet free from this priſon of clay; when it has thrown off all vice, and ſhines out pure and ſplendid with the brightneſs of divine contemplation.

This then, deareſt *Lucilius*, is what we muſt do. To accompliſh this we muſt uſe our utmoſt endeavours: though few men know it and ſcarce any can ſee it. Glory is the ſhadow of virtue; and

attends on its profeſſors whether they will or not. But as ſometimes our ſhadows go before, and ſometimes follow us: ſo glory ſometimes precedes, and is viſible to all; at other times it ſtalks behind us, and is ſo much the larger, as it is later, ere envy is quite deſtroy'd. How long was *Democritus* taken for a madman? Fame ſcarce took any notice of *Socrates*. How long was it ere *Rome* knew the value of *Cato?* She even rejected him and knew him not, till ſhe had loſt him. The innocence and virtue of *Rutilius*, had never been known, had he not been treated injuriouſly; but having been wronged, his glory ſhone out; and he could not but thank his fortune, and enjoy his baniſhment. I am ſpeaking of thoſe, whom fortune honoured, while ſhe perſecuted them. But how many are there, whoſe merit was never publiſhed, till after their deceaſe! how many, whom fame paſſed diſreſpectfully by, while living, and raiſed them, as it were, again, when dead! you ſee *Epicurus*, whom not only the better learned, but the moſt ignorant rabble now admire. He was ſcarce known at *Athens*, where he lived and died in obſcurity. He ſurvived his friend *Metrodorus* many years, and making grateful mention, in an Epiſtle, of their friendſhip, he added in the concluſion, that *as they had happily partook of manifold bleſſings in life, it was of very little conſequence, that ſo renowned a country as* Greece, *ſhould not only pretend not to know them, but ſcarce ever to have heard of them.* May he not therefore be ſaid to have been found when he was no more in being? and did not his opinion and reputation ſtill grow more famous? this is alſo what *Metrodorus* confeſſeth in a certain epiſtle, that *himſelf* and Epicurus *were not indeed as yet ſufficiently known, but that the time would come when they both ſhould be readily and highly extolled among thoſe eſpecially who would walk in the ſame ſteps.*

No virtue can lie unconcealed long: and even to lie concealed is no detriment thereto. The day will come that ſhall draw it from the obſcurity, wherein through the malignity of the age it is hid and oppreſſed. He is born but to few, whoſe thoughts are taken up with thoſe only of his own time. Many thouſand years, many thouſand people ſhall come after us. Let theſe have your regard. Though envy hath enjoyed ſilence to all your cotemporaries, another race will ſpring up, that

that ſhall judge you without prejudice or partiality. And if fame be any recompence for virtue, it will not ſoon die. Tis' true, what poſterity will ſay of us, will not concern, or perhaps reach us. Yet ignorant as we may be of what they are doing, it may pleaſe them to reverence our memory, and do us honour. Not that there is any man whom virtue hath not recompenſed and dignified, in life as well as in death; provided that he followed her with ſincerity and integrity; that he dreſſed not up himſelf with a painted outſide; that he was ſtill the ſame man, whether upon warning given, or ſet upon unprepared, and ſuddenly ſurpriſed. Diſſimulation profiteth nothing, A feigned countenance occaſionally and lightly put on, can impoſe upon but very few. Truth is always the ſame; turn her which way you will. But there is no ſolidity in falſehood. A lye is generally ſo thin, that it is tranſparent, and eaſily ſeen through, when narrowly inſpected.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) According to Salluſt—Ea (abſorpta) circa Tauromenitanum litus egerit. Vid. Strabo, l. vi.

Dextrum Scylla ſatus, lævum implacata Charybdis
Obſidet, &c. Virg. iii. 420.
Far on the right, her dogs foul Scylla *hides,*
Charybdis *roaring on the left preſides:*
And in her greedy whirlpool ſinks the tides:
Then ſpouts them from below, with fury driv'n,
The waves mount up, and waſh the face of Heav'n:
But Scylla *from her den, with open jaws,*
The ſinking veſſel in her eddy draws,
Then daſhes on the rocks:——Dryden.

(b) Ælian. Var. Hiſt. l. ſ. c. ii.

(c) Plin. l. iv. c. 27.

EPISTLE.

EPISTLE LXXX.

True Felicity lies in the Mind.

I Am entirely my own maſter to-day, *Lucilius*, not only at my own requeſt, but a great match at ball (*a*), hath withdrawn all troubleſome viſitants. No one breaks in upon me to diſturb my thoughts: which from this aſſurance now take a larger range. My door has not creaked as uſual; nor has the curtain been lifted up. I can now think as I pleaſe; which you know is agreeable to one who loves to have his own way. Do I then not follow the ancients? yes certainly, in ſome things; but I take the liberty to find out ſomething myſelf; to change or leave what I diſlike; I am not a ſlave to them, but a follower. But I ſaid too much when I promiſed myſelf an uninterrupted privacy. For lo; a great noiſe reaches me from the *Stadium*, which does not indeed take me from myſelf, but transfers all my contemplation to the ſports there going on. I conſider with myſelf, how many there are who exerciſe their bodies and how few the mind: what a concourſe of people flock to theſe ſights, vain and trifling as they are; and how deſerted are the liberal ſciences; how weak they are in underſtanding, whoſe broad ſhoulders and brawny limbs we are apt to admire.

But this I chiefly reflect upon, that if the body may be trained up to ſuch hardineſs as to bear the blows and kicks of more than one man (*b*); and a man, beſmeared with his own blood and duſt, can endure all the day long the ſcorching heat of the ſun (*c*), as reflected too from the hot ſands; how much eaſier would it be for him ſo to ſtrengthen his mind, as to be invincible againſt the ſtrokes of fortune; and though flung down and trod upon, to be able to raiſe himſelf up again, and conquer! The body wants many external things, to render it firm and ſtrong: the mind grows great of itſelf; is its own nutriture, and exerciſe: the body wants meat and drink to ſupport it; much oyl to make it lightſome;

and

and much labour to make it hardy; whereas virtue is attainable without any apparatus or expence. What can make you good, is ever in your own power. And what is that? why, *the will.*

And what can you *will* better, than to deliver yourſelf from the ſervitude, which tyranniſeth over the world: and which even ſlaves of the meaneſt ſort, and who were born to this vile condition, endeavour by all means to caſt off? All the little ſtock of cattle which they can pick up, by pinching their own bellies they are ready to give up, for *liberty*. And will not you, who thinkeſt thyſelf a free-born man, deſire this attainment at any rate? why do you caſt a look upon your coffers? it is not to be bought. It is an idle thing therefore to ſet the name of *liberty* in the tables of manumiſſion; ſince neither the buyer nor the ſeller are in poſſeſſion of it. It is a good which you muſt beſtow upon yourſelf; *there* apply for it. And firſt of all extricate yourſelf from the *Fear of Death*. This is what lays upon us the firſt and heavieſt yoke (*d*).

Proceed next to diſcharge the *Fear of Poverty*. If you would be certain that there is no great harm in this, only compare the countenances of the rich and the poor: and you will find that the poor man laughs more frequently and more heartily. No anxiety racks his boſom: whatever befalleth him, it paſſeth away like a light cloud. Whereas the gayety of thoſe we call happy, is all feigned. Sorrow lies heavy and ſuppurates at the bottom; and ſo much the heavier is it, as they cannot give it vent, and dare not diſcover their wretchedneſs; but amidſt the ſorrows that are preying upon their hearts, they are obliged to ſet a face of felicity upon diſcontent. I often make uſe of this example, nor can any other ſo well expreſs this farce on the ſtage of life (*e*), wherein are aſſigned to us our ſeveral parts, which we act ſo aukwardly (*f*). The fellow who ſtruts about the ſtage, and with his head aloft bellows out,

> En! impero Argis, regna mihi liquit Pelops,
> Quâ Ponto ab Helles, atque ab Ionio mari,
> Urgetur Iſthmos—(*g*)

is but a needy ſlave, that hath five buſhels of corn and five *deniers* for his pay (*b*): and he that ſo proudly boaſts his ſtrength, ſaying,

Quòd niſi quieris, Menelae hac dextrâ occides,
Be ſatisfied, Menelaus, *or this hand*
Shall ſtrike thee dead—

is but a poor weak wretch, that hath his daily allowance, and lies upon a truckle bed in a garret (*i*). We may ſay the ſame of all thoſe delicate minions, who are carried on a litter above the heads of the people, and the gazing mob. Their felicity is all perſonated, you would utterly deſpiſe them were you to take off the maſk. When you would buy a horſe, you ſtrip it of the ſaddle and furniture (*k*): you likewiſe order the ſlave you would purchaſe to be turned out naked; leſt any blemiſh of the body ſhould be concealed: and do you eſtimate a man in all his trappings? nothing is more common than for jockeys and dealers of this kind to hide by ſome artful ſleight, whatever might diſcredit the thing upon ſale: therefore all external ornaments are to be ſuſpected by the buyer. Should you ſee a leg or an arm bound up, you would immediately deſire it to be unſwathed, that you may inſpect the whole body. Behold that King of *Scythia* or *Samaria*, with the royal diadem glittering on his head; would you know him thoroughly, take off his diadem, and you will find much miſchief and cruelty beneath it. But why ſpeak of others? If you would duly weigh yourſelf, throw aſide your wealth, your fine ſeat and outward dignity: conſider yourſelf within: you now truſt to others, who do not ſo well know you, and therefore cannot ſhew you, what you are.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) Sphæromachiam] not the common play at ball, like our *fives*, which would ſcarce have drawn a concourſe of people together, but Sphyromachiam, as *Pincian* writes it, *i. e.* calcium et talorum pugnam, inf. *foot-ball.* Vid. Steph. Epiſt. ad *Dalech.* 34. P. Fab. l. 1. c. 6. *Agoniſt.* Polluc. l. 9. Præf. Stat. Silv. 4.

(*b*) They generally fought in pairs, but ſometimes a mixed battle, or what we call a battle *royal*; which is here alluded to.

(*c*) So *Cicero*, Pugiles inexercitati, etiamſi pugnos et plagas ferre poſſint, ſolem tamen ſæpe ferre non poſſunt. *Boxers, not thoroughly exerciſed, may endure thumps and blows, when they cannot bear the violent heat of the ſun.*

 (*d*) This

By

(*d*) This is the true liberty; the end of all philoſophy; and to which alludes that paradoxical decree, Solum ſapientem liberum eſſe; *that the wiſe man only is free.*

(*e*) Auguſtus is ſaid, when dying, to have aſked, *Whether he was thought to have acted his part well on the ſtage of life.*

Σκηνὴ πᾶς ὁ βίος, καὶ παιγνιον, καὶ μαθε παιζειν,
Τὴν σπουδὴν μεταδεὶς, ἢ φερε τὰς ὀδυνας. Anthol.
Life is a farce; hence learn to play thy part;
Be chearful; and deſpiſe a gloomy heart.

It is impoſſible here not to be reminded of the wretched if not wicked Epitaph, beſtowed on the late Mr. *Gay* in *Weſtminſter Abbey.*

Life is a farce, &c.

(*f*) Laertius in Zenone; Εἶναι γὰρ ὅμοιον τῷ ἀγαθῷ ὑποκριτῇ κ. τ. λ. *The wiſe man is like a good actor, who whether he repreſents* Theſirtes *or* Agamemnon, *is alike careful to play his part well.*

(*g*) Taken from the *Atreus* of *Attius.*

Of Argos *I am king:* Pelops, *my ſire,*
Bequeath'd me kingdoms, whoſe vaſt bounds extend
From Helleſpont *to the* Ionian *ſea.*

(*b*) *Muretus* ſuppoſeth this to be the monthly pay.

(*i*) In cænaculo] As *Jupiter* ſays jocoſely of himſelf in *Plautus:*

In ſuperiore qui habito in cænaculo.

(*k*) Regibus hic mos eſt, ubi equos mercantur, apertos
Inſpiciunt——Hor. ſ. i. 2. 86.
Our jockeys when a horſe is ſet to ſale,
Examine him, uncloth'd, from head to tail.

Sic Macrob. Saturn. i. 11. Quemadmodum ſtultus eſt, qui empturus equum, non ipſum inſpicit, ſed ſtratum ejus et frænum. Sic eſt Qui hominem ex veſte aut conditione, quæ modo veſtis nobis circumdata eſt, æſtimandum putat. *As a man is a fool, who when he is to buy a horſe examines no further than the bridle or ſaddle; he is no leſs who eſtimates a man by his outward appearance and condition in life.*

EPISTLE LXXXI.

Of Ingratitude.

YOU complain, *Lucilius*, that you have met with an ungrateful man. If this is the firſt time, you ought to thank either your good fortune, or your own care and diligence. But care and diligence can do little or nothing in this reſpect, unleſs it were to make you malevo-

lent. For in order to ſhun this danger, you muſt never confer a benefit while you live. And ſo leſt benefits ſhould be loſt upon others, you will yourſelf loſe the ſatisfaction of conferring them. However, it would be better they were never recompenſed, than not conferred. The huſbandman muſt ſow again, though he had a bad crop laſt year. Oftentimes the plenty of one year makes up for the long unfruitfulneſs of a barren ſoil. It is worth while, to make trial of ungrateful men, in order to find one grateful. No one is ſo certain in the benefits he is pleaſed to confer, but that ſometimes he may be deceived. They muſt often miſs a mark, ere they hit it (*a*). Men venture again to ſea after a ſhipwreck. The uſurer ſtill lends his money, though he hath ſuffered loſs by a bankrupt. Life would ſoon grow dull and ſtupid in fruitleſs indolence were we to meet with no rubs in our way. But let this very accident make you kind and generous. For where the event of any thing is uncertain, frequent eſſays muſt be made if you deſire an happy iſſue.

But I have ſaid enough of this in my *treatiſe on benefits*. Our preſent enquiry, in a point not as yet, I think, ſufficiently diſcuſſed, ſeems to be this, *whether he that hath done us ſome ſervice, and afterwards injured us, hath not balanced the account between us, and releaſed us of our debt?* Suppoſe likewiſe this, if you pleaſe, *that he hath done us more prejudice than he ever did us good.*

If you apply to the judgement of one ſomewhat rigid in his diſpoſition, he will releaſe them reſpectively; and will ſay, "though the "injury done preponderates, yet what is over and above on this ſide, "muſt be given to the benefit. He hath indeed hurt you, but here-"tofore he was ſerviceable to you. The time therefore of either muſt "be brought to the account. And it is too manifeſt to need any par-"ticular admonition, that you ought to enquire, how willingly he ſerved "you, and how willingly he did any thing to your prejudice. For "both injuries and benefits are to be meaſured by the intention. You "may ſay, perhaps, I ſhould not have been ſo bountiful, but I was pre-"vail'd upon through fear of ſhame, or by the pertinacy of the im-

"portunate

" portunate ſupplicant, or by hope. Every obligation ariſes from " the mind with which a benefit is confer'd: nor is the greatneſs of " it conſider'd, but the will of the perſon conferring it. Let all con- " jecture now be laid aſide, and in the caſe before put, the benefit will " appear as ſuch, and all beyond it, an injury; but a good man in " ſettling the account, will condeſcend to cheat himſelf, by adding to " the benefit, and ſubtracting from the injury."

A more candid judge in this matter would act, as I ſhould chuſe to do in the like caſe; forget the injury, and be always mindful of the benefit. " It is certainly, he will ſay, conſonant to juſtice, to " give every one their own, to repay a favour, to retaliate an affront, or at leaſt to take it ill". All this will be true, where one man does an injury, and another confers a favour; but where they both come from the ſame man, the ſtrength of the injury is extinguiſhed in the benefit. For if it is generous to forgive a man, even though he has not really deſerv'd it by any paſt favours, ſomewhat more than pardon is due to him who hath injured us, after having confer'd a benefit upon us. I eſtimate not both alike; but take more notice of a benefit than of an injury. Few know how to repay a kindneſs gratefully. Even an ignorant rude and vulgar fellow can return a favour, when he hath received one, upon the ſpot, and in ſome meaſure recompenſe the ſame; but he knows not his obligation *(b)*. It is the wiſe man alone, who knows what value is to be ſet upon every thing: the fool I was ſpeaking of, however good his will may be, either repays not as much as he owes, or does it ſo awkardly or at ſuch an improper time or place as laviſhly to throw away the intended recompenſe.

There is a wonderful propriety in certain words, and the uſage of the antient form of ſpeech points out ſome things in the moſt ſignificant and inſtructive terms. We are wont to ſay, Ille illi gratium retulit, *ſuch a one* hath requited *a favour*. Now, referre, *to requite*, is to give voluntarily what you owe. We do not ſay, gratiam reddidit, *he hath* reſtored *a thing given*; for they may *reſtore* a thing, who are demanded ſo to do, or unwillingly, or juſt when they pleaſe, or by another hand: neither

do we ſay, Repoſuit beneficium aut ſolvit, *he hath* remitted or repaid *a kindneſs*; for no word that ſignifies the payment of a debt, as of money, pleaſeth me in this reſpect. Referre, *to requite*, is gratefully to bring ſomewhat to him, from whom you have received: it ſignifies a voluntary retribution. He that hath *requited* another, hath appealed to, and ſummoned himſelf.

A wiſe man will weigh every circumſtance with himſelf. He will conſider what he hath received, from whence it came, when, where, and in what manner. And therefore we deny, that any one, ſave a wiſe man, knows how truly to requite a favour. As indeed no one but a wiſe man knows how to confer a benefit; he, in truth, who rejoyceth more in what he gives, than another does in what he receives. This ſome perhaps will reckon among thoſe poſitions that are thought ſtrange and extravagant, and by the *Greeks* called Παραδοξα, *Paradoxes*; and they will ſay, *what, does no one but a wiſe man know, how to requite a good turn? you may as well ſay, that no one but the wiſe man, knows how to pay a juſt debt; or, when he buys a thing, to pay a juſt price for it?* That no blame however may be laid upon us for advancing this ſeeming paradox, know, that *Epicurus* ſays the ſame thing; and *Metrodorus* expreſsly, ſolum ſapientem *referre gratiam* ſcire, *that the wiſe man alone knows how to love (c) affectionately; and no one but a wiſe man can be a true friend.* But it is undoubtedly a part of love and friendſhip to requite a benefit. They may likewiſe wonder at our ſaying, *that fidelity is only to be found in the wiſe man*; as if they themſelves did not ſay the ſame thing. Do you think a man can poſſibly be faithful, who knows not how to requite a courteſy? Let them ceaſe therefore to defame us as if we had advanced what is not credible: and let them know that all that is great and honourable is to be found in the *wiſe man*; and nothing but the reſemblance and appearance of it in the vulgar.

No one, I ſay, knows how to requite a good turn, ſave the wiſe man. A fool indeed may do the ſame to the beſt of his knowledge, and ability: when knowledge rather may be wanting than good will: for good will is natural and not acquired. The wiſe man will compare all things with

with themſelves; for the ſame thing is render'd greater or leſs by circumſtances, according to the time, place, or manner. It often happens that a thouſand pence, given opportunely, does more good than a maſs of treaſure would at another time. For there is a great difference between giving and ſuccouring: between having ſaved a man from ruin, or aggrandized him, by your bountiful kindneſs. A gift may be ſmall, but the conſequences of it very great. But what difference is there between a man's retaking what he before had given, or receiving a benefit in order to grant one? Not to return however to thoſe points, which have been ſufficiently diſcuſſed already, I ſhall only obſerve that a good man in comparing benefits with injuries, will judge what is moſt *right and fit*; will always have his eye upon benefits, and will be more inclined to favour them. Now, the perſon of the receiver, whether it be of an injury, or a benefit, is of the greateſt moment in this affair: for inſtance; you have done me a kindneſs indeed in my ſervant; but you have injured my father; you have preſerv'd for me a ſon, but you have deprived me of a ſire; conſequently he will purſue and examine all other circumſtances, from which every compariſon is formed; and if there ſhall appear but a ſmall difference he will overlook it; or ſhould the difference be great, he will pardon it, provided he can do it without the breach of piety and fidelity; i. e. if the whole of the injury appertains only to his own perſon *(d)*.

The ſum of the whole matter is this; he will be eaſy and gracious in commuting; he will ſuffer rather more to be ſet to his account than ought to be; he will be unwilling to diſcharge a favour upon the conſideration of a receiv'd injury; ſuch his inclination, and ſuch his endeavours that he may manifeſt his deſire not only to acknowledge a favour but to requite it. For the man judgeth wrong, who is more ſollicitous and glad to receive a benefit, than to confer one (*e*). By how much the man is happier who pays, than he that borroweth; ſo much more joyful ought the man to be who hath diſcharged a vaſt debt, incurred by benefits received, than he that lays himſelf under the greateſt obligation in receiving them. For in this alſo, the ungrateful are deceiv'd, in thinking they have done a great thing, when they have repaid a creditor

creditor ſomewhat more than his demands; and in ſuppoſing that benefits exact no intereſt. Whereas they certainly encreaſe by delay of a return: and ſo much the more is to be paid the longer the payment has been neglected. He is ungrateful who returns a benefit, without ſome addition, when it is in his power. This therefore is to be taken into the account, when we compare the things received with diſburſements.

Every thing, in ſhort, is to be done, that we may appear as grateful as poſſible. For this is our *own good:* and not, like an act of juſtice, as is thought, the concern of others. The beſt part of a benefit returns upon the benefactor. There is no one, who hath done good to another but hath done good to himſelf. I do not mean that a man having been aſſiſted will be ready to aſſiſt, or having been protected will protect, others; or becauſe a good example returns upon him, who ſets it, as bad examples generally revert upon the authors; nor does any one pity thoſe, when they ſuffer injuries, who by their actions have taught others to commit them; but becauſe the value of every virtue ſubſiſts within itſelf. They are not practiſed with a view to a reward. The reward of a good action, lies in the performance of ſuch an action. I am grateful, not in order to excite others to be more liberal to me, having ſet ſuch an example, but beeauſe it is moſt agreeable, and very right. I am grateful, not becauſe it is expedient, but becauſe it gives me delight and ſatisfaction. To convince you of this I aſſure you, that could I not expreſs my gratitude, otherwiſe than by a ſeemingly ungrateful action, I ſhould have recourſe to the honeſt counſel of an upright mind, notwithſtanding in ſo doing I ſhould run the riſque of loſing a good name. No one ſeems to have a greater veneration for virtue, no one to be more devoted thereto, than the man who rather than make ſhipwreck of his conſcience is determined to hazard the reputation of a good man. Therefore, as I have before obſerv'd, thou art grateful, more for thine own good than another's. For nothing but what is ordinary and common happeneth to a man, who only receives what he had given; but to you, ſomewhat great, and flowing from the moſt happy temper of the mind, *to have been grateful.* For if the doing evil makes men miſerable,

ſerable, and virtue renders them happy; and if to be grateful is virtue; though you have done nothing extraordinary, you have attained what is ineſtimable, the conſciouſneſs of a grateful heart, which is not attainable but by a divine and happy diſpoſition.

The contrary affection is for ever attended with extreme infelicity. The ungrateful man will be always miſerable: I except not the time preſent. Let us therefore avoid being ungrateful for our own ſake, if not for the ſake of others. The leaſt and lighteſt conſequence of wickedneſs falls upon others, the worſt and heavieſt part of it ſtays behind and afflicts the doer. As our *Attalus* was wont to ſay; Malitia ipſa maximam partem veneni ſui bibit, *malignity generally drinks the greateſt part of its own poiſon* (*f*). The venom, which ſerpents throw out to deſtroy withal, and yet retain without prejudice to themſelves, is not like this: for this torments the poſſeſſor. The ungrateful man torments and racks himſelf. He hates the gift he hath accepted, for fear of the obligation of a return; and conſequently undervalues it; but exaggerates and magnifies an injury. And what can be more wretched than the man who forgets a benefit, and dwells upon an injury? On the contrary, wiſdom extolls a benefit, recommends it to herſelf, and delights in the daily commemoration of it. The pleaſure the wicked enjoy in the reception of a benefit, is but one and ſhort; whereas the pleaſure it gives a wiſe man, is large and perpetual; for he not only feels a delight in receiving, but in having received, which is continual and immortal. He contemns an injury, and forgets it; not through negligence, but wilfully. He takes not things in the worſt light: nor does he enquire on whom to lay the blame: but rather imputes the errors and miſcarriages of men to misfortune, than to maliciouſneſs. He takes no exceptions either to the words, or to the look of a man. Whatever happens he extenuates by ſome kind interpretation, and is ever more mindful of a favour than of offence. As far as it is in his power, he fixeth his mind on ſome former and better object; nor changeth it againſt thoſe, who have once well deſerved: unleſs the evil far ſurpaſs the former good deeds; and the difference is palpable, though he ſhuts his eyes; and then goes no farther, than, to appear, after an injury, the

ſame he was before he receiv'd the benefit. For when the injury is equal to the benefit, there will ſtill remain ſome ſpark of benevolence in his mind. As a culprit is acquitted when the opinion of the judges is equally divided: and in all doubtful caſes, humanity is always inclined to the merciful ſide: ſo the mind of the wiſe man, where merit is equal to demerit, ceaſeth to be really indebted, but ceaſeth not to acknowledge an obligation; as one, who after an acquittance in full, ſtill thinks himſelf in debt.

No one however can be grateful; but who deſpiſeth thoſe things that ſo greatly affect the vulgar. In order to return an extraordinary favour, you muſt defy baniſhment, ſhed your blood, endure want, and even ſuffer innocence to be traduced, and ſubject to the moſt unworthy reports. It coſts a man no ſmall matter to be grateful. But we are apt to think nothing ſo precious as a benefit when we aſk it, and nothing cheaper when we have received it. Do you aſk what it is that makes us forgetful of a benefit received? the deſire of ſtill receiving more. We reflect not upon what we have obtained, but upon what we ſtill hope to obtain. We are drawn from the right path, by riches, honours, powers and the like: which are dear and precious in our opinion, but in themſelves vile and of little value. We know not to eſtimate things rightly: concerning which we ought not to conſult fame and report, but the nature of the things themſelves. The things before mention'd have nothing really great in them, to attract our minds, but foraſmuch as it is cuſtomary to admire them. For, not becauſe they are deſireable, are they praiſed, but becauſe they are praiſed, they are coveted. And when the error of particulars hath cauſed a general blindneſs, to this at the ſame time may be refer'd any particular error. But as in ſome things we believe the vulgar, let us take this alſo upon the ſame credit, that *nothing is more juſt and honorable than a grateful mind.*

All cities and nations, in the moſt remote and barbarous regions, will join to condemn ingratitude. The good and bad all agree in this. There are ſome who prefer their pleaſures: others take more delight in labour and induſtry; ſome think pain the greateſt of all evils: others

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ſcarce look upon it as an evil; ſome think riches the moſt ſovereign good, others look upon them as the *root of all evil* in human life; and think that no one can be more happy than the man for whom fortune cannot find out an acceptable gift. Now various as the opinions of men are in theſe reſpects; yet all, with *one mouth*, as they ſay, declare, *that a grateful return is due to the well-deſerving*. In this the very rabble, however diſſentient in other matters, all agree. And yet we are apt to repay favours with injuries; and the chief reaſon that any one gives for ingratitude, is, that it was not in his power to be ſufficiently grateful. Nay, the madneſs of mankind is ſuch that it is the moſt dangerous thing in the world to confer an extraordinary benefit. For, inaſmuch as a man thinks it ſcandalous not to make ſome return, he wiſheth his benefactor out of the world. But whoſoever hath been benefited by me, let him enjoy what he hath received. I aſk it not again: I inſiſt not upon a requital. There is no hatred more pernicious than that of a man, who is aſhamed of not having repaid an obligation.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) Aberrent—*al.* non errent,—ut aliquando hæreant.] Hæſêre omnia tela haud difficili ex propinquo in tanta corpora ictu. *Liv.* l. 27.

——Pars ad faſtigia miſſas
Exultant *hæſiſſe* faces,—*Stat.* Theb. l. 10.
——non *exiſſe.*—*Gronovius.*

(*b*) He may return the like favour; yet not make ample amends; for in a favour conferred, other things are to be conſidered; as *the intention of the mind*; the *propriety of time and place*, &c. as is afterwards obſerved.

(*c*) *Epictetus* likewiſe mentions this among the philoſophical paradoxes, and has beſtowed a diſſertation on the ſubject, l. 11. c. 22.—*Cic.* de Amic. Hoc primum ſentio, niſi in bonis amicitiam non eſſe; *Let me premiſe this, that no friendſhip can ſubſiſt but among the good.* Where by *good, Lipſius* tells us we muſt underſtand *the wiſe man.* So *Seneca*, de Benef. vii. 12. Inter ſapientes tantum amicitia eſt; cæteri non magis amici ſunt, quàm ſocii. *Friendſhip is only to be found among the wiſe; others are to be looked upon rather as companions, than friends.* Cic. ib. Eſt autem amicitia nihil aliud niſi omnium divinarum humanarumque rerum, cum benevolentiâ et caritate conſentio. *Friendſhip is nothing, but the complete harmony of all divine and human conſiderations, with kindneſs and endearment.* See Ep. 5. 9. 35. *Lipſ.* Manud. iii. 16.

(*d*) Then came *Peter* unto him, and ſaid, *Lord, how often ſhall my brother ſin againſt me, and I forgive him? 'till ſeven times? Jeſus* ſaith unto him, *I ſay not unto thee, until ſeven times, but until ſeventy times ſeven.* Matth. 18. 21. Luke 17. 4.

(*e*) *It is more bleſſed to give than to receive.* Act. 20. 35.

(*f*) Thus *Hierax*, the Pythagorean, Οὕτω καὶ πᾶς ἄδικος, ἀυτὸς ἑαυτῷ κακίας πρῶτος γεύεται, πρὶν εἰς ἄλλους ἐφίεναι. *Every unjuſt man has the firſt taſte of his own malignity, before it reacheth others.*

EPISTLE LXXXII.

On the Study of Philoſophy, Virtue, and the Fear of Death.

I AM no longer, my *Lucilius*, under any great concern for your welfare. What *God* then, you ſay, do I depend upon for your ſafety? Why truly on one that deceiveth no man; viz. *A mind, that purſues what is right and fit with pure affection.* Hence the better part of you is in full ſecurity. Fortune perhaps may do you ſome miſchief; but what is of much greater moment, I have no fear leſt you ſhould prove your own enemy. Go on as you have begun. Fix yourſelf in ſuch a habit of life as may ſhew complacency, not effeminate delicacy. I had rather, you ſhould live *ill*, than in ſoft idleneſs: by *ill* I mean here, an hard, rough, and laborious life. We often hear the lives of ſome men praiſed, (being much envied too) after this ſort, ſuch a one lives moſt *delicately*. Now, what is this but ſaying *He is a bad man?* For the mind is rendered effeminate by degrees, and ſoften'd down, as it were, into the likeneſs of that indolence and idleneſs wherein it lies buried. And would it not be better for a man to be quite ſtiff, and ſenſeleſs? But the delicate are afraid of death, however like it they render life: though I allow there is ſome difference between repoſe and the grave. And is it not better, perhaps you will ſay, ſo to live, than be toſſed about in the whirlpools of officious buſineſs? They are indeed alike fatal, both the convulſion of the nerves and the languor of the mind. I think him as truly dead, who lies buried in his perfumes *(a)*, as he that is drawn about the ſtreets with a hook (*b*). Retirement without ſtudy is death, and the ſepulchre of a living man.

Beſides, what does it avail a man to have retired? As if the cauſes of ſollicitude and trouble would not follow him, even beyond the ſeas? What ſo ſecret place is there, excludes *the fear of death*? What place

of

of reſt ſo well guarded as to be raiſed above the dread of pain and grief? Whereever you hide yourſelf, human miſeries will alarm you. There are many external things which ſurround us, and either deceive us, or preſs hard upon us: there are many internal paſſions which enflame us in the midſt of ſolitude. We muſt therefore throw ourſelves into the arms of philoſophy; it is an impregnable wall (*c*), which fortune with all her engines cannot penetrate. The mind that hath once diſclaim'd all external things, and is determined to quit the field, ſtands upon an inſuperable eminence, protecting itſelf in its own citadel: while every hoſtile weapon falls beneath it. Fortune hath not ſuch long hands, as ſhe is generally ſuppos'd to have; ſhe ſeizeth on none but ſuch as willingly cleave to her. Let us leap from her as far as we can. But it is the knowledge of ſelf and nature that can enable us to do this. Let a man therefore know and conſider, from whence he came: and whither he is going; what is good for him, what the contrary: what to purſue, and what to avoid: what *that* reaſon is which can diſtinguiſh between ſuch things as are deſireable, and ſuch as are to be eſchewed: and which can aſſuage the madneſs of luſt, and ſoften the ſeverity of fear.

There are ſome indeed who think that even without philoſophy, ſuch a maſtery is to be gained over the paſſions; but their ſecurity being once put to the trial, they are forced too late to confeſs the truth. Their big words fail them, when the executioner takes them by the hand, and death ſtares them in the face. We may juſtly ſay to them; *'Twas an eaſy matter to bid defiance to abſent evils: behold the pains now threaten which you boaſted were tolerable: behold death, againſt whom you have often ſpoke ſo courageouſly: the whips yerk; the ſword glitters;*

Nunc animis opus, Ænea, nunc pectore firmo.

Now is the time firm courage to aſſume. *Virg. Ib.* 261.

And nothing but daily meditation can inſpire this conſtancy; if you exerciſe not the tongue, but the mind; if you are prepared againſt death; which you cannot be ſufficiently exhorted or ſtrengthen'd againſt, by thoſe who, with certain cavils would fain perſuade you, that *Death is no evil.*

And here, *Lucilius*, beſt of men, I have a mind to ridicule ſome trifling argumentations among the Greeks, which, as much as you wonder at them, I have not quite diſcarded: our *Zeno*, for inſtance, thus argues ſyllogiſtically;

No evil is glorious,
But Death is glorious;
Therefore, *Death is no evil.*

You have prevailed, *Zeno*, you have deliver'd me from the fear of death. I ſhall moſt willingly ſtretch out my neck to the ſword. Will you not ſpeak more ſeriouſly, but make even a dying man to ſmile? But truly I cannot eaſily ſay which I take to be the more ſilly of the two: he who thought by this queſtion to extinguiſh the fear of death, or he who pretends to anſwer it, as if it was at all pertinent to the matter.

Nay, he himſelf, hath oppoſed thereto a contrary argument, taken from our placing death among things indifferent, which the *Greeks* call ἀδιαφορα:

Nothing that is indifferent is glorious:
But Death is glorious;
Therefore *Death is not an indifferent thing.*

You ſee where this queſtion halts, and would impoſe upon us. *Death in itſelf* is not *glorious*; but to die bravely is glorious. And when he ſaith, *nothing that is indifferent is glorious*, I grant it, but with this reſtriction, that nothing is glorious but what hath ſome connection with things indifferent: by *things indifferent*, I mean ſuch, as are neither good nor bad, conſider'd in themſelves, as ſickneſs, pain, poverty, puniſhment, death: and I maintain, that none of theſe things are glorious; but may be made ſo by their connexion. Poverty is not commendable; but it is commendable not to be dejected and bowed down by it: ſo neither is baniſhment; but he that is not grieved at ſuffering it, is praiſe-worthy. No man praiſeth death; but he is juſtly praiſed, who is deprived of life, before death could give him any perturbation.

All theſe things therefore are neither honourable, nor glorious in themſelves; but whenever virtue joins herſelf thereto, and hath the management

management of them, they are indeed both honourable and glorious. They are, as it were in common, and have no other difference than what they obtain by their connection with virtue or the contrary diſpoſition. For death which in *Cato* was glorious, was ſoon after vile and ſhameful in *Brutus:* I mean *that Brutus* (*d*), who when he was about to die, ſought all poſſible means to delay the time; nay he pretended to go aſide to eaſe himſelf (*e*), and when called forth to die, and commanded to lay his head upon the block; *I will,* ſays he, *ſo I may but live.* What madneſs is it to fly when it is impoſſible to eſcape? *I will bow my neck,* ſays he, *ſo I may but live:* he had almoſt ſaid—*even a ſlave to* Anthony. O worthy man to have thy life given thee! but as I was ſaying; from hence you may obſerve, that death, conſidered in itſelf, is neither good nor evil; ſeeing that *Cato* made a glorious uſe of it; and *Brutus* a moſt diſhonourable one.

Every thing not honourable in itſelf is ennobled by the acceſſion of virtue. We ſay ſuch a room is light and magnificent: but how dark and dull is the ſame by night? It is the day that gives it all its ſplendour, which the night ſoon deprives it of: ſo of thoſe things which we call common and indifferent, as riches, ſtrength, beauty, honours, a kingdom; and on the other hand, baniſhment, ſickneſs, pain, death, and the like, which we dread more or leſs, a virtuous or vicious behaviour under them, gives them the title of good or evil. A maſs of iron, is neither hot nor cold in itſelf. It grows hot in the furnace, and is ſoon made cold by being thrown into the water. Death is honourable, through ſuch means as are honourable, in virtue: and a mind exalting itſelf above the gifts of fortune. There is alſo, my *Lucilius,* a great difference even in theſe common things; for death is not ſo indifferent a thing, as whether our hair be cut even or not. Death is one of thoſe things, which are not evil, but have the appearance of evil.

There is implanted in every breaſt a certain ſelf-love, an innate deſire of ſelf-preſervation, and a dread of diſſolution; which threatens to deprive us of many good things, and the enjoyment of ſuch as we have been long accuſtomed to. This alſo is what alienates our minds from death; we know the things we enjoy at preſent; but we know

not what we ſhall meet with, whither we are going (*f*), and always apt to dread things unknown. Beſides, nothing is more natural than the fear of darkneſs; and this is what death ſeems to threaten us with. And therefore, however indifferent a thing death may be, yet it is not to be reckon'd among thoſe which may eaſily be ſlighted and contemn'd: the mind muſt be ſtrengthen'd and harden'd by continual exerciſe againſt the ſight and approach of death; not that it ought to be dreaded ſo much as it generally is. Many ſtrange things are believ'd concerning it, and many a genius hath been employ'd in encreaſing the infamy (*g*). What a terrible deſcription is given of the infernal priſon, and the diſmal region that labours under perpetual night, where the monſtrous keeper of Hell-gates

Oſſa ſuper recubans antro ſemeſa cruento. Virg. 8. 297.
Æternum latrans exangues territat umbras. 6. 401.
The triple porter of the ſtygian ſeat,
Now ſeiz'd with fear forgot his mangled meat—
Still may the dog his wandring troops conſtrain,
Of airy ghoſts, and vex the guilty train. Dryden.

Nay, though you ſhould be perſuaded that theſe are mere fictions and idle ſtories; and that the dead have nothing to fear, yet very far is this perſuaſion from taking away all fear; for men are as much afraid of annihilation, as of dwelling in the infernal region. Seeing then that theſe thoughts often aſſail us, which long perſuaſion hath made habitual, to ſuffer death courageouſly, cannot but be glorious, and worthy a place amongſt the ſtrongeſt efforts of the human mind. The mind can never riſe to virtue, ſo long as it thinks death an evil: but thither it will riſe, if it looks upon death merely as an indifferent thing.

It is not in the nature of things for any one to addreſs with magnanimity what he thinks an evil; ſlothful and dilatory will be his approach thereto. Now, *that* cannot be glorious, which is done untowardly, and with an unwilling mind. Virtue does nothing by conſtraint. Add alſo that nothing can be done decently and well, to which the whole mind hath not bent its ſtrongeſt application and efforts, and is in no reſpect whatever repugnant. But when an evil is ſet before us, it often happens, that the patient ſuffering of one ſingle evil, ſhall be ſwallow'd up,

up, either in the fear of ſomething worſe, or in the hope of ſome good, which is thought worthy of purſuit. Hence the thoughts of the agent are at variance: and there is ſomething that urgeth him on one hand, to execute his purpoſe: and on the other hand, what draws him back, and deters him from the ſuſpected peril; therefore, I ſay, he is diſtracted in his thoughts: and where this is the caſe, all glory is loſt: for virtue ever performs her reſolutions with a ſteady and conſtant mind: ſhe is never afraid to enter upon action: Tu ne cede malis, ſed contra audentior ito (*b*).

But thou ſecure of ſoul, unbent with woes,
The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppoſe. Dryden.

But you cannot go on ſo boldly, if you think them real evils. This notion therefore muſt firſt be rooted out, otherwiſe ſuſpicion will traverſe and ſtay thy courſe: or the mind will be *forced* upon that, which it ought to have undertaken willingly.

The Stoics indeed ſeem to think the queſtion, as firſt put by *Zeno*, true; but the other in oppoſition to it, falſe and vain. For my part I am not for treating theſe things *logically*; or having recourſe to the knotty quirks of idle ſophiſtry. I think all this kind of buſineſs ought to be diſcarded: wherein he, to whom the queſtion is put, is ſuſpicious of a fallacy, and being brought to confeſſion, anſwereth one thing, and thinks another. Truth is to be dealt with in a more plain and ſimple manner; and in order to root out all fear, we muſt deal more openly and manly. The things which by theſe ſophiſters are involv'd in ſuch intricacies, I had rather ſolve and explain; that I might perſuade, and not impoſe upon, the hearer. When a general is leading an army into the field, there perhaps to die for their wives and children, in what terms will he exhort them! Look upon the *Fabii* (*i*) transferring the whole war of the republic upon one family. Look upon the *Lacedæmonians* in the ſtreights of *Thermopylæ* (*k*); without any hopes of victory or a return; when that place ſeem'd their deſtin'd grave: what will you alledge in order to intice them to ſacrifice themſelves for the republic; and rather part from their lives, than their ſtand? you will ſay;

What is evil is not glorious,
But Death is glorious.
Therefore *Death is no evil.*

O moſt

O moſt powerful harangue! who after this, would ſcruple to give himſelf up to the drawn ſword, and die upon the ſpot? But what a noble ſpeech was *that* of *Leonidas*, when he ſaid, *ſo dine my fellow-ſoldiers, as if ye were to ſup in another world*(l) They ſnapped up their meat; ſcarcely ſtaid to chew it; nor did any fall from their hands. They went cheerfully to dinner, and to ſupper both. And how did that brave *Roman* General addreſs his ſoldiers, whom he ordered to take a certain place, which they could not come at, but by forcing their way through the vaſt army of their enemies? *There is a neceſſity, my fellow-warriors, for your going thither, but none for your coming back.* You ſee how plain and imperious, virtue, or true valour is. What mortal can your circumlocutions make more valiant, more firm, and ſteady? Such amuſements are apt to break the mind, which ought by no means to be contracted and driven into difficulties, at a time, when it ought to be the more enlarged for ſome great enterpriſe.

But the fear of death ought to be rooted out not only from the minds of a few hundred, or of an army, but of all men in general. And how will you teach them, that it is not an evil? How will you overcome the prejudices of men, in every age, imbibed from their very infancy? What help will you find? What remedy will you propoſe for the weakneſs of human nature? What will you ſay to animate men ſo, as to make them ruſh into the midſt of danger? With what harangue will you avert this univerſal fear? With what ſtrength of reaſoning will you diſſuade mankind from a perſuaſion, ſo univerſal, and determined againſt all you can ſay? Will you ſtudy captious words, and form petty queſtions? Know that mighty monſters are not to be quelled but by mighty weapons. In vain did the *Roman* ſoldiers diſcharge their ſlings and quivers againſt that large and cruel ſerpent in *Africa*, which was more terrible to the *Legions* than war itſelf. Like the *Python* he was invulnerable, when from the vaſt and ſolid bulk of his body, the ſteely weapon, or whatever elſe was thrown by mortal hand, rebounded; but at length he was cruſhed by mill-ſtones(m) And do you now throw ſuch petty weapons againſt death? Will you encounter a lion with a bodkin? They are ſharp things which you advance. And what is ſharper than the bearded ear of barley? But their own fineneſs makes ſome things uſeleſs, and ineffectual.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) Theognis, v. 1193. Ασπαλαθοι δὲ τανυσιν ὁμοῖον στρωμα θανόντι.

——— *to the dead,*

To lie on thorns or tapeſtry, is the ſame.

(*b*) As they treated criminals, both before and after execution.

(*c*) So *Antiſthenes* ap. Laert. Τεχνη κατασκευαστέον ἐν τοῖς ἡμῶν ἀναλωτοις λογισμοῖς. For as it was ſaid with great applauſe on the ſtage———

—— Si regnum a me Fortuna atque opes
Eripere quivit, at virtutem non quit.
Fortune may rob me of my wealth and throne;
She can no more: ſtill Virtue is my own.

(*d*) This muſt be underſtood of *Decius Brutus*, who, as *Vellius* writes, flying for ſhelter to the houſe of one *Capenus*, a nobleman, was there ſlain by thoſe whom *M. Anthony* ſent in purſuit of him. For this contemptuous relation will by no means ſuit with the ſtory of the famous *Marcus Brutus*, the friend and aſſaſſin of *Cæſar*. See *Valer. Max.* l. 9. c. c. 13.

(*e*) For this anecdote we muſt give credit to *Seneca*, as not related elſewhere. *Lipſius* gives you the like ſtory of one *Cneius Carbo*, from *Valer. Max.* l. 19. 13. who mentions the death of *Brutus*, but without this circumſtance.

(*f*) Aye, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod, and the delighted ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown, with reſtleſs violence, round about
The pendant world, or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thought
Imagines howling!—'tis too horrible.
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear in death.---*Shakeſp.* Meaſure for Meaſure.

(*g*) *Plato* alſo highly inveighs againſt the poets for making Death, terrible enough in itſelf, much more terrible by ſuch their fictions and idle ſtories. *Vid.* de Republ. l. 3.

(*b*) To which ſome copies add that unneceſſary hemiſtic----

Quàm tua te Fortuna ſinet——not in *Virgil.*

(*i*) *Fabius* (ſo called from faba, a *bean*, being the firſt planter of beans in *Italy*) with his family and children, 300 in number, waged war with the *Veiates*, and were all ſlain to one man: from whom was deſcended this noble family down to the celebrated *Fabius Maximus*, Conſul with *Julius Cæſar*, Ann. M. C. 709.

(*k*) Thermopylæ] The ſtraits between the mountains of *Theſſaly* and *Phocis*; where *Leonidas*, King of *Sparta*, oppoſed a vaſt army of the *Perſians.*

(*l*) As I think it is ſomewhere ſaid by *Cæſar*, *Fight on, my brave fellow-ſoldiers, you will either conquer or ſup with* Jupiter.

(*m*) Ne Python quidem vulnerabilis----*al.* invulnerabilis---ne pilo quidem *vel* ne publis---*Eraſm.* ne Pythio (i. e. Apollina) *Suret.* But I am more apt to think, with *Pincian*, that the whole ſentence is not genuine. Or, if I may not be allowed the ſenſe given it in the tranſlation, I ſhould ſooner prefer *Eraſmus'* pilo, (i. e. *he was invulnerable to the pyke or ſpear*) than either *Python* or *Pythio*.

EPISTLE LXXXIII.

On Drunkenneſs.

IT ſeems you are inquiſitive, *Lucilius*, to know how I ſpend my time, even my whole time; and are pleaſed to entertain ſo good an opinion of me as to think, that I deſire not to conceal any part of it from you. Indeed we ought ſo to live, as in the ſight of man; and ſo to employ our thoughts, as if the inmoſt receſſes of our hearts were open to ſome inſpector. They certainly are ſo: for what avails it to keep any thing ſecret from man; when we can hide nothing from God! He is intimate to our ſouls (*a*); and interpoſeth himſelf in our common thoughts; ſo indeed as never abſolutely to leave us. I will oblige you therefore in your requeſt, and will tranſmit to you in writing how I paſs my time, and after what method I generally act. I will, forthwith, make ſome obſervations on myſelf; and what is truly uſeful and of conſequence, review the day paſt.

Nothing contributes more to the making men worſe, as to their morals, than their not regarding their paſt conduct. We think indeed upon what we are about to do; though this but ſeldom; and what we have done, is entirely forgotten. Good counſel however for the future depends, in a great meaſure, upon the experience of what is paſt. This, my *Lucilius*, hath been a complete day with me (*b*): not a perſon hath broke in upon a moment of it. The whole was divided between my couch

couch and reading-deſk: very little allowed for exerciſe of the body: I am oblig'd to old age for this; it puts me to very little trouble in this reſpect; when I ſtir, I am ſoon tired. But this is the common end of exerciſe, even to the ſtrongeſt. Would you know, who are my companions (*c*) herein? One is enough for me, *Eurinus*, an amiable boy not unknown to you. But I muſt change him. He grows too robuſt for me. He ſays indeed, that we are both at the ſame criſis of age, foraſmuch as we are ſhedding our teeth; but the young rogue runs too faſt for me; I can ſcarce overtake him; and in a few days I ſhall not be able; ſo much he gains upon me by daily exerciſe. In a very ſhort time there is a great diſtance between two that are travelling different ways. As he is going up, I am going down: and you know how much ſwifter the one travels than the other. Did I ſay, I was *going* down? I was miſtaken; for my age is ſuch I am not *going*, but *falling* down. But would you know how ended this day's contention between us? why, as ſeldom it does between two racers, neither of us beat (*d*).

From this, rather a fatigue, than exerciſe, I go into the cold bath; I do not mean ſuch as is extremely cold: for I (who took ſo much delight in bathing and ſwimming that even on the *Kalends of January*, I would leap into the coldeſt pond; and as I was wont to begin the new year (*e*) with reading, writing, or dictating ſomething, as a foretoken of ſucceſs; ſo began I to bath, by plunging into ſpring water) firſt moved my tent to the river Tyber (*f*), and afterwards had recourſe to the bathing tub: which, as I am yet pretty ſtrong, and would have all things done as ſhould be, the ſun alone ſufficiently warmeth for me. I ſpend not however much time in bathing; and after that, I eat a piece of dry bread, or biſcuit, and dine without a table; nor have I any occaſion to waſh my hands after dinner. I ſleep a little while: you know my cuſtom: my ſleep was always very ſhort; I reſt, as it were a while (*g*); and think it enough not to be broad awake. Sometimes indeed I know that I have ſlept; but ſometimes I only think ſo. Lo! the noiſe of the *Circus* is continually buzzing in my ears, and ſometimes ſtrikes them with a ſudden and univerſal ſhout: however it does not chaſe away my thoughts: nor even interrupt them. I bear the clamour moſt patiently: and the many voices, that are joined together in one con-

fuſed ſound, are no more to me than the rolling of a wave, or the ruſtling of wind through a wood; and the like inſignificant noiſes.—And what of all this? why, I will tell you now, what I was meditating upon. For I am ſtill reflecting upon the ſame to-day as yeſterday: *what thoſe wiſe men could mean, who in ſome ſerious matter, uſed the moſt trifling and perplexing arguments: which however true were to be ſuſpected of a falſity.*

Zeno, (*h*) for inſtance, that moſt extraordinary man and the founder of the braveſt and moſt religious ſect, propoſed to deter man from drunkenneſs. And you ſhall hear in what manner he proves that a good man will never be drunk.

No one truſts a ſecret to a drunken man:
But a good man is truſted with ſecrets.

Therefore, *A good man will not be drunk.* (*Ebrius.*)

But obſerve now how you may play upon him with the alike-form'd ſyllogiſm: for one of many will ſerve our preſent purpoſe:

No one commits a ſecret to one that is aſleep,
Secrets are committed to good men:

Therefore, *A good man will not ſleep.*

Poſidonius endeavours, as well as he can, to defend our *Zeno* herein: but, in my opinion, he makes but a poor defence of it. For, he ſays, that a man may be called *a drunken man* two ways; the one, when he is overcharg'd with wine, and not maſter of himſelf; the other, when he is ſubject to this vice, and only now and then gets drunk. *Zeno* here means the latter, one that is ſubject to be drunk, not one that actually is ſo; and *ſuch a one*, he ſays, *no one will truſt with a ſecret* leſt he ſhould blab in his cups. But this is falſe. For the former ſyllogyſm abſolutely includes the man that *is drunk*, not one that may be ſo: as there is a great difference between (*Ebrium* and *Ebrioſum*), *one that is drunk*, and *a drunkard*. For it may be that he who is now drunk, was never ſo before: and he that is a drunkard may often be ſober; therefore by the word, *Ebrius*, I muſt underſtand what is generally meant by the ſame, *one that is drunk*; eſpecially as the word is uſed, by a man of learning, and profeſs'd diligence in weighing well his expreſſions. Add likewiſe, that *Zeno*, if he underſtands him, hath left

room

room for a fallacy, by uſing an ambiguous word, which by no means becomes a man, who is in ſearch of truth.

Be this as it will; he could not but know that the major (firſt) propoſition is falſe, *no one truſts a ſecret to a drunken man.* For conſider how many ſoldiers, who are none of the ſobereſt people, are truſted with ſecrets by their general, the tribune or centurion. *Tullius Cimber* was truſted with the ſecret of a conſpiracy againſt the life of *Cæſar* (I mean *Caius Cæſar*, who having overcome *Pompey* ſeiſed upon the government) as well as *Caius Caſſius. Caſſius* had, all his life, drank nothing but water: *Tullius Cimber* was ſcarce ever ſober, and a prattler. He uſed often to jeſt upon himſelf, ſaying, *How can I carry any one, who cannot carry my wine?* Let any one now name thoſe, whom he thinks worthy to be truſted with a ſecret, but not with wine. I will give you one example, that recurs to me, before I forget it. For life is beſt inſtructed by ſome famous example; nor need we always have recourſe to antiquity. *Lucius Piſo* (*i*), The warden of the city, after he was once drunk, ſpent the greater part of the night in banqueting and riot: and then would he ſleep 'till noon the next day, which was generally his morning. Yet was he very diligent in the adminiſtration of his office, wherein depended the ſecurity and welfare of the city: even the godlike *Auguſtus* entruſted him with ſecret orders, when he gave him the government of *Thrace*, which he had ſubdued. And *Tiberius*, when he was going into *Campania*, and leaving *Rome*, in ſuſpicion and diſguſt, yet, I ſuppoſe, becauſe drunkenneſs had no worſe an effect upon *Piſo*, made *Coſſus* (*k*) governor of the city in his abſence. Now *Coſſus* was a grave and moderate man, but would ſometimes get ſo very drunk as to be carried out of the ſenate, (when he was come thither from ſome banquet) overwhelm'd with ſo ſound a ſleep, that it was impoſſible to wake him: yet to this man did *Tiberius*, with his own hand, write many things, with which he was afraid to truſt his own miniſters: and never did a ſecret, either of a public or private nature, drop from *Coſſus.*

Let us hear no more then thoſe frequent declamations,—*the mind has no command of itſelf, when fetter'd with drunkenneſs.--As barrels are burſt with*

with new wine, and the lees are thrown to the top by fermentation; ſo when wine boils within a man, and ſtupefies the brain, whatever ſecret is hid in the heart, it is thrown up and made public.--I own this may ſometime happen, yet it alſo happens, that we ſcruple not to conſult even in ſerious and neceſſary matters with thoſe, who are given to wine. This is falſe therefore what is here ſet forth as an indiſputable maxim, that *a ſecret is never entruſted to a man who is ſubject to drunkenneſs.* How much better is it openly and plainly to accuſe, and ſhew forth the vice and folly of it; which even a decent man would avoid, and much more one that is wiſe and perfect: who is ſatisfied with quenching his thirſt; and who, at a time of mirth, though it be carried to a great height upon ſome extraordinary occaſion, ſtill refrains from drunkenneſs.

We ſhall diſpute hereafter, whether the mind of a wiſe man may be diſturb'd by too large a doſe, and whether he will act as drunken men generally do. In the mean while, if you would prove that a good man ought never to be drunk, what need is there of having recourſe to ſyllogiſm? Rather ſhew, how ridiculous and vile a thing it is, for a man to pour down more than he can hold, and not to know the ſtrength of his conſtitution.--How many things drunken men are apt to do, which when ſober they would be aſhamed of.--And that drunkenneſs is nothing elſe but a voluntary madneſs.--And, ſuppoſe this evil habit to grow upon a man (*l*), can you doubt of its being ſomewhat more than madneſs, even rage and fury? The fit is not leſs though it be ſhorter.--Declare how *Alexander*, King of *Macedon*, ſlew at a banquet *Clytus*, his deareſt and moſt faithful friend; but being made conſcious of the fact, when ſober, he deſired to die, and indeed he deſerv'd no better (*m*).

Drunkenneſs heightens and diſplays every vice. It takes away modeſty, the uſual reſtraint upon every bad intention. For many, it is to be feared, abſtain from vice, more through the dread of ſhame, than their own good will. When the ſtrength of wine hath overpower'd the mind, whatever evil lay conceal'd therein, is apt to emerge. For

drunkennneſs

drunkenneſs does not ſo much create faults as it betrays them; for then it is, that the libidinous ſtay not for the privacy of a chamber, but as far as they can, indulge their deſires without delay: then it is, the debauchée confeſſeth openly his diſeaſe: and the petulant and wanton, give a looſe to their vicious inclination: the pride of the inſolent, the ſavageneſs of the cruel, and the malice of the ſpiteful, grow ſtronger hereby: in ſhort, every vice ſhews itſelf in its proper colours.

Add that ſtupidity and ignorance of a man's ſelf; his ſtammering and unintelligible way of ſpeaking; his eyes ſee double; the roof ſeems to ſhake, and the whole houſe to run round: the ſtomach is ſick and painful, while the wine is fermenting therein, and preying upon the vitals: however tolerable it may be while there is any ſtrength left in the liquor, what muſt it be when corrupted by ſleep? and what was drunkenneſs before, is now become an intolerable crudity.

Think alſo what cruel ſlaughters public riot and debauch have ſometimes occaſion'd. This is what hath given up the moſt fierce and warlike nations into the hands of their enemies; hath broken down walls, that were defended with a moſt ſtubborn war for many years: this hath drove into captivity the moſt brave and reſolute contemners of ſubjection; and hath conquer'd the unconquerable in battle. *Alexander*, whom I before mention'd, and who was carried ſafe through ſo many journeys, ſo many engagements, ſo many winters, in which he overcame the difficulties of both time and place, through ſo many rivers whoſe ſources were unknown, and through ſo many dangerous ſeas, was at laſt overthrown by an intemperate draught; and that *Herculean* (*n*) and fatal cup quite buried him.

What glory is there in being able to hold a great deal? When you have gained the victory; and your fellow-ſots, overcome with ſleep and nauſeouſneſs ſhall refuſe to pledge you any more; when you alone ſurvive the whole company; when yon have conquer'd them all with moſt magnificient valour (*o*); and you boaſt that no man can carry ſo much wine as yourſelf? Lo! you yourſelf are overcome by (or cannot carry ſo much as) an hogſhead.

What

What was it elſe but drunkenneſs, and the love of *Cleopatra*, no leſs ſtrong than wine, that deſtroy'd *Mark Anthony*, (a very great man, and of moſt noble endowments) and led him into foreign manners, and vices not his own, nor of Roman growth? It was this, that made him an enemy to his country, and his enemies an overmatch for *him:* this taught him cruelty; when he ordered the heads of the princes of the city to be brought to him at ſupper; when amidſt the moſt exquiſite dainties that luxury could invent, or royal affluence adminiſter, he took pleaſure in beholding the ſcalps and hands of the proſcribed; when full of wine, he yet thirſted for blood. It would have been intolerable in him to have done what he did, had he been ſober; but how much more intolerable was it for him to do theſe horrid things in a drunken riot? Cruelty commonly attends upon drunkenneſs. For the ſanity of the mind is hereby diſturb'd (*p*) and exaſperated. As long diſeaſes make the eyes ſo weak as not to endure the leaſt glimpſe of the ſun; ſo, an habit of drunkenneſs weakens the mind: for as men are often not maſters of themſelves, being inured to ſuch vices as are conceived by laviſh drinking, they are apt to perpetrate the ſame without the inſtigation of wine.

Declare therefore that a wiſe man ought never to be drunk; ſhow the deformity and indecency of it, not by words only, but from fact, which is very eaſy to be done. Prove that theſe which are called pleaſures, when they exceed the proper mean, become puniſhments. For if you will argue that a wiſe man may perchance be intoxicated with wine, and yet not err, or go aſtray; you may as well ſay, that a man will not die, though he hath drank poiſon;—that opium will not make him ſleep; nor *hellebore* purge him.—But when his feet trip, and his tongue faulters, why ſhould you think him only half-gone, or fuddled? *He is drunk.*

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Epictetus* to the ſame purpoſe (l. 11. c. 8.) *What you would not do before the ſtatue or image of a God, that you dare do, notwithſtanding God certainly ſees and hears every thought, word and deed. Thou wretch, ignorant of thine own nature, and hateful to the Gods!* But our buſineſs is with the holy Scriptures, where this ſentiment is ſo frequently and particularly inculcated. 1 Sam. 16. 7. 1 Kings, 8. 39. 1 Chron. 28. 9. Job, 26. 6. 28. 24. 31. 4. 34. 21. 42. 2. Pſ. 7. 9. 44. 21. 139. 4. 11. 12. Prov. 5. 21. 15. 3. Jer. 11. 20. 16. 12. 17. 10. 20. 12. 3. 19. Zeph. 1. 12. Eccleſ. 17. 19. Luk. 16. 15. Act. 1. 24. 15. 18. 3 Joh. 3. 20. Rev. 2. 25.—See Ep. 41. De Benef. l. 4. c. 8.

(*b*) Hodiernus dies ſolidus eſt. Hor. l. 1. 20. nec partem ſolido demere de die ſpernit. Vid. Sidon. Apoll. p. 402.

(*c*) Progymnaſtas] *Muret.*—Which word is uſed by *Plato* and *Xenophon*, in the ſame ſenſe with *Syngymnaſtas*, i. e. eos qui unà cum aliquo exercentur. *Poll.*

(*d*) Hieram ſecimus] We both come equally tired to the middle line of the race, which line is called *hiera*; ſo neither of us beat. By ἱερὰν (Subaud. δρομὸν) is meant a vehement and moſt laborious race, as the mariners ſay, *ſacram* anchoram, and the phyſicians *ſacram deſin*, ἱερὰν πυρέξαι. *Eraſm.*

(*e*) On this day the *Romans* generally begun what they intended for the chief employ of the enſuing year, by way of *good luck*.

Quiſque ſuæ artes ob idem delibat agendo,
Nec pluſquam ſolitum teſtificatur opus. *Ovid.*
Each gives this day a ſpecimen, in part,
Wherein he's deſtin'd to diſplay his art.

(*f*) As being ſomewhat warmer than ſpring water.

(*g*) Quaſi interjungo, al. intervigilo. They are ſaid, *interjungere*, when on travelling they take off their horſes to give them a bait. *Horace* calls it, *iter dividere*,

Hoc iter ignavi diviſimus.

So *Varro*, *Diem dividere*,

Exarſitque dies, et hora
Interjungit equos meridiana.

Quidam medio die interjunxerunt et in pomeridianas horas aliquid levioris operæ diſtulerunt. *Sen.* de Tranquil. l. 1.

(*h*) *Zeno* was owner of a thouſand talents, when he came from *Cyprus* into *Greece*; and he uſed to lend money on ſhips at an high intereſt. He kept in ſhort a kind of an inſurance-office. He loſt this eſtate perhaps when he ſaid, Rectè ſanè agit Fortuna, quæ nos ad philoſophiam impellit, *I am greatly obliged to Fortune, for reducing me to the ſtudy of philoſophy.* Afterwards he received great preſents from *Antigonus*. So that his great frugality and ſimplicity of life was the effect of his choice, and not of neceſſity. *Dio. Laert.*—He rejoiced that he had been thrown by ſhipwreck on the *Athenian* coaſt, as he owed to the loſs of his fortune the acquiſition which he made of virtue, wiſdom, and immortality.—*Bolingbroke* on Exile.

(*i*) *The Emperor* Tiberius, *at the very time he was reforming the manners of the people, ſate up one night and two days drinking and feaſting with* Pomponius, Flaccus, *and* Lucius Piſo, *to one of which he gave the province of* Syria *immediately, and to the other the government of the city.*

(*k*) *Lipſius* doubts whether this was *Cornelius Coſſus*, who was conſul under *Auguſtus*, ann. 752, or his ſon, conſul under *Tiberius*, ann. 778—moſt probably the latter.

(*l*) Extende in plures dies illum ebrii habitum. MS. In ſome copies the word *dies* is wanting, in others it is written in plures vires.

(*m*) Facinore intellecto mori voluit, certè debuit. *Muret. al.* mori voluit. Certè eruit omne vitium ebrietas—*al.* certè delituit. And indeed *Alexander* is ſaid to have kept himſelf many days within, after this fact, diſcovering hereby how much he was aſhamed of it. *See* Quint. Curt.

(*n*) Herculeanus ſcyphus] *Plutarch*, in his Life of *Alexander* informs us, "that, at an entertainment given by *Medius*, *Alexander* drank all that night and the next day to ſuch exceſs, as put "him into a fever, which ſeized him, not as ſome write, after he had drank off *Hercules' bowl*; "nor was he taken with a ſudden pain in his back, as if he had been ſtricken with a lance; (for "theſe are the inventions of ſome authors, who thought it became them to make the concluſion of "ſo great an action as tragical as they could.) *Ariſtobulus* tells us that in the rage of his fever "and a violent thirſt, he took a draught of wine, upon which he fell into a frenzy, and died, æt. 32. The large glaſſes were called *Herculean*, from the uſe of them, by *Hercules* the *Bœotian*, always uſed as the *finiſhing glaſs after ſupper*. Και τον σκυφον ειχον αει επιδειπνιον του Ηρακλεους. *Nicet.*

(*o*) Hi ſunt, quorum laudari audis—inter vina Victorias. *Sidon. Apoll.* l. 5. 7. Vid. Not. ubi, *D. Ambroſius*, ibi unuſquiſque pugnas enarrat ſuas, ibi fortia facta prædicet, narrat trophæa. Et, Polycrat. l. 8. c. 6. Sine menſura bibitur ad menſuram, is cæteris prævalet, qui aut gulâ, aut dolo, ſtravit aut vicit compotatores.

(*p*) Violatur—ſanitas mentis] *al.* Vallatur. MS. Villatur, vilatur, bellatur, bullatur, unde *Pincian*, belluatur, i. e. in belluæ naturam tranſit, *is made a beaſt*. *Lipſius*, fellatur, aut biliatur. *Gronov.* libatur, i. e. vexatur, carpitur, vel vexatur, ut mentem *vexare* mariti. *Juv.* 6. 610.

(*q*) *Plato* (in Cicerone) Σωκρατης εν ταις ενωχιαις, κ. τ. λ. Socrates *was not fond of drinking at an entertainment, and when obliged by the company, he was generally too ſtrong for them, ſo that none can ſay*, they ever ſaw Socrates drunk.

Not but that, if *a wiſe man ſhould be overtaken*, as it was by chance, *not by intention*, *Lipſius* thinks it excuſable.

EPISTLE LXXXIV.

On Reading, and the Study of Wiſdom.

I THINK, *Lucilius*, that the little excurſions I make in my chariot by way of exerciſe, are of great ſervice to me, both with regard to my health and ſtudies. You plainly ſee wherein they are beneficial to my health, foraſmuch as the love of learning and conſtant application there-

to, would make me ſluggiſh and careleſs of my body, I am hereby rouſed by the help of others: and I will now ſhew you wherein they are of ſervice to the ſtudious mind. I abſtain not entirely from reading. For reading is abſolutely neceſſary. Firſt, that I may not reſt only upon my own opinion; and then, that having learned what others have been in ſearch after, I may the better judge of ſuch things as have already been, or may yet be diſcover'd. Reading nouriſheth the fancy and wit of man; and even refreſheth him when fatigued with ſtudy, and yet, ſtill it may be ſtudy. For we ought not to be always reading, nor always writing: the one will weary and exhauſt the ſtrength: I mean continual writing: and the other diſſolve and diſſipate it. They are to be uſed alternately (*a*), and the one moderated with the other; that whatever hath been collected from reading, may be digeſted and reduced into form by writing. We ought, as they ſay, to imitate the bees who fly about (*b*) and cull ſuch flowers as are moſt proper for making honey; and then they depoſit their ſeveral charges in proper order, and diſtribute them throughout the comb, as our Virgil ſaith—

Liquentia mella
Stipant, et dulci diſtendunt nectare cellas. G. i. 164.
Some purge the heavn'ly nectar, ſome condenſe,
And ſome the liquid in void cells diſpenſe. Lauderdale.

It is not certain whether they extract any liquid from the flowers, which liquid immediately becomes honey; or whether by a certain mixture and peculiarity of their breath, they change what they have gather'd into this taſteful ſubſtance. For ſome think, they have not the ſkill themſelves to make honey, but only gather it; as in the Indies pure honey is found in the leaves of certain reeds (*c*), which honey is made of the dew of that climate; or of the ſweet and fatty moiſture of the reed itſelf: and that in ſome of our herbs is found the like ſubſtance, not altogether ſo manifeſt and notable, but ſuch as an inſect, made for this purpoſe, is wont to ſearch after, and collect together. Others think that by their mixing and diſpoſing of ſuch matter as they have gather'd from the tendereſt of plants and flowers, not without a ſort of leaven, if I may call it ſo, which blends things together of a different nature, it receives this quality.

But not to digreſs farther from the buſineſs in hand, I ſay, we ought to imitate bees: and whatever things we have extracted from different books, firſt, to ſeparate them; for being diſtinct they are the more eaſily remember'd; and then to apply ourſelves with the utmoſt care and ſtrength of mind, to transform theſe various dainties into one diſh; that even if it ſhould appear from whence it was taken, it may yet appear a very different thing to that from whence it was taken. This is what we daily ſee perform'd by nature in our bodies, without any aſſiſtance from us. The aliments which we receive into the ſtomach, ſo long as they retain their own qualities, and float intire therein, are a load to it; but being digeſted and changed from what they were, they paſs into our ſubſtance and blood. We muſt do the ſame, by thoſe things, with which we nouriſh and ſtrengthen the intellectual faculties: we muſt not keep them intire, as we received them; for ſo they will not be ours, but we muſt digeſt them, or elſe they will only be a charge upon the memory, without improving the underſtanding. We muſt ſincerely give our aſſent to them, and make them our own: that one certain thing may be made of many; as from ſeveral figures ariſeth one certain number; and one ſingle computation includes many leſs and different ſums.

And this likewiſe is what the mind muſt do; it muſt conceal as much as poſſible the helps it hath been oblig'd to; and only make ſhew of what it hath done itſelf. Should there ſtill remain the reſemblance of ſome one, whom admiration hath fixed deeper in your mind, and made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion, that you cannot eaſily quit it: I would have it to be ſuch a reſemblance as is that of a ſon, rather than that of a ſtupid and lifeleſs image. And what then? you will ſay: will it not be known, whoſe ſtyle you imitate; whoſe arguments, whoſe ſentiments? perhaps not; if you follow ſome great man; who in his compoſitions hath not diſtinguiſh'd what he hath taken from others, by any particular mark, ſo as to exhibit a ſameneſs (*d*).

Do you not obſerve that a choir conſiſts of many voices? yet from all ariſeth but one harmonious ſound. One voice is treble, another baſe,

baſe, another the mean or tenour; the voices of women are joined to thoſe of men: and the flutes and other inſtruments are likewiſe added: yet the tone of no voice or inſtrument is heard in particular, but they are all happily blended in one: I am ſpeaking of ſuch a choir, or muſical performance, as was known to the antient lovers of Muſic. At the repreſentation of a play we have as many ſingers as in the Theatres formerly they had ſpectators (*e*). And yet when every avenue is filled with ſingers, and the whole pit is ſurrounded with clarinets, and from above in the galleries is heard the ſound of the organs, and other wind inſtruments; even from ſuch diſſonant tones ariſeth harmony. Thus, I ſay, I would have it with our minds; there ſhould be many arts, many precepts, the examples of many ages, all lodged therein, and yet all conſpiring together to conſtitute one form, or manner of life. But how is this to be done? why, by care and the ſteady purſuit of rational principles. If we do nothing but what our reaſon directs; if we attend to the dictates of this alone; ſhe will ſay to us; leave thoſe things which you now ſo greedily purſue; give up riches,—which either endanger, or are a burthen to their owners; renounce the trifling pleaſures both of the body and mind; they ſerve to no other purpoſe but to lull you into ſoftneſs and effeminacy: forſake ambition; 'tis a quality, light, inconſtant, full of pride and vanity; it knows not where to reſt; and is alike troubled in following as in preceding others: it labours under two ſorts of envy: and you know how wretched a man muſt be who is both envied himſelf and envieth others. Behold thoſe palaces of the great! How are their doors peſter'd with the ſquabbling throng of Leveé-Hunters! what affronts muſt you ſubmit to, before you gain admittance? and how many more when you have crouded in? paſs therefore regardleſs, by the ſteps, and lofty terrace (*f*) that leads to the rich man's door; in ſuch their court-yards, you will not only be raiſed aloft, but ſtand on ſlippery ground.

Hither then chuſe to direct your courſe; even to the houſe of wiſdom aiming, at the ſame time, to enjoy both the moſt quiet ſituation and the moſt noble. Whatever things ſeem excellent, in worldly affairs, though they are really ſmall and of no account, but in compariſon with the moſt

moſt vile and abject, yet to attain them is ſtill a difficult and arduous taſk. The way to the ſummit of dignity is rough and craggy. But would you climb the Hill of Wiſdom, to which I invite you, and to which fortune ſubmits with all her treaſures, you ſhall ſee all thoſe things, which are in higheſt eſtimation lie beneath you, nor ſhall you complain of having reach'd the top, but by a ſmooth and eaſy path.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) See Ep. 15.

(*b*) See the following as tranſcribed by *Macrob.* Saturnal. 1.

(*c*) *Strabo* l. 15. *It is ſaid they extract honey from the reeds, where they have no bees.* But this is to be underſtood of what we call, by the ARABIC name, ſaccharum, *ſugar.*

Quique bibunt tenera dulces ab arundine ſuccos. *Luc.* 3. 237.
Who quaff rich juices from the luſcious cane.

(*d*) See Sir John Hawkins on Muſic, vol. iv. p. 272.

(*e*) In comeſſationibus noſtris] *In our feaſts.* But Lipſius thinks it ſtretching the point a little too far, to ſay, that *in their* feaſts *they had more fingers, than the ancient theatres had ſpectators.* He therefore reads it as here tranſlated, in comiſſionibus noſtris ſc. *ludorum.* Lipſ. Epiſt. Qu. iii. 9.

At tuba comiſſos medio canit aggere ludos.—*Virg.* iii. 113.
The trumpet's clangor then the feaſt proclaims;
And all prepare for the appointed games. Dryden.

(*f*) Magno aggeſtu ſuſpenſa veſtibula]—aggeſtu (Spoliorum ſc. quæ poſtibus affigi ſolent.) *Lipſ.* But *Gronovius* more rightly underſtands it of the ſtructure itſelf.

EPISTLE LXXXV.

Virtue alone ſufficient to make Life happy. *

I HAVE hitherto ſpared you, *Lucilius*, and not troubled you, with ſuch points as ſeem'd knotty and difficult; contenting myſelf with only giving you a taſte (*a*) of the arguments, alledg'd by the *Stoics* to prove, that *virtue alone is ſufficient to procure an happy life.* But now you require

quire me to collect whatever traditionary proofs and deductions they have advanc'd, to confirm this their opinion: which, was I to undertake, I ſhould be oblig'd to ſend you a book, inſtead of an Epiſtle. I again and again proteſt that I am no admirer of ſuch kind of ſyllogiſtical reaſoning. I am aſhamed to enter the liſts, in behalf of a cauſe that concerns both heaven and earth, armed only with a bodkin: as thus:

He that is prudent is temperate;
He that is temperate is conſtant;
He that is conſtant is undiſturb'd;
He that is undiſturb'd knows no ſorrow;
He that knows no ſorrow, is an happy man;

Therefore *The prudent man is happy; and prudence alone is ſufficient to the attainment of an happy life.*

Now, this collective ſyllogiſm (*c*) is anſwer'd by ſome of the Peripatetics in this wiſe: they conceive, that, when we talk of a man, *undiſturb'd, conſtant* and *ſorrowleſs, a man is undiſturb'd who is diſturb'd very ſeldom, or in a ſmall degree,* not one, who is never diſturb'd at all: and that a man may be ſaid *to be ſorrowleſs, who is ſo circumſtanc'd as in a great meaſure to be free from ſorrow; nor is often, or in any great degree ſubject to this paſſion: for, ſay they, it would be to deny the nature of man, to ſuppoſe the mind of any one to be abſolutely free from ſorrow. They grant that though a wiſe man may not be overcome with grief and pain, yet it is impoſſible that he ſhould not feel it.* Such are the allegations of theſe philoſophers, and of all who eſpouſe their ſect: They take not away the affections, but only moderate them. But how little honour do we pay the wiſe man, if we only ſuppoſe him ſtronger than the weakeſt; merrier than the moſt diſconſolate; more temperate than the libidinous; and greater than the meaneſt. What if *Ladas* (*d*) was proud of his own ſwiftneſs, when he only compared himſelf with the lame and weak?

Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
Gramina, nec curſu teneras læſiſſet ariſtas,
Vel mare per medium, fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas (*e*).

Laſt

—Laſt from the Volſcians *fair* Camilla *came—*
Outſtript the winds in ſpeed upon the plain;
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain;
And while her courſe ſhe bends o'er raging waves,
Her nimble feet no ſaucy billow laves.—Dryden. Lauderdale.

This is ſwiftneſs indeed, conſider'd in itſelf, and not eſtimated from a compariſon with the ſlow of foot. What if you call him ſound who has a ſlight fever? a gentle fit is by no means ſound health. But ſays the *Peripatetic, a wiſe man is ſaid to be undiſturb'd; as we ſay, fruit is not ſtony, or unkernell'd, (f) not becauſe it has no kernels but becauſe it has only a few, and thoſe not hard.* This is falſe, for in a good man, I do not ſuppoſe a diminution of evil, but an entire exemption from it; there ought, I ſay, to be none: not the leaſt imaginable: for if there be any, they may poſſibly encreaſe, and give him trouble. As a large and confirm'd cataract quite blinds the eye, ſo a ſmall film darkens it. If you allow paſſions to the wiſe man, it is poſſible that reaſon may not be able to maſter them, and he may be carried away by them, as with a torrent; eſpecially when you ſuppoſe him ſtruggling, not with one paſſion only, but with a tribe of them: be they as ſmall as they will, the ſtrength of a multitude can do more, than one alone, however great and violent (g). He is covetous, but in a moderate degree; he is ambitious, but not very eager: he his paſſionate, but ſoon appeaſed; he is inconſtant, but not vague and roving; he is libidinous, but not furious; be it ſo, he however is more eaſily managed, who is ſubject to one vice alone, though entire and in full force, than one, who is ſubject to every vice, though in a light degree. But in truth, it ſignifies not how great or little the paſſion is, when it knows not how to obey, nor will admit any counſel; as no four-legg'd animal, be it wild or ever ſo domeſtic and tame, will attend to the voice of reaſon; it is the nature of them to be deaf to perſuaſion; ſo is it with the paſſions, they will not hear you, however weak they are in degree. Tygers and Lions throw not off entirely their natural fierceneſs, though they ſometimes ſubmit; and when you leaſt expect it, their ferocity, however ſoften'd for a while, is exaſperated.

Moreover

Moreover, if reaſon prevails, paſſions will never riſe; and where they riſe againſt reaſon, they will perſevere againſt it. For it is much eaſier to check their beginning than to reſtrain their courſe, when they have once ſet out. Their mediocrity therefore with regard to paſſion, is falſe and uſeleſs: it is the ſame as if we ſhould ſay a man is *moderately* mad, or *moderately* ſick.

Virtue alone is ſubject to government; and not any evils of the mind; which it is much eaſier to get rid of, than to govern. Can there be any doubt, that the inveterate, and harden'd vices of the human heart, which we call the diſeaſes of the ſoul, (*b*), ſuch as covetouſneſs, cruelty, unrulineſs, impiety, and the like, want moderation? therefore the paſſions alſo are immoderate and exceſſive, for by theſe are we led to the former. If you give any looſe to ſorrow, fear, baſe deſire, and other vicious and depraved affections, they are no longer governable. And why? becauſe the things whereby they are provoked and enflamed are without us: therefore they encreaſe more or leſs, according to the cauſes of incitement. Fear, for inſtance, encreaſeth, when it beholds the dreaded object either greater than as at firſt imagin'd, or nearer: deſire is more eager, as the object of its hope ſeems more valuable. If it be not in our power to be abſolutely free from paſſions, neither is it in our power to ſay how far they will go: if you have once ſuffer'd them to begin; they will proceed, being urged on by their cauſes, and will riſe in proportion to any degree whatever. Add then, that how ſmall ſoever you ſuppoſe them, they are liable to be made greater; deſtructive things never obſerve a mean. Though ſlight the beginning of diſeaſes, they grow upon us; and ſometimes the leaſt acceſſion of illneſs, quite ſinks the diſeaſed body. What madneſs is it to think that the ends of ſuch things are in our power, whoſe beginnings are uncertain? how is it poſſible for me to put an end to that which it was not in my power to prevent at firſt? it is much eaſier to exclude than ſuppreſs an unmanageable gueſt.

Some diſtinguiſh after this manner; *a temperate and moderate man is calm in the diſpoſition and habit of his mind, though not ſo in the event*;

forasmuch as in his natural temper he is not disturb'd with fear or sorrow; but that many things happen from without, which cannot but give him some perturbation. Which is as much as to say, that such a one is not a choleric man, though he happens sometimes to be angry; or that he is not timorous, though he is sometimes afraid; i. e. He is free from the malignity, though not from the passion of fear. Now, if this be allow'd, frequency will convert fear to vice; and anger once admitted into the breast will quite dissolve the frame of an impassionate mind. Besides, if a man despiseth not causes from without, and is at any time afraid, when he ought boldly to advance against the weapons, and fire of an enemy, for his country, his laws, and liberty, he will but faintly set forward, and play the coward in his heart. But a wise man is never so unsettled in his temper.

This too, I think, is further to be observ'd, lest we should confound two things, which ought to be proved severally. It is self-evident that *what is right and fit is the one only good*; and likewise, *that virtue is sufficient to make a man happy.* Now if that which is right and fit be the only good, it necessarily follows, that virtue is sufficient to render life happy. On the contrary, it does not follow, that, if virtue alone can make a man happy, what is right and fit, is the only good *Zenocrates* and *Spensippus* think that a man may be happy (*i*) by virtue alone; yet that, what is right and fit is not the only good. *Epicurus* likewise thinks, if a man be virtuous, he may be happy, but yet that virtue itself sufficeth not to make him so; because the *pleasure*, that ariseth from virtue, and not virtue itself, may make a man happy. An idle distinction! for *Epicurus* himself denies that virtue can ever be without *pleasure*; and if *pleasure* always attends virtue, and is inseparable from it, virtue is then sufficient of itself; for it carries pleasure with it, and without it, it cannot be virtue, though it be said to be alone.

It is also absurd to say, (*with the academics*) that *a man may be happy by virtue alone, and yet not perfectly happy.* For I cannot see how this can be possible. For an happy life contains in itself perfect and insuperable good; and if so, it must be perfectly happy. If the life of the *Gods*

knows nothing greater or better, and an happy life is a divine life, there is nothing that can exalt it higher. Beſides, if an happy life wants nothing, every happy life is perfect; and the ſame is happy, moſt happy. Can you doubt that an happy life is the ſovereign good? if then it be the ſovereign good it muſt be ſupremely happy; being ſupreme it will admit of no addition, (for what can be higher than the higheſt?) and ſuch is an happy life, ſeeing that it wants not the higheſt good. If you ſuppoſe any one ſtill *more* happy, you will make the degrees of *the chief good* innumerable; whereas I mean by the *chief good*, that which hath no degree above it. Or, if you ſuppoſe any one *leſs* happy, it follows, that he will deſire the life of one who is more happy than himſelf; but the happy man prefers not the life of another, whatever it be, to his own. Both theſe things are incredible; either, that there is ſomething which an happy man wiſheth for, more than what he hath; or, that he ſhould not wiſh for that which is better than what he himſelf enjoys. For the wiſer or more prudent a man is, the more will he extend his views to that which is beſt; and deſire by all means to obtain it. But how is he an happy man, who ſtill deſires, or indeed ought to deſire, any thing more?

I will ſhew you from whence proceeds this error, *(in the diſtinction of happineſs)*. Men know not that there is but *one* happy life; the quality whereof, not the greatneſs, conſtitutes it ſuch. Therefore it is the ſame thing whether it be long or ſhort *(k)*; more diffuſed, or narrow; diſtributed in many places, and many parts, or contracted in one. He that judgeth of it by number, meaſure, or parts, deprives it of its chief excellency. For in what conſiſts the chief excellency of an happy life? In that it is full. The end, ſuppoſe, of eating and drinking is ſatiety; but one eats more, another leſs; what then? they both are ſatisfied. One man drinks more, another leſs; what then? they both have quenched their thirſt. One man hath lived many years, another but few; and what then; if many years made the one no happier than a few years did the other? The man you call *leſs* happy, is not *truly* happy. This title admits no diminution.

He that is brave knows no fear;
He that is without fear, knows no ſorrow;
He that knows no ſorrow, is happy.

Thus argue the Stoics; to which ſome endeavour to reply, ſaying, *that it is begging the queſtion to affirm that a brave man knows no fear. For why?* ſay they, *will not a brave man be afraid of imminent danger? not to fear in ſuch a caſe is the part of a madman, and of one out of his ſenſes, not of a brave man. He indeed fears, but in a moderate degree, as it is impoſſible, in ſuch a caſe, to be abſolutely void of fear.* Now they that ſay this, fall again into the ſame abſurdity, to take the leſs flagrant vices for virtues. For he that fears indeed, however ſeldom or in a ſmall degree, is not free from paſſion, though not greatly troubled therewith. But *is he not afraid of imminent danger?* Yes, I own he is, if they are real evils that he fears; but if he knows them not to be evils, and judgeth rightly, that a baſe and vile action is the only evil he ought to fear, he will look down upon danger undauntedly, and deſpiſe ſuch things as the generality of people are apt to dread: or if it is the part of a fool or a madman not to fear evils, the wiſer and more prudent a man is, the more will he be afraid of them.

But, ſay they, *according to your opinion a wiſe man will thruſt himſelf into danger.* No; though he will not fear danger, he will avoid it. Caution becomes him, though fear does not. What then? ſay they; *ſhall he not fear death, chains, fire, and other hoſtile darts of malignant fortune?* No; for he knows that theſe are evils but in appearance only. He looks upon theſe things as the bugbears of human life. Set before him, captivity, ſtripes, chains, want; the racking of the limbs, either by diſeaſe or violence, and what elſe of this kind you are pleaſed to name; he numbers them all in the liſt of imaginary fears; to be dreaded only by a coward mind.

For can you think *that* an evil, which we muſt ſometimes ſuffer voluntarily? You aſk then *what is evil?* To yield to thoſe things that are commonly called evils; to give up our liberty itſelf rather than endure them; even that liberty for whoſe ſake we ought to endure every thing. There is an end of liberty, if we deſpiſe not thoſe things that bend us to the yoke. Theſe very men would no longer doubt what a valiant man ought to do, if they but knew what true valour is. For, it

it is not an unadviſed raſhneſs, nor a love of danger, nor a thirſt after terrible enterprizes; no; it is a ſcience that diſtinguiſhes good from evil; it is a noble fortitude, that is ever diligent in ſelf-defence; and at the ſame time moſt patiently endureth thoſe things (*l*), if neceſſarily required, that carry a falſe appearance of evil. *What then? if the ſword be brandiſhed over the head of a brave man; or, if firſt one, then another part of his body, be pierced through; if his bowels tumble out before him; if, at intervals, to encreaſe his torment, he is ſmitten again and again, and the blood is made to flow afreſh from the wounds, that are ſcarce dry; will you ſay that in ſuch a caſe a man will not fear, will not feel pain?* There is no doubt but that he feels pain, for no virtue deprives a man of his feeling; but yet he fears not; while with an invincible heart he looks down, as it were, from on high, on his pains. And do you aſk, *how his mind is diſpoſed at ſuch a time?* why the ſame as when they take upon them to exhort and counſel a ſick friend.

What is evil hurts a man, and what hurts a man makes him worſe;
But pain and poverty make not a man worſe;
Therefore, *Pain and poverty are no evils.*

Thus, again, the Stoics. To which it is anſwered, that *the major propoſition is falſe: for a thing may hurt a man, and yet not make him worſe: ſtorm and tempeſt hurt the pilot, or maſter of a ſhip, but they make him not a worſe pilot.* And to this ſome of our Stoics reply; ſtorm and tempeſt really make him worſe; foraſmuch as he cannot effect his purpoſe, nor hold on his courſe: he is not made worſe as to his ſkill, but only as to the exertion of it.—To which rejoins the *Peripatetic, Therefore pain, and poverty, and the like, make a wiſe man the worſe; foraſmuch though they take not his virtue from him, they hinder the operation of it.*

And this indeed would be ſaying ſomething, if the ſtate of a pilot, and of a wiſe man, were alike in all reſpects. It is not in the purpoſe of a wiſe man, to effect that infallibly which he eſſayeth to do, in the tranſactions of life; but it is the purpoſe of a pilot to carry his ſhip into the deſigned haven. The Arts are ſervants, and ought to perform what

what they promiſe; but Wiſdom is a miſtreſs and governeſs. The arts adminiſter to life, but wiſdom governs it. I think it proper therefore to give a different anſwer, and affirm, that neither the ſkill of a pilot is rendered worſe by a ſtorm, nor even the adminiſtration of it. For why? The pilot did not promiſe you a proſperous voyage, but only his endeavour for it, by his ſkill in navigating the ſhip: and ſuch his ſkill is more apparent, the more any caſual force oppoſeth it. He that could ſay, O Neptune, nunquam hanc navem niſi rectam, *O Neptune, the ſhip was always right* (*m*), hath done all that was in the power of art to do. The tempeſt does not hinder the work of the pilot, though it may prevent ſucceſs. What then? you will ſay, *does not ſuch an accident hurt the pilot, which forbids him to reach the deſigned haven; which renders all his endeavours ineffectual; which carries him back, or deſpoils him of his implements?* No; it hurts him not as a pilot, any more than as a mariner, and is ſo far from hindring him, that, as before obſerved, it ſhews his ſkill. For *in a calm*, as they ſay, *every mariner is a pilot.* The perſon of a pilot muſt be conſidered in two reſpects; the one, as common with all that are aboard the ſame ſhip; and the other as peculiar to himſelf under the character of a pilot. Now, the ſtorm hurts him as a paſſenger, but not as a pilot. Beſides, the art of a pilot is an external good; it is for the ſervice of the whole crew; as the art of the phyſician is for the good of his patients. But wiſdom is a common good, of ſervice both to the wiſe man himſelf and to all that are converſant with him. A pilot therefore may be hurt, whoſe promiſed ſervice to others is hindered by a ſtorm; but a wiſe man is not hurt by poverty, by pain, or other the like ſtorms of life. For he is not prevented in all actions relating to himſelf, though he may be in ſuch as relate to others: he is always in the ſphere of action; and then ſhews himſelf greateſt, when Fortune the more oppreſſeth him; then indeed is he employed in the work of wiſdom itſelf, which we before obſerved to be good; and of conſequence both to himſelf and others.

Moreover, however he may be oppreſſed himſelf by cruel neceſſities, he is not hereby prevented from being ſerviceable to others. Poverty

(or

(or low condition) indeed may diſqualify him, for want of opportunity, from teaching what is to be done in the adminiſtration of public affairs; but it by nó means hinders him from inſtructing a man how to behave under the like ſtroke of poverty. Nay, in every part of life he can ſtill find buſineſs; ſo that no fortune, no incumbrance can exclude the action of a wiſe man: for he does that very thing which reſtrains him from doing any thing amiſs. He is prepared againſt, and exerts himſelf in both conditions of life; he moderates the good, and overcomes the bad; he is ſo diſciplined, I ſay, that he can ſhew forth his virtue, as well in proſperity as adverſity; not regarding the ſubject of virtue, but virtue itſelf: therefore neither poverty, nor pain, nor any thing elſe that uſually keeps back the ignorant and unſkilful, or drives them headlong, can hinder the progreſs of the wiſe man. Do you think him to be preſſed down by misfortunes? No; he enjoys them, and turns them to advantage. *Phidias* could make a ſtatue not only of ivory, but of braſs; was you to give him marble, or ſome viler ſtuff, he would yet form as complete a ſtatue as could be made of it; ſo a wiſe man will diſplay himſelf, if he may, in the management of wealth; if not, in poverty; in his own country, if he can, if not in baniſhment; as a general, if ſuch his appointment; if not, as a common ſoldier; as a ſound and hale man, if ſuch his conſtitution; if not, as weak and infirm. Whatever his condition of life may be, he will do ſomething notable. There are certain men who make it a trade to tame wild beaſts, and who make fierce animals, that terrify us at the ſight of them, to bear the yoke; nor are they ſatisfied with making them throw off their ſavageneſs, they ſo tame them, as to make them ſociable: the keeper puts his hand into the mouth of lions, and kiſſeth the tyger: the *Æthiopian* ſtroller makes the elephant ſtoop upon his knees, or walk upon ropes (*n*): like theſe, the wiſe man hath the art of taming all manner of evils; pain, want, ignominy, a priſon, baniſhment, and the like horrible things; all of which become mild and ſufferable, under the management of a wiſe man.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* *Muretus* obſerves, that much is ſaid concerning this opinion of the Stoics in *Cicero's* books, de finibus, and in the fifth of his *Tuſculaſ Queſtions*; but there is extant a moſt learned commentary, by *Alexander* of *Aphrodiſia*, a famous Peripatetic, profeſſedly againſt this magnificent and boaſtful maxim of the Stoics.

(*a*) Guſtum tibi dare] Euripides. Γεῦμα τὴν ὠνὴν καλεῖ.

(*b*) Quicquid interrogationum, i. e. ſyllogiſmorum] Whatever queſtions, i, e. ſyllogiſms. For ſuch as argued ſcientifically, as the mathematicians, (ſaith *Muretus*) laid down their premiſes in an abſolute manner, not concerning themſelves whether their antagoniſt would allow them or not; but ſuch as argued logically, put queſtions to their antagoniſt, and uſed only ſuch poſitions as were granted them, as *Socrates* frequently does in *Plato*. Hence theſe *dialectic* ſyllogiſms were called *queſtions*; wherefore *Lucian*, bantering after his manner, a certain ſophiſter, who attempting to write an hiſtory made frequent uſe of ſyllogiſms, ſaith ἐν ἀρχῇ μὲν γὰρ εὐθὺς ἐν τῇ πρώτῃ περιοδῷ συνήρωτησε τοὺς ἀναγινώσκοντας. εἶτα μετὰ μικρὸν ἄλλος συλλογυσμος, εἶτα ἄλλος, καὶ ὅλως ἐν ἅπαντι σχήματι συνηρώτητο αὐτῷ τὸ προοίμιον.

(*c*) Cicero calls theſe ſyllogiſms, brevia et conſectaria Stoicorum, *the briefs and corollaries of the Stoics*.

(*d*) This word was firſt reſtored by *Lipſius*, Elect. i. 16. it being commonly read laudans.—— *Ladas* was the famous running footman of *Alexander*. His name became proverbial, Lada pernicior. Eraſm. 9, 8, 91.—Pauper locupletem optare podagram

Ne dubitet Ladas——Juv. 13, 96.

Would ſtarving Ladas, *had he time to chuſe,*
And were not frantic, the rich gout refuſe?

(*e*) Volſcâ de gente Camilla Virg. 7. 803. See alſo *Virg*. xi. 535, 569.

(*f*) Apyrina vel Apyrena; *Plin*. 13, 19. as a thing is ſaid to be ἄποδα, *without feet*, not becauſe it hath no feet, but only ſuch as are remarkably ſmall.

Συμφερτη δ' ἀρετὴ πέλει ἀνδρῶν καὶ μάλα λυγρῶν. Il. v. 237.
Not vain the weakeſt if their force unite. Pope.
Σμικρὰ παλαιὰ σώματ' εὐναζει ῥοπή. Soph.
Small inclination lulls old age to ſleep.

(*h*) See Ep. 75.

(*i*) Beatum, ſed non beatiſſimum; *happy, but not* moſt happy; and herein, ſays *Lipſius*, they differ from the Stoic.

(*k*) Quicunque fuerunt ſapientes, pares erunt et æquales. *All men truly wiſe are alike and equal.* Ep. 74. Summum bonum nec infringitur, nec augetur. *The chief good is neither diminiſhed nor increaſed*, &c. *Stobæ*. Παντα τον καλὸν καὶ ἀγαθὸν ἀνδεα τέλειον εἶναι, κ. τ. λ. *Every good and wiſe man is perfect; becauſe he is deſtitute of no virtue; and therefore the good are altogether alike and always happy.*——Laudaudaque velle

Sit ſatis et nunquam ſucceſſu creſcit honeſtum. *Cato op. Lucan.*
If truth and juſtice with uprightneſs dwell,
And honeſty conſiſts in meaning well;
If right be independent of ſucceſs,
And conqueſt cannot make it more or leſs. Rowe.

(*l*) This

(*l*) This principle is moſt admirably exemplified in the feigned hiſtory and character of *Sir Charles Grandiſon*, by my late friend Mr. *Richardſon*.

——— 'Tis not the appetite
Of things that carry horror, makes men valiant,
But patient bearing of afflictions,
That are neceſſitated.——*Microſm.* Act i. Sc. 5.

(*m*) Sic in Telete; καλῶς τὸ τῷ κυβερνητῃ, Αλλ' ἴν γε, ὦ Ποσειδον, ἐρθήν. κ. τ. λ. *So a good man may addreſs Fortune, ſaying,* Do as you will, you ſhall ſtill find that I am a man, and not a poltroon. *Senec.* ad Marc. c. 6. nec gubernatoris quidem artem, tranquillum mare, et obſequens ventus oſtendit, adverſi aliquid occurrat oportet, quod animum probet; *A pilot cannot diſplay his art in a calm and favourable wind; he muſt be tried by a ſtorm,* which may be ſo violent as to overcome his art, without any detriment to his character, as a pilot.

(*n*) *The Emperor* Galba *was advanced into places of truſt, before the age appointed by law; during his prætorſhip, amongſt the ſolemnities and ſports called* Floralia, *he introduced a new kind of entertainment, which was elephants walking upon the rope.* Sueton. in Galba, c. 6.

EPISTLE LXXXVI.

On the Luxury of the Times; and of Huſbandry with regard to the Olive and Vine.

I WRITE this, *Lucilius*, from the famous villa of *Scipio Africanus* (*a*), having firſt paid my devotions to his memory at the altar (*b*); which I take to be the ſepulchre of that great man (*c*). Nor did I in the leaſt doubt but that his ſoul returned to heaven, from whence it came; not becauſe he was the leader of great armies, (for this is no more than what was done by the furious *Cambyſes*, and who was ſometimes in his rage ſucceſsful) but for his excellent moderation and piety, which were more admirably conſpicuous when he left his country, than when he defended it. Either *Scipio* muſt be deprived of *Rome*, or *Rome* of liberty (*d*). *I would by no means*, ſays he, *derogate our laws or civil inſtitutes. Let every citizen have an equal right; enjoy without me, O my country, the good turn I have done you; I have been the cauſe of your liberty; and will give you a proof of it myſelf; I leave you, ſince I am greater than is expedient for ſuch an equality to be preſerv'd, as I ſincerely wiſh you to enjoy.* How is it poſſible for me not to admire ſuch great-

neſs of ſoul? He departed into voluntary baniſhment, and diſburthened the city of their apprehenſions on his account; for things were come to that paſs, that either liberty muſt injure *Scipio*, or *Scipio* liberty. Neither of which was to be done; he therefore gave place to the laws, and retired to *Liternum*, as willing to aſcribe the baniſhment of himſelf, as of *Hannibal*, to the commonwealth.

I found this his villa built of ſquare ſtone, and a wood encloſed with a wall; a turret on each ſide of the front, by way of bulwark; a large reſervoir under the buildings and green walks, ſufficient to ſupply with water a whole army; a bath narrow and ſomewhat dark after the antient cuſtom; for our anceſtors thought it could not be warm enough, unleſs it was cloſe.

It was therefore a great pleaſure to me to reflect upon the cuſtom and manners of *Scipio* compared with our own. In this little nook was that great man (the dread of *Carthage*, and to whom *Rome* was indebted for having once taken it) uſed to bathe his body, when fatigued with ruſtic labours. For he daily exerciſed himſelf in huſbandry, and tilled the ground with his own hands, as was cuſtomary among our forefathers. Under this low and ſordid roof ſtood *Scipio*. He diſdained not to tread ſo vile and mean a floor. But who is there in our time that would condeſcend to bathe in like manner? A man thinks himſelf poor and mean, unleſs the walls are decorated with large and precious emboſſments (*e*); unleſs *Alexandrian* marble (*f*) is pointed and inlaid with *Numidian* rough-caſt; unleſs a rich and curiouſly variegated plaiſtering be ſpread upon them in pictureſque (*h*); unleſs the roof is covered with glaſs-work (*i*), unleſs the *Thaſian* ſtone, once reckoned a ſcarce and rare ornament even in ſome temples, now compaſs about our ponds; where we bathe our bodies, when enfeebled (*k*) with much ſweating at ſome trifling ſport; in ſhort, unleſs the water is conveyed through a ſilver ſpout (*l*). I am ſpeaking as yet of common ſtoves; but what ſhall I ſay when I come to ſpeak of the baths of our freed-men? What noble ſtatues! what vaſt pillars ſupporting nothing; but placed there for mere ornament, and the vain oſtentation

of

of expence! What large and far-ſounding caſcades! We are arrived to ſuch a pitch of delicacy and extravagance, that we cannot tread but upon precious ſtones (*m*).

In this bath of *Scipio* there are ſome chinks rather than windows, cut out of the ſtone wall, to let in the light without injuring the ſtrength of the building. But now we call the baths *moth-houſes* or dungeons; if they are not ſo contrived as to admit the whole day's ſun through the moſt ſpacious windows (*n*); whereby men were tanned as well as waſhed; and from the bathing veſſels they have a proſpect both of the meadows and of the ſea. So that thoſe baths, which, at their firſt dedication, called together a vaſt concourſe of people (*o*), and filled them with admiration, are now rejected as poor antiquated things; while luxury is daily inventing ſome novelty, that muſt at laſt prove its own ruin. Formerly there were but few baths, and thoſe not ornamented with any coſtly decorations; for to what purpoſe is it to adorn a common room, open to any that paid their farthing; and which were built for uſe, not for pleaſure? It was not uſual to have the water ſprinkled or poured in upon us, nor did it always run freſh, as from a warm ſpring; nor did they think it at all material, how clear the water was wherein they were to waſh off their filth. But, O ye gods, how delightful was it to go into the baths, dark as they were, and covered over with a common cieling of mortar, which you knew that *Cato*, when Ædile, or *Fabius*, or ſome of the *Cornelian* family, had tempered with their own hands! For theſe moſt glorious *Ædiles* vouchſafed to enter theſe places of public reſort to examine whether they were kept clean and well aired with a wholeſome and proper heat, not ſuch a one as is now uſed, which is more like fire than water: ſo that to puniſh a ſlave convicted of any heinous crime, you need only to ſet him therein, and boil him alive. They ſeem to me to make no difference between a warm and a ſcalding bath.

Some would now condemn *Scipio* for not admitting the ſun into his warm baths by large caſements (*r*), and becauſe he would not be ſodden'd in open light; nor regarded whether his meals were fully digeſted

in a bath. *Poor man!* ſay they, *he knew not how to live!* He waſhed not himſelf in clarified water, but was content with ſuch as was thick, and oftentimes, after a great ſhower, muddy. Nor did he care whether he ſo bathed or no; for he came not to waſh away ointment and perfume, but ſweat. And what do you think ſome of our young gentlemen will ſay? why that *they ſhould not have envied* Scipio; *for he truly lived in baniſhment who had no taſte in bathing.* Nay, to tell you the truth, we did not uſe to bathe daily. For, as they ſay, who have written on the antient cuſtoms of the city, they daily indeed waſhed their legs and arms which were made dirty by toil and labour, but they never waſhed the whole body above once in nine days. No doubt but that hereupon ſome one will ſay, *ſurely our anceſtors muſt have been great ſlovens.* But if they ſmelled of any thing, it was of military duty, hard labour, and manlineſs. For my part I think men are more naſty, and ſmell worſe, ſince the invention of theſe fine and clean baths. For what ſays *Horace* in his deſcription of an infamous young ſpark, that was remarkable for his delicacy?

Paſtillos Rufillus olet—Rufillus *ſtinks of the waſhball.*

Take now ſome *Rufillus*, and ſmell him: he ſtinks worſe than a *goat*, or like that *Gorgonius*, whom *Horace* in the ſame verſe ſets in oppoſition to *Rufillus*, (*Gorgonius hircum*)—A man uſeth not ointment enough now-a-days, unleſs he be perfumed twice or thrice every day, leſt it ſhould ſoak into his ſkin, and be loſt: nay more, they glory in the ſmell as if it was natural.

If what I have ſaid, *Lucilius*, ſeems too ſevere, you will pleaſe to impute it to the villa from whence I am writing; where I have learned from *Ægialus*, a moſt excellent huſband, and who is now in poſſeſſion of this farm, that a ſhrub, be it ever ſo old, may be tranſplanted. This is neceſſary, I think, for us old men to learn, ſince there is ſcarce any one of us, but who is planting olive-grounds for the uſe of others. I have ſeen *Ægialus* in autumn tranſplant trees of three or four years growth; ſo that a tree ſhall give ſhade to you, which otherwiſe

Tarda venit, ſeris factura nepotibus umbram, ii. 57.
The plant which ſhoots from ſeed, a ſullen tree,
At leiſure grows, for late poſterity. Dryden.

As

As our *Virgil* ſaith in the *Georgics*, who, by the way, was more concerned to ſpeak what was elegant than what was ſtrictly true; and ſtudied more to delight the reader than inſtruct the huſbandman: for to paſs by other things, I ſhall only take notice of one, which I am this day convinced deſerves reprehenſion:

Vere fabis ſatio eſt; tunc te quoque, medica, putres
Accipiunt ſulci; et milio venit annua cura. G. i. 216.
Sow beans and clover in a rotten ſoil,
And millet, riſing from your annual toil. Dryden.

Now whether theſe things are to be ſet or ſown at the ſame time of the year, or whether the ſpring time may be the more proper (*s*), you may judge from hence; it is now about the latter-end of *June*, and this very day did I ſee men gathering in their beans, and ſowing millet. (*s*)

But to return to the olive trees. I have ſeen them tranſplanted two different ways; *Ægialus*, having cut off the branches around the trunks of the great trees, ſo as to reduce them to about a foot in length, hath tranſplanted the remainder; having alſo pared the roots, leaving only the head from whence they ſprung; and then encompaſſing this with dung, he ſet it in a trench ſufficiently deep, and not only heaped the earth upon it, but trod and preſſed it down; affirming that nothing could be more effectual than thus ramming it cloſe, as it excludes both the cold and wind: it is likewiſe hereby kept ſteady, as it permits the growing roots to burgeon and faſten in the earth, which otherwiſe being tender and having but ſlight hold, every breath of wind would be apt to tear it up. But before he covers it in, he ſcrapes the bottom of the trunk, becauſe from every part ſo bared, the new roots ſhoot more eaſily. But you muſt obſerve that the trunk above ground ought not to exceed above three or four feet; for it will be ſoon clothed from the bottom; and not have any part of it ſcorched or dried, as we ſee them in ſome of our old olive-yards. Another way of managing olive-trees was this: they cut off ſome of the larger branches, that are ſtrongeſt, yet ſuch whoſe bark was not yet harden'd, but ſoft as they generally are in young trees, and then ſet them as before deſcribed. Theſe indeed are ſlow of growth, but when once they are come a little forward, and have taken root, they are fair and pleaſant.

I have

I have often ſeen an old vine tranſplanted. They bind up as well as they can the ſmall ſtrings and threads that are about the root, and then ſpreading the vine more freely under ground, they cover it ſo, that roots may ſprout from the ſtem itſelf. And I have ſeen them not only thus ſet in *February*, but by that time *March* is over, clinging to and twiſting about elms they never knew before. Now all theſe trees, which are of a larger ſtem, are beſt water'd, he ſays, with ciſtern water: if ſo, we have, at any time, rain at our command. I think it not proper to give you any further inſtructions, leſt as *Ægialus* hath made me his rival, I ſhould make you mine.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) See Ep. 51. (N. i.)

(*b*) Manibus ejus, *his ſpirit or genius*, et ara; which others, with *Lipſius*, read arca, *the cheſt containing his aſhes*; on account of his being of the *Cornelian* family. *Plin.* l. 1. In gente Cornelia nemo ante Syllam Dictatorem traditur crematus, idque voluiſſe, veritum talionem, ſtruto C. Marii cadavere. *In the* Cornelian *family, no one is ſaid to have been burned, before* Sylla the Dictator, *who appointed this for fear of retaliation, having before dug up, and expoſed the body of* C. Marius.

(*c*) Why *Seneca* ſhould make any doubt of it, ariſes from its being ſaid by ſome, that *Scipio* died and was burnt at *Rome*, by others at *Linternum*. Liv. 38. Africanum alii Romæ, alii Linturni, et mortuum et ſepultum tradunt. Utrobique monumenta oſtenduntur et ſtatuæ; *his monuments and ſtatues were ſhewn at both places.*

(*d*) Many are the various readings here as uſual; but they all tend to the ſame purpoſe, viz. that it ſeemed as if ἰσονομία, *equity*, could not be maintained at *Rome*, while *Scipio*, by reaſon of his great actions, and noble ſpirit, was ſo adored by the people, that they would not permit him to anſwer for himſelf upon the accuſations of the Tribunes againſt him.

(*e*) Pretioſis orbibus. So *Juv.* 11, 173. Lacedæmonium—orbem.

(*f*) There were many ſorts of marble brought from *Alexandria* and *Egypt*; as the black *Luculleum*, brought to *Rome* by *Lucullus*; the ſpotted *Ophites*; and the red *Porphyry*; or perhaps it may be a particular ſort of marble called the *Alexandrine*.

(*g*) Vid. Sidon. Epiſt. ii. 2. Plin. xxxv. 1.

(*h*) In *Moſaic* work.

(*i*) Statius Effulgent cameræ vario faſtigia vitro.
The cielings ſhine with variegated glaſs.

(*k*) Corpora exinanita] Epiſt. 108. Decoquere corpora, et ſudoribus *exinanire*.—al. *corpora exſaniata.*

(*l*) Argentea Epiſtomia; *the cocks*, through which the water was conveyed into the baths. *Statius*——in balneo Etruſco.

Nil ibi plebeium nuſquam Temeſæa notabis
Æra, ſed argento felix propellitur unda,
Argentoque cadit, labriſque nitentibus inſtat.
Nothing was vulgar; nothing ſeen of braſs;
Through ſilver pipes the happy waters paſs.

(*m*) Niſi gemmas calcare] Statius *in Tiburtino Manlii* calcabam nec opinus opes; *I trod regardleſs on a maſs of wealth.* Plin. 23, 12. Strata argento balnea mulierum; *the baths for the ladies were floored with ſilver.* Sen. de irâ, iii. 35. Qui nolunt domi niſi auro pretioſa calcare. *Who deigned not to tread upon any thing in their houſes but cloth of gold.* Ep. 16. Non tantùm habere, ſed calcare divitias; *not contented with only having riches, they trod them under foot.*

(*n*) *Lucian* commends a bath, for being τὸ εὐφεγγὲς, *very luminous:* ſo *Statius,* Multus ubique dies. *Plin.* Ep. i. 3. Balneum plurimus ſol implet et circumit; *a bath open to the ſun on every ſide.* *Martial,* on *Tucca's* bath:

Lux ipſa eſt ibi longior, dieſque
Nullo tardior a loco recedit.
The light continues longer here; and day
Flies not ſo late, from any place, away.

(*o*) They were generally dedicated and appropriated to the uſe of the public.

(*p*) Theſe were the *Curule Ædiles,* who were elected out of the nobility to inſpect the public games—and beſides their proper office, they were to take care of the building and reparation of temples, theatres, baths, and other notable ſtructures. *Kennet.*

(*q*) Formerly, ſays *Plutarch,* (Sympos. 8. 9.) *they uſed ſuch mild, gentle baths, that* Alexander the Great, *being feveriſh, ſlept in one; and the wives of the* Gauls *carry their pots of pulſe to eat with their children while they are in the bath; but our own baths now inflame, vellicate and diſtreſs; and the air which we draw in is a mixture of air and water, diſturbs the whole body, toſſes and diſplaces every atom, 'till we quench the fiery particles, and allay their heat.*

(*r*) Latis ſpecularibus] *Martial.*

Hibernis objecta notis ſpecularia puros
Admittunt ſoles et ſine fæce diem.
The windows broad admit the ſolar ray,
Drive back the wintry winds, and give a warmer day.

(*s*) *Pliny* (18. 7.) places it among thoſe things that are ſown *thrice* a year, in ſpring, ſummer, and winter.

EPISTLE LXXXVII.

On Frugality. The Sufficiency of Virtue. Caſual Things not to be reckoned good.

I HAVE been ſhipwreck'd, *Lucilius,* before I went aboard. How this could happen, I intend not to tell you, that you may place this likewiſe among the Stoical paradoxes (*a*): which receive as you will, I am

am ready to prove, that not one of them is falſe; nor indeed ſo extraordinary, as it appears at firſt ſight; and this, when you pleaſe; nay whether you are pleaſed or no.——In the mean while let me inform you of what I have learned from this journey: what abundance of ſuperfluous things we make uſe of, and which we might moſt judiciouſly throw aſide, ſince they are ſuch, that if neceſſity ſhould at any time deprive us of them, we ſhould not be ſenſible of the loſs.

With no more ſervants than one carriage could hold, and no manner of luggage, not the leaſt thing but what was on our backs, have my friend *Maximus* (*b*) and I ſpent two moſt agreeable days. A mattreſs lies upon the ground, and I upon the mattreſs. Of two cloaks, one ſerves for an under-blanket, the other for a coverlid. Our repaſt was ſuch, that nothing could be ſpared from it, nor did it take up much time in dreſſing (*c*). I am ſatisfied with a few dried figs and dates. When I have any bread, the figs ſerve me for a dainty diſh; when I have no bread, they ſupply its place (*d*). They make me fancy it to be New-year's day (*e*); which I endeavour to render auſpicious and happy, by harbouring good thoughts, and keeping up a greatneſs of ſoul; which is never greater, than when it hath withdrawn itſelf from all external things; and hath obtained for itſelf peace, by fearing nothing, and wealth by coveting nothing. The vehicle I ride in is plain and of the country-faſhion. The mules ſhew they are alive only by their walking (*f*). The muleteer is without ſhoes, but not becauſe the weather is warm. And indeed I can ſcarce prevail upon myſelf to ſubmit to the being thought the owner of ſo mean a carriage. I have not as yet thrown off that perverſe baſhfulneſs, which is aſhamed of doing what is right. For as often as I fall into company with any one who has a more ſplendid equipage, I cannot help bluſhing againſt my will; which is a manifeſt ſign, that thoſe things which I approve and commend, have not as yet got a ſure and ſteady hold *. He that is aſhamed of a mean chariot, would be proud and vain of a rich one. I have made but a ſmall progreſs in philoſophy, ſince I dare not openly profeſs frugality, and am under a concern at the opinion of every one that paſſeth by. Whereas we ought to exclaim againſt the opinions of

the whole world, ſaying, " ye play the fool; ye are miſtaken; ye doat " on vanities; ye eſteem no man for what he can call his own; when " ye come to conſider patrimony, ye are moſt diligent reckoners; and " rate every one according to their abilities, that ye may know where " to lend, and where to give: for this alſo ye ſet down in the account: " ſuch a one hath large poſſeſſions, but he is greatly in debt; and " ſuch a one indeed has a very fine houſe, but he purchaſed it with " other people's money: you will not eaſily find any one, who ſhews " ſo ſplendid a retinue; but he does not pay his debts; was he to " ſatisfy every creditor, he would not be worth a penny."

Now this is what ye ought to do with regard to other things; to examine what a man poſſeſſeth, that he can properly call his own. You think ſuch a one rich, becauſe he carries a load of plate with him, when he travels; becauſe he hath a landed property in many provinces; becauſe he hath a large rent-roll (*g*); or becauſe he is the landlord of ſo much ground in the ſuburbs, as would almoſt be envied in the deſerts of *Apulia*. And after all, he is but a poor man. Why ſo? becauſe he is in debt. What then, do ye ſay, does he owe? Why, all that he has; unleſs you think it makes a difference whether a man borrows from his neighbour, or from Fortune. What avails it, that his mules are ſo ſleek and fat, and all of one colour? or that his chariot is finely carved?

— Inſtrati oſtro alipedes, pictiſque tapetis.
Aurea pectoribus demiſſa monilia pendent;
Tecti auro fulvum mandunt ſub dentibus aurum!
The ſteeds capariſon'd with purple ſtand,
With golden trappings, curious to behold;
And champ betwixt their teeth the foaming gold. Dryden.

Theſe things make not the owner a better man, nor his mules more ſerviceable.

Marcus Cato, the Cenſor, (whoſe birth was truly of as great advantage to the *Roman* people, as that of *Scipio*; for as the one waged war againſt our profeſſed enemies, the other ſet himſelf to oppoſe the depra-

pravity of our morals) *Cato*, I ſay, generally rode upon a gelding, with his bags (*h*) acroſs, to carry ſuch things as were neceſſary. O how glad ſhould I have been to have ſeen him meet in the way one of our foppiſh cavaliers (*i*) with running footmen and his blacks (*k*), driving a cloud of duſt before him! Undoubtedly ſuch a one would appear more ſpruce and better attended than *Cato*; though at the ſame time amidſt this ſplendid equipage he greatly doubts whether he ſhall not let himſelf out *to engage with men or beaſts at the public ſhews* (*l*). But how did it redound to the honour of that age, that a General, who had triumphed, had been Cenſor, nay (what is above all) that a *Cato* ſhould be contented with a ſingle horſe, and indeed ſcarce that, for the bags on either ſide took up part of it? And would you not then prefer this one ſtrong gelding, which *Cato* deigned to curry and rub down with his own hands, to all thoſe plump eaſy pads, Spaniſh gennets (*m*), and ambling nags, that are of little other ſervice than for mere ſhew? But I find I ſhould not know when to end this ſubject, unleſs I reſolved with myſelf ſo to do; and ſhall therefore ſay no more of theſe things, which no doubt he foreſaw would prove juſt what they now are, who firſt called them, impedimenta, *uſeleſs incumbrances*.

I will now lay before you, *Lucilius*, a few more queſtions, as maintained by our ſect, in relation to *the ſufficiency of virtue to render life happy*. What is good in itſelf makes men good; as, what is truly good in muſic, makes a man a good muſician. Caſual things make not a good man, therefore they cannot be reckoned good. Now in anſwer to this the Peripatetics ſay, that *our firſt propoſition is falſe; foraſmuch as that which is good, does not always make men good. There is ſomething good in muſic, as the flute, the harp, or other inſtruments adapted to accompany the voice; but none of theſe things accompliſh a muſician.* Whereunto we reply, you do not rightly underſtand the queſtion, with regard to what we ſuppoſe good in muſic, for we call not that good in muſic which helpeth, or inſtructeth, but what completes, the muſician; whereas you conſider only the inſtruments belonging to the profeſſion, and not the profeſſion itſelf. Now whatever is good in the art of muſic

muſic itſelf, it is that which maketh a good muſician. But I will endeavour to make this plainer. That which is good in the art of muſic, is ſaid to be ſo in two reſpects; the one as promoting the effect, the other as aſſiſting the art of the muſician. Now the inſtruments ſuch as the flute, the harp, the organ, belong to the effect, and not to the art itſelf. For without theſe a man may be well ſkilled in muſic, though without them he cannot diſplay his powers. But good is not alike twofold in man; for good both of the man and of life is ſtill the ſame good. What may befall the moſt contemptible and vileſt of mankind is not good; but riches may fall to the ſhare of a bawd, or a prize-fighter; riches therefore in themſelves are not good.

Again, the Peripatetics ſay, *our propoſition is falſe:* for in *Grammar, and in the art of phyſic or of government, we ſee that good befalleth even thoſe of the loweſt rank.* Be it ſo, theſe arts profeſs not any greatneſs of mind; they riſe not above the common pitch; they diſdain not caſual things; whereas Virtue raiſeth a man on high; and even exalts him above all that is dear to mortals; neither anxiouſly deſiring thoſe things that are called good, nor dreading thoſe things that are called evils. *Chelidon*, one of *Cleopatra's* eunuchs (*n*), poſſeſſed a large eſtate. And it is not long ſince one *Natalis* (*o*), a man no leſs wicked than abominably foul-mouthed, was heir to many, and left many heirs. What then, ſhall we ſay that money made him pure, and not rather that he polluted money? which ſo falls upon ſome, as a piece of ſilver thrown into the common ſhore.

Virtue is ſeated far above theſe things; ſhe reckons them not among her treaſures; but rates every thing as herſelf is rated, according to its real worth; not judging any of theſe things good, fall they how or where they will; whereas phyſic and politics blend theſe things together, and forbid not their profeſſors the purſuit of them. He that is not a good man, may yet be a phyſician, a pilot or a Grammarian, as well indeed as a cook. You will not rank him among others, who hath ſome quality which others have not (*p*). What any man hath in poſſeſſion, ſuch is the man. The exchequer is rich according to what

it has; yet all that it hath is but adventitious: no one ſets any price upon a full bag, but upon what is contained therein. The ſame happens to the owner of a large eſtate: it is ſtill but an acceſſion or appendix to the man. Why then is a wiſe man great? Becauſe he hath a great ſoul; and not on the account of any external things. It is therefore true, that what may befall even the moſt contemptible of men, is not to be called good. Accordingly I will not allow freedom from pain and ſorrow a good thing; ſince this is no more than what a graſshopper or a gnat may enjoy. Nor will I affirm that reſt, and having nothing to trouble us, are good, ſince what can be more free from trouble than a worm? Do you aſk then what it is that conſtitutes a wiſe man? The ſame that conſtitutes *a God* (*q*); you muſt grant him ſomething divine, heavenly and truly noble. Good falls not to every one's ſhare, nor is indifferent to every poſſeſſor. Obſerve,

Et quid quæque ferat regio, et quod quæque recuſat.
Hîc ſegetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ;
Arborci fœtus alibi; atque injuſſa vireſcunt
Gramina, nonne vides croceos ut Tmolus odores
India mittit ebur, molles ſua tura ſabæi?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum.—

The culture ſuiting to the ſeveral kinds
Of ſeeds and plants; and what will thrive, and riſe,
And what the genius of each ſoil denies:
This ground with Bacchus, *that with* Ceres *ſuits;*
Another loads the tree with happy fruits;
A fourth with graſs, unbidden, decks the ground:
Thus Tmolus *is with yellow ſaffron crown'd:*
India *black ebon, and white ivory bears,*
And ſoft Idume *weeps her od'rous tears.*—Dryden.

Now theſe wares are diſtributed in different countries, that men might be conſtrained to traffick; as one wants what another enjoys. The chief good hath alſo its proper ſeat. It ſpringeth not where ivory or iron is found. Would you know its ſituation? It is in the mind. Unleſs this be pure and holy, it is not fit for the reſidence of God (*r*).

Good

Good cometh not of evil: riches ſpring from covetouſneſs: riches therefore are not good. But ſome one will ſay, *It is not true that good cometh not of evil; for money is got by theft or ſacrilege. However bad then theft or ſacrilege may be, it is therefore bad only as it doth more evil than good; for it procureth gain, though it be with fear, anxiety, and torment both of body and mind.* Whoever ſaith this, muſt admit, that as ſacrilege is bad, becauſe it doth many bad things; ſo likewiſe it is good, becauſe it doth ſome good: but can there be a more monſtrous opinion, than to rank ſacrilege or theft, or adultery, among good things? certainly not: yet how many are there who are not aſhamed of theft, and even glory in adultery? for ſmall ſacrileges are ſeverely puniſhed, while great procure a triumph (*s*). Add moreover, that if in any wiſe ſacrilege be good, it muſt alſo be a fit and commendable action, for it is a man's own act and deed: but ſurely this is what no mortal can admit; therefore I conclude that good cannot come of evil; for if, as you ſay, ſacrilege is only on this account evil, becauſe it bringeth much evil; if you remit the puniſhment, and promiſe ſecurity, it will be altogether good. By no means: for the greateſt puniſhment of evil deeds lies in the deeds themſelves. You err, I ſay, if you put them off to the executioner or the jailer. They are puniſhed immediately, as ſoon as they are done; nay, while they are doing. Good therefore ſpringeth not from evil, any more than a fig from an olive-tree. Every leaf and fruit anſwers its own ſeed: that which is good cannot degenerate: as what is fit and honourable cannot riſe from what is wrong and vile; ſo neither can good ſpring from evil: for fit and good is the ſame thing (*t*).

Some of the Stoics anſwer this as follows: *Suppoſe money to be good in itſelf, come how it will; it follows not that it hath ſacrilege in it, though it be taken by ſacrilege:* as thus, *in the ſame urn are both gold and a viper; if you take the gold from the urn, it follows not that the urn giveth gold, becauſe it hath a viper; but it giveth gold, though it alſo contains a viper. In like manner, gain cometh from ſacrilege, not as ſacrilege is vile and wicked, but as gain attends it; as in the urn, the viper is a bad thing, not the gold, which lies with the viper; ſo in ſacrilege, the heinouſneſs of the fact is bad, but not the gain.* To which it is replied, the caſes are by

no

no means ſimilar; for in the one, I can take the gold without the viper; but in the other, I cannot make gain, without committing ſacrilege: this gain is not added to, but mixed and blended with, the guilt.

Again, *if, in order to purchaſe a thing we fall into many evils, that thing cannot be good; but in the purſuit of riches we fall into many evils, therefore riches are not good.* But this propoſition *it is ſaid,* hath a twofold meaning; the one is, that in purſuit of riches we run into many evils; *but ſo we do even in the purſuit of virtue; as ſome in making a voyage, in order to get knowledge, have ſuffered ſhipwreck or been taken priſoners.* Another meaning is, *that thing whereby we fall into miſchief cannot be good* But it will not follow from this propoſition, that in purſuit of riches and pleaſures we muſt *neceſſarily* fall into miſchief; or, that, if by riches we fall into evils, therefore riches are not only not good but bad; whereas ye only ſay *they are not good.* Moreover it is ſaid, *ye cannot but grant that riches have ſome uſe; ye reckon them among the advantages of life* (*u*), but by the ſame way of reaſoning, they will not be even an advantage, ſince many inconveniencies flow from them. To this again ſome make anſwer, *ye are miſtaken if ye impute any inconveniencies to riches; they hurt no one. Every one is hurt or prejudiced, either by their own folly or the wickedneſs of others; juſt as a ſword kills no one of itſelf, but is the inſtrument in the hand of him that killeth. Riches therefore of themſelves do not hurt a man, though they may prove the cauſe of his being hurt.*

Poſidonius, I think, argues better, who ſaith that, *Riches are the cauſe of evil, not becauſe they do any thing of themſelves, but becauſe they invite others thereto* (*x*). For the *efficient* cauſe, which muſt neceſſarily and immediately do hurt, is one thing, and the *precedent* cauſe another: Now riches have in them the precedent cauſe: they puff up the mind, they contract envy, and ſo far alienate the mind, that the fame of being rich, however it may hurt, delights us. But good things ought to be free from all manner of blame: they are pure; they corrupt not the mind, nor diſturb it: they raiſe indeed and dilate it, but without puffing it up. Things that are good, create confidence, but riches bold-

neſs; the former cauſe a greatneſs of ſoul, but riches inſolence. Now inſolence is nothing elſe but the falſe appearance of ſuch greatneſs.

From hence then you will ſay, it is plain that *riches are not only not good, but evil.* They would indeed be evil, if of themſelves they were hurtful; if, as I ſaid, they had in them the efficient cauſe; but they have the precedent cauſe, and ſuch indeed as not only incites, but forcibly attracts the minds of men; foraſmuch as they make a certain ſhew of goodneſs very probable and credible to many. And even Virtue hath a precedent cauſe that induceth envy; for many are envied on account of wiſdom, and many on account of juſtice; but then it hath not this cauſe in itſelf, nor the likelihood of it; for, on the contrary, it is more likely that the form, which Virtue ſets before the minds of men, ſhould incite love and admiration.

Poſidonius ſaith, the queſtion ought to be thus ſtated: *Such things as give neither magnanimity, nor confidence, nor ſecurity to the mind, are not good*; but riches, health and the like, have not this effect, therefore they are not good. And this argument he further amplifieth in this manner: *ſuch things as give not magnanimity, nor confidence nor ſecurity to the mind, but on the contrary create inſolence, haughtineſs, and arrogance, are evil: but by caſual things we are drawn into theſe vices, therefore caſual things are not good.* For the ſame reaſon it is ſaid, *that ſuch things are not even convenient.* But the condition of things *convenient* and of things *good*, is not the ſame. A thing is convenient that hath more profit than diſadvantage; but *good* ought to be entirely ſo, and pure in all reſpects. For that is not good which profits, but which only profits. Wherefore what is convenient may belong to brute animals, to imperfect men, and to fools. And therefore annoyance may be mixed therewith; but it is called convenient, being eſtimated by its greater part; whereas good belongeth to the wiſe man alone, and ought to be inviolate.

Be of good courage, *Lucilius*, I ſhall ſtart but one difficulty more, though I muſt own it is an *Herculean* one, not very eaſy to be determined.

mined. *Good cometh not of evil; but from many poverties (or the poverty of many) are riches derived; therefore riches are not good.* The Stoics acknowledge not the queſtion as thus ſtated; the Peripatetics both form it in this manner, and likewiſe ſolve it. But *Poſidonius* ſaith, that this ſophiſm, which runs through all the ſchools of the logicians, is thus refuted by *Antipater*. *Poverty is ſaid to be ſuch, not from poſition* (*y*), *but from ſubtraction*, or, as the antients expreſs it, by *deprivation:* the Greeks ſay, Κατα στερησιν; *it is called ſuch, not from what it hath, but from what it hath not. As from many vacuums nothing can be filled; many things, not many wants, make riches.* For poverty is generally miſunderſtood. That is not poverty which poſſeſſeth a few things, but that which poſſeſſeth not many. I could expreſs what I mean was there any Latin word to anſwer the Greek ἀπορία (*z*); by which *Antipater* aſſigneth *poverty*. But for my own part, I cannot ſee that poverty is any thing elſe but the *poſſeſſion of little*. However no more at preſent; we ſhall conclude this matter when we have full leiſure to conſider what is eſſential to riches, and what to poverty; when we ſhall alſo conſider whether it be not better to alleviate poverty, and take ſuperciliouſneſs from riches, than to diſpute about words, as if we were fixed in our judgment concerning things.

Let us ſuppoſe ourſelves called to a public aſſembly; a law is propounded for aboliſhing riches. Now ſhall we either perſuade or diſſuade, from the foregoing queſtions? Shall we by theſe puzzling deductions cauſe the *Roman* people again to wiſh for and admire poverty, the ſource and foundation of their empire? to dread the conſequences of their immenſe wealth? and to reflect upon their having gained it all from conquered nations? That from hence, ambition, bribery, and tumults have crept into the moſt holy and temperate of all cities? that they make too ſplendid and luxurious a ſhew of the ſpoils of nations? that it is more eaſy for all nations to retake that from one people, which one people at different times have took from them? It is better to perſuade them of theſe things, and teach them to conquer their affections, rather than pretend to exterminate them entirely by dint of argument. If it be in our power let us ſpeak more boldly; if not, at leaſt more freely and openly.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) A paradox, *what is ſtrange but true.* Cleanthes, παραδοξα μὲν ὲ παραλογα. *I have for amuſement, ſays* Cicero (Pref. Parad.) *digeſted into common places thoſe topics, which the Stoics, even in their literary retirement, and in their ſchools, find difficult to prove. Such topics they themſelves term* paradoxes, *on account of their ſingularity and diſagreement with the general ſenſe of mankind. Lipſ.* Manud. iii. 2.

(*b*) *Cæſonius Maximus,* a particular and faithful friend, for which he ſuffered, as mentioned by *Tacitus,* (Annal. 15) and *Martial,* (l. 7. 43) from whom likewiſe we learn that he was of conſular dignity.

Maximus ille tuus, Ovidi, Cæſonius hic eſt
Cujus adhuc vultum vivida cera tenet.
Hunc Nero damnavit, ſed tu damnare Neronem
Auſus es, et profugi, non tua, fata ſequi.
Æquora per Scyllæ magnus comes exſulis iſti
Qui modo nolueras conſulis ire comes.
Si victura meis mandantur nomina chartis
Et fas eſt cineri me ſupereſſe meo;
Audiet hæc præſens venturaque turba, fuiſſe
Illi te, Senecæ quod fuit ille tuo.

Ib. Ep. 44. Facundi Senecæ potens amicus,
Caro proximus, aut prior Sereno,
Hic eſt maximus ille quem frequenti
Felix litera pagina ſalutat, &c.

(*c*) Non magis hora paratum fuit] *Murctus* knew not what to make of this expreſſion, and as he found it in one of his books, ſine magis hira, he conjectures, ſine magiro, *without a cook,* uſing the Greek word μαγειρῳ, for a cook, becauſe *Greek* cooks were then as faſhionable among the *Romans,* as *French* cooks among the *Engliſh.*

(*d*) Plin. xv. 21. Ficus panis ſimul et obſonii vicem ſiccatæ implent; utpote cum *Cato* cibaria ruris operariis juſta ceu lege farciens, minui jubeat per fici maturitatem. *Cato* de re ruſt. c. 56. Familiæ cibaria, ubi vineam fodere cæperint, panis pondo v. uſque adeò dum ficus eſſe cæperint. Deinceps ad pondo iv. redito. Cato *ſhortened the allowance of bread in his family one fifth as ſoon as figs were in ſeaſon.*

(*e*) It was cuſtomary to make a preſent of, and to eat figs on New Year's Day, by way of *good luck* the enſuing year.

Quid vult palma ſibi rugoſaque carica, dixi,
Et data ſubniveo condita mella cado?
Omen, ait, cauſa eſt ut res ſapor ille ſequatur
Et peragat cæptum dulcis ut annus iter. *Ov.* Faſt. 1.
What mean theſe dates and wrinkled figs, I ſaid,
And, in white veſſels, honey newly made?
That with like reliſh things, *ſaid he,* may go,
And the whole year with equal ſweetneſs flow.

(*f*) Mulæ

(f) Mulæ vivere ſe ambulando teſtantur; i. e. vix vivæ, *ſcarce alive*, as lean men are ſaid to be, malè vivi, *and* vix vivere. So *Lucretius*.

— Vivere non quit præ macie.—

And Ovid — Macie quæ malè viva ſua eſt.

So contrary to thoſe mules mentioned afterwards *ſleek and fat and of one colour*.

* i. e. have not obtained credit with me, ſo as to fix my reſolution.

(g) Magnus Calendarii liber.] *Martial.*

Superba denſis arca palleat nummis
Centum explicentur paginæ kalendarum.

(h) Hippoperis] which *Horace* calls *Manticam*. S. l. 6. 106.

—— Nunc mihi curto ire licet mulo.——
Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret, atque eques armos.
---- *Now on my bob-tail mule I ride;*
And with my budget preſs each galled ſide.

(i) Troſſulis] See Ep. 76.

(k) Ep. 123. Omnes jam ſic peregrinantur ut illos præcurrat equitatus, agmen curſorum antecedat.

(l) To ſuch extremities had ſome young gentlemen reduced themſelves by their extravagance, as to let themſelves out for a *gladiator*, or a huntſman.

(m) Aſturconibus] Martial xiv. 199.

Hic brevis ad numerum rapidos quĭ colligit ungues
Venit ab auriferis gentibus aſtur equus.
This nag, which keeps due time in every pace,
From Spain's *rich climate boaſts his ambling race.*

(n) Ex Cleopatræ mollibus] Livy, l. 33. Proſequentibus mollibus viris, qui joci cauſa convivio interfuerant.

(o) Not that *Antonius Natalis*, who in the *Piſonian* conſpiracy (Tac. Annal. 15) accuſed *Seneca* himſelf, for he ſays *ſome time ago*, (nuper,) perhaps it was his father. L.

(p) Cui contingit habere non quælibet, hunc non quemlibet dixeris] al. cui contigit habere rem non quamlibet, i. e. *rem minime vulgarem*, πρᾶγμα τι τῶν τυχόντων, hunc non quemlibet dixeris, i. e. *ſcito ipſum minime vulgarem eſſe*. Muret. Cui contingit habere non quælibet, hunc---- Which the old tranſlation renders, *Thou canſt not ſay that a man is all, who hath not the fortune to have all.*

(q) Ep. 31. (N. e.)

(r) *If ye walk in my ſtatutes, and keep my commandments and do them, I will walk among you, and will be your God, and ye ſhall be my people.* Levit. 26. 3, 12. *If thou wert pure and upright, ſurely God would make the habitation of thy righteouſneſs proſperous.* Job, 8. 6. *The Lord ſeeth not as man ſeeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.* 1 Sam. 16. 7. 1 Chron. 28. 9. *God is of purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look upon iniquity.* Habb. 1. 13. *Bleſſed are the pure in heart, for they ſhall ſee God.* Matth. 5. 8.---See Ep. 41. (N. b. c.)

(s) Sacrilegia minuta puniuntur, magna in triumphis ferantur] *ut alibi*, parvos fures in compedibus, magnos in purpura ſpectari.

For little villains muſt ſubmit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in ſtate. Garth.

(t) *Ye ſhall know them by their fruit: do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thiſtles? Even ſo every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit: a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.* Matth. 7. 16. 18. *A good*

man

man out of the good treaſure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man out of the evil treaſure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil: for of the abundance of his heart the mouth ſpeaketh. Luke. 6. 44. 46.

(*u*) Commoda] Ep. 92. τὰ εὐχρηστα Stoicorum. *Lipſ.* Manud. ii. 22.

(*x*) So in the *Antigone* of *Sophocles*, v. 301.

Οὐδὲν γὰρ ἀνθρωποισιν οἷον ἄργυρος
Κακὸν νομισμ' ἐζλαστε. κ. τ. λ.
— *Gold is the worſt of ills*
That ever plagued mankind: this waſtes our cities,
Drives forth the natives to a foreign ſoil,
Taints the pure heart, and turns the virtuous mind
To baſeſt deeds; artifices of fraud
Supreme, and ſource of every wickedneſs. Franklin.

(*y*) Non per poſitionem] *al.* per poſſeſſionem, which *Muretus* approves of, becauſe it follows immediately, paupertas eſt, non quæ pauca poſſidet.

(*z*) ἀπορίαν] al. ἀνυπαρκτα. l. ἀνυπαρξία, which *Muretus* thinks more expreſſive of the ſenſe here than ἀπορας, as this ſignifies *abſolute want of every thing*, and that only *a deficiency*.

EPISTLE LXXXVIII. *

On the Liberal Sciences †.

YOU deſire, *Lucilius*, to know my opinion concerning the *Liberal Sciences:* I cannot ſay that I greatly admire any one of them (*a*), nor reckon any of them among what I call *good*, eſpecially when purſued merely for lucre (*b*). They are arts, meritorious, and uſeful indeed, ſo far as they prepare, and do not detain and cramp, the genius. For no longer are they to be indulged and dwelt upon, than while the mind is not capable of any thing greater: they are the rudiments, but not the whole exerciſe of man. They are called *liberal*, you know, becauſe they become a *free* man, and are full worthy the application of a gentleman.

But there is only one ſtudy or ſcience that is truly *liberal*, viz. that which gives freedom indeed. And what is that, but *the ſtudy of wiſdom*, ſublime, ſtrong, and manly? All other are trifling and puerile. Can you think there is any thing good in thoſe ſtudies, the profeſſors whereof you ſometimes ſee the vileſt and moſt flagitious of men? In ſhort, they are what we ought not to be continually learning; it is enough to have learned them.

Some have made it a queſtion concerning the *liberal* arts, whether they could make a man *good*; but it is plain they promiſe no ſuch thing; neither do they at all affect ſuch knowledge. The Grammarian's principal ſtudy is to ſpeak accurately; and if he launcheth out any further, it is to have ſome knowledge in hiſtory; and his largeſt ſtretch is but a taſte in poetry. Now what is there in all theſe that leads to virtue? The weighing of ſyllables, and the propriety of words, the remembrance of ſtories, the ſcanning of verſes, and the laws of poetry? which of theſe can take away fear, can root out a fond deſire, or bridle headſtrong luſt?

Let us paſs on to Geometry, and, if you pleaſe, to Muſic, you will find nothing in either of them that forbids fear, or reſtrains deſire; which paſſions, unleſs a man knows how to govern, all other knowledge is but vain.

Let us conſider whether the profeſſors of the forementioned qualifications teach virtue, or not; if they do not teach it, they tranſmit it not; if they do teach it, they are more than what they profeſs themſelves to be; they are philoſophers. Would you know how little they are concerned in teaching virtue, only obſerve what a difference there is in their ſeveral ſtudies. But their ſtudies would be alike if they taught the ſame thing: unleſs perhaps they perſuade you that *Homer* was a philoſopher; when by the ſame arguments they would prove him a philoſopher, they deny him to be ſo (*c*). For one while they make him a *Stoic*, in purſuit of virtue alone (*d*), and flying from pleaſures, ſo as not to be drawn thereby from what is *right and fit*, even by

by a promiſe of immortality: at another time they repreſent him as an *Epicurean* (*e*); highly extolling the happy ſtate of a peaceful city, whoſe inhabitants ſpend their time in ſongs and banquets: at another time as a *Peripatetic*, allowing three ſorts of good (*f*): at another time as an *Academic* or *Sceptic*, affirming all things to be uncertain. Now to me he ſeems to be none of theſe in particular, becauſe their ſeveral doctrines are all to be found in him; and they are all very different from each other. But let us grant then that *Homer* was a philoſopher: undoubtedly it was not the power of verſifying that made him a philoſopher; let us learn then what it was. To enquire whether *Homer* or *Heſiod* was the elder, or prior in time (*g*), is no more to the purpoſe, than to know whether *Hecuba* was younger than *Helen* (*h*); and why the former carried not her age ſo well. And do you think it of any more conſequence to know the years of *Patroclus* and *Achilles* (*i*)? Are you curious to know whether *Ulyſſes* ſo long wandered in his travels, rather than to take care that we wander not ourſelves daily in the road of life? It is all one to me, whether he was toſſed about in the ſtraights between *Sicily* and *Italy*, or in ſome unknown ſeas: though by the way it ſeems impoſſible for him to make ſo long a voyage, in ſo narrow a ſea, as is ſuppoſed (*k*).

It is certainly of more conſequence to reflect upon the tempeſts of the mind that daily toſs us, and the iniquity that drives us into all the evils that *Ulyſſes* ſuffered (*l*). There is not wanting beauty to captivate our eyes, nor an enemy to take our perſons: on this ſide are many fell monſters that delight in human blood; on that ſide, are the moſt inſidious blandiſhments to charm the ear; and all around us are ſhipwrecks, and a vaſt variety of calamities. Teach me then how to love my country, my wife, my parents: how in deſpite of danger, nay, though wrecked, I may reach this happy port by a perſeverance in well-doing. Why are you deſirous to know, whether *Penelope* was unchaſte (*m*), whether ſhe impoſed upon the men of that age; and whether ſhe ſuſpected her viſitant to be her huſband before ſhe knew him? Teach me rather what chaſtity is; and how great a good; and whether it be placed in the body or in the mind (*n*).

And

And now, as to *Muſic* (*o*). Here you teach me how the treble and baſe agree together; and how from ſtrings of a different tone ariſeth harmony. Teach me rather how my mind may agree with itſelf, and my thoughts be free from jarring diſcord. You ſhew me what notes or key are proper to expreſs ſorrow (*p*); ſhew me rather how in adverſity I may abſtain from ſighs and groans, and ſuch lamentable ſounds.

And then for *Geometry:* it teacheth me to meaſure large tracts of land; but I had much rather it ſhould teach me how much is ſufficient for man. *Arithmetic* teaches me to caſt accounts, and to practiſe my hands in the arts of avarice; rather let it teach me that computations of this kind belong not to the main buſineſs of life; and that he is by no means the happier man, whoſe large patrimony fatigues his ſteward; nay, let it teach me how many ſuperfluous things he poſſeſſeth, whom nothing could make more unhappy, than to be obliged to keep his own accounts. What availeth it me to know how to divide a field into ſeveral parts, if I have not the heart to give my brother a ſhare of it? Of what profit is it to me, to know with great exactneſs, how many ſquare feet are contained in an acre of ground; and alſo to find out if it be not exactly meaſured by the perch or pole; if ſome overpowerful neighbour wrings me with ſorrow, having encroached upon what is mine? Do you teach me to keep my own? I had rather learn how, was I to loſe the whole, I might ſtill be chearful.

Alas! I am driven, ſome one will ſay, from an eſtate, that was my father's and grandfather's. What then? can you tell me who was in poſſeſſion of it before your grandfather? I do not ſay what man, but what people? You entered upon it, not as the lord of it, but as a tenant. Do you aſk, whoſe tenant you are? Why, if things go well with you (*q*), and the inconſtancy of human affairs prevent it not, you are tenant to your heir. The lawyers deny, that preſcription of uſe can be pleaded for any thing that is common; now what you poſſeſs, is in common; it belongs to mankind.

O the excellency of art! you know how to meaſure a circle; you can reduce to a ſquare any given figure; you can tell the diſtances of the

the ſtars; in ſhort, there is nothing that belongs to numbers or figures, but what falls within your art: if then you are ſo great an artiſt, meaſure me the *mind of man*; ſay how great it is; rather ſay how little? You know what is a right line; but what availeth this, if you know not what is right in the conduct of life?

I come now to the man who boaſteth of his ſkill in *Aſtronomy*; who knows

Frigida Saturni quo ſeſe ſtella receptet,
Quos ignis cœli Cyllenius erret in orbes. G. I. 337.
See to what houſe cold Saturn's beams repair,
Or where Cyllenius points his erring ſtar: Lauderdale.

And what is there in all this, that I ſhould be ſollicitous to know when *Saturn* and *Mars* are in oppoſition? or when *Mercury* ſets in the evening in the ſight of *Saturn?* I would rather know, that, whatever aſpects theſe planets are in, they are ſtill propitious to me, and cannot change their courſe, to which they are fixed by an immutable decree of the fates: they return according to their ſtated ſeaſons; they either bring on, or only point out (*r*), and denote, the effects of all things: but whether they are the cauſe of every thing that happens, what availeth the knowledge of a thing that is immutable; or, whether they only ſignify and preſage ſuch events, of what uſe is it to provide againſt what you cannot poſſibly eſcape? Whether you know theſe things, or know them not, they will certainly come to paſs.

Si vero ſolem ad rapidum *Stellaſque* ſequentes
Ordine reſpicias, nunquam te craſtina fallet
Hora, nec inſidiis noctis capiêre ſerenæ. G. I. 424.
Obſerve the daily circle of the ſun,
And the ſhort year of each revolving moon:
By them thou ſhalt foreſee the following day,
Nor ſhall a ſtarry night thy hopes betray. Dryden.

I am ſufficiently and amply provided againſt any ſurpriſe. But may I not be deceived in to-morrow? certainly I may; for that deceives a man, which happens to him unknowingly. Now, I know not what will *happen*, but I know what may happen. Fortune can do nothing againſt

againſt my expectation; I expect all ſhe can do; if any thing be remitted, I take it in good part. The hour deceives me if it favours me; yet even ſo, it does not altogether deceive me; for as I know all things may happen, I know likewiſe that they may not happen: I expect therefore good fortune, and am prepared againſt bad (*s*).

You muſt bear with me, *Lucilius*, if I am not led in theſe matters by preſcription; if I am ſomewhat particular in regard to the *liberal Sciences*; for I cannot be perſuaded to take painters into the number of their profeſſors, any more than I would ſtatuaries, maſons, and other miniſters to luxury: I likewiſe exclude wreſtlers; and the whole tribe of thoſe whoſe art conſiſts in dawbing their limbs with duſt and oyl; as well as perfumers, cooks, and others, who ſtudy with great ingenuity to ſerve us in our pleaſures. For what pretence, I pray you, have thoſe morning ſots (*t*), who fatten the body, but ſtarve the mind, to be called profeſſors of liberal arts? Can gluttony and drunkenneſs be thought a liberal ſtudy fit for youth, whom our anceſtors were wont to exerciſe always in an erect attitude, in throwing darts, toſſing the pike, breaking their horſes, or handling their arms? They taught their children nothing that was to be learned in an eaſy and lolling poſture. But after all, neither theſe arts nor the former teach and nouriſh virtue. For what avails it a man to manage a horſe, and break him to the bit, if ſtill he himſelf is carried away by his unbridled paſſions? What advantageth it a man to overcome many in wreſtling and boxing, if in the mean time he is overcome himſelf by anger? *What then, are the* liberal Sciences *of no advantage to us?* Yes, certainly, of great advantage, in all other reſpects, ſave in regard to virtue. For low as the mechanic arts are, which are wholly manual, they are moſt uſeful inſtruments, and of great ſervice in life, though they belong not to virtue. *Why then do we inſtruct children in the* liberal Sciences? not becauſe they inſtil virtue, but becauſe they prepare the mind for the reception of it (*u*). As the firſt principles of literature (ſo called by the ancients) by which children were taught their A, B, C, teach not the liberal arts, but only prepare them for inſtruction therein; ſo the liberal arts carry not the mind directly to virtue, but only expand, and make it fit for it.

Poſidonius ſaith, there are four kinds of arts; the mean and vulgar; the vain and ſportive; the puerile, and the liberal. The *vulgar* are ſuch as employ handicraftſmen in the neceſſary occupations of life; in which there is not the leaſt pretence to gentility and honour. The vain and ſportive are ſuch as tend only to the pleaſure of the eyes and ears; among theſe you may reckon thoſe ſubtle engineers, who contrive theatrical machines (*x*) to riſe, as it were, of themſelves; and the ſtage to widen and enlarge itſelf in all dimenſions, without the leaſt noiſe; with other ſuch curious and unexperienced entertainments; ſuch as ſeparating the parts that were joined together; or things that were far aſunder, uniting of their own accord; or ſome lofty pyramid ſinking gradually down into its baſe; all which things ſtrike the eyes of the unſkilful; and ſeem, as they know not the cauſe of them, inſtantaneous miracles. The *puerile*, but ſuch as have the appearance of *liberal*, are thoſe which the Greeks call ἐγκύκλιοι, and we *liberales*; but the only true *liberal*, or, if I may ſo ſpeak, *free* arts, are ſuch as are wholly employed in the purſuit of virtue.

It is likewiſe ſaid, that *as ſome part of philoſophy is called* Natural; *another part* Moral; *and another* Rational; *ſo this whole company of* liberal arts *claim to themſelves a place in philoſophy*. When we come to *natural queſtions*, we have recourſe to the teſtimony of geometry; but does it therefore follow that it is part of that ſcience which it aſſiſteth? Many things aſſiſt us, and yet are not part of us; nay, if they were really part of us, they would not aſſiſt us; as meat is an help to the body, yet it is no part of it. Geometry hath certainly its peculiar uſe, and is ſo far neceſſary to philoſophy as the artiſt is to that: but neither is he a part of geometry, nor geometry of philoſophy.

Moreover, each profeſſion hath its proper ſphere; the philoſopher ſtudies and knows the cauſes of natural things; the numbers and meaſures of which the geometrician is hunting after and computing. The philoſopher knows the formation of the heavenly bodies, their nature, and ſeveral powers; while the mathematician calculates their appearances, their motion direct and retrograde, their riſing and ſetting, and

ſeeming ſtationary, though they are all in perpetual motion: the philoſopher knows the reaſon of the appearances of images in a glaſs; the geometrician can tell you the proper diſtance of the object from the glaſs, and what ſort of glaſs will reflect ſuch an image. The philoſopher will prove the ſun to be a very large body; the mathematician will tell you how large it is; but then he proceeds upon uſe and practice; and in order thereto, you muſt grant him certain principles and maxims: but the ſcience that depends upon ſo precarious a foundation cannot be called ſure and perfect. Philoſophy never begs the queſtion, it aſks no *foreign* aſſiſtance, but raiſeth the whole work itſelf from the foundation. Mathematics, if I may ſo ſpeak, is a ſuperficial art; the foundation on which it is built is not its own; it is obliged to other principles, whereby it proceeds to higher matters. Could it indeed reach truth of itſelf; could it comprehend the nature of the whole world; I ſhould ſay that it contributed much to the improvement of our minds; which, by being converſant in heavenly matters, grow enlarged, and are ſtill acquiring new knowledge. But there is only one thing which perfects the mind, and that is, the immutable knowledge of *good* and *evil*, which belongs to philoſophy alone; no other art concerns itſelf with this diſtinction.

To run over a few particular virtues;—*Fortitude* is a contemner of ſuch things as men are generally afraid of; it deſpiſeth, provokes, and breaks the force of ſuch terrors as are apt to enſlave the mind, And how in any wiſe is this virtue ſtrengthened and confirmed by the *liberal arts?* *Fidelity*, the moſt ſacred good of the human breaſt, cannot be compelled to deceive, by any neceſſity; cannot be corrupted by any reward, how great ſoever; *burn*, ſaith ſhe, *ſmite, kill, I will not betray my friend; the more ſeverely torture endeavours to come at any ſecret, the more cloſely will I keep it.* Do the *liberal Sciences* ever inſtill ſuch courage? *Temperance* reſtrains our pleaſures; ſome ſhe utterly deteſts and abhors; other ſome ſhe diſpenſeth with, having reduced them to a proper mean, and never purſues them merely for pleaſure's ſake. *Humanity* forbids a man to be haughty towards his companions, or covetous: in words, in deeds, in affections ſhe ſheweth herſelf gentle and con-

deſcending unto all; ſhe judgeth not ill of any man; and delights in that as her own chief good, which is likely to promote the good of others. Do the *liberal Sciences* teach ſuch good qualities? No; no more than they do ſimplicity, modeſty, frugality, and good œconomy; no more than they do *clemency*; which is as ſparing of another's blood as of her own; and knows that man is not to be treated by man prodigally or cruelly.

But when you affirm, it is ſaid, *that without the* liberal Sciences *a man cannot reach virtue; how can you deny that they contribute to virtue?* Why, becauſe neither without food can a man arrive at virtue, and yet food belongeth not to virtue. Timber of itſelf contributes nothing to a ſhip, though without timber a ſhip cannot be built. There is no reaſon, I ſay, to think, that a thing ſhould be made by that, without which it cannot be made. It may indeed be ſaid, that without *the liberal Arts* a man may arrive at virtue: for though virtue be a thing to be learned, yet it is not learned merely by theſe ſciences. And why ſhould I not think that a man may become a wiſe man, though he knows not his letters; ſince wiſdom conſiſts not in the knowledge of letters? It is converſant about things, not about words; and I know not whether that may not prove the more faithful memory, which depends upon its own intrinſic ſtrength (*y*).

Wiſdom is very powerful and extenſive; it requires a large ſpace to range in; it muſt ſtudy all things both divine and human; things paſt, and to come; tranſitory, and eternal; and even Time itſelf: concerning which alone, conſider how many queſtions may be ſtarted; as firſt, *whether any thing be ſelf-exiſtent*; and next, *whether any thing was before Time; if Time began with the world*; or *whether before the world had being, becauſe there muſt have been ſomething, there was not alſo Time* (*z*). Innumerable are alſo the queſtions concerning the ſoul; as, *whence it is*(*aa*); *of what quality; when it begins to be; and how long it ſhall continue in being; whether it be ſubject to tranſmigration; and, ſtill changing its habitation, paſſeth from one form of living creatures into another; whether it performs no more than one ſervice, and being ſet free wanders about the univerſe; whether it be a body, or not; what it will be employed upon when it ceaſeth*

to act in conjunction with the body; how it will use its liberty when it hath escaped from this prison; whether it will forget all that is past, and there begin to know herself, when, dislodged from this body, she seats herself on high. Thus, how great part soever of things, or human or divine, you at present comprehend, you will still find matter enough to employ and fatigue the mind in the search of farther truths.

That things therefore so many and of so great consequence may find place for their reception, it is necessary that all that are superfluous should be removed from the mind. Virtue cannot endure to be straiten'd; she is so great as to require boundless room: let all things therefore be expell'd; and the whole mind laid open for the reception of her alone. But forasmuch as there is a certain delight in the knowledge of many arts; let so much of them be retained as may be thought necessary. If you think a man worthy of reproof who spends his money in superfluities, and is proud of adorning his house with the most pompous furniture; will you not also think him blameable, who is busied in filling his head with a lumber of useless knowledge? To desire to know more than is requisite for a man to know, is a sort of intemperance.

Besides this eager pursuit of the liberal arts is apt to make a man troublesome, verbose, impertinent, self-conceited, and therefore disdaining to learn things necessary, being already overstocked with superfluities. *Didymus* the Grammarian is said to have wrote 4000 books (*bb*); how wretched must a man have been only to have read so many trifling things? for, in these books, great enquiry is made after the country of *Homer*; who was the true mother of *Æneas* (*cc*); whether *Anacreon* was more sottish than amorous; whether *Sappho* was a prostitute; and other the like trifles; which, if a man knew them, he would not be sorry to forget. Go now, O man, and deny, that *life is long*.

But to come to our own sect: I will shew you, *Lucilius*, that even here many things are to be rooted out; many to be cut down as it were with an axe. With how great loss of time, with how much impertinence, and plague to the ears of other men, have some laboured to obtain

obtain that empty commendation, *O what a learned man!* We ought rather to be content with that more ſimple and plain one, *O what a good man!* If ſuch then our duty, ſhall I peruſe the annals of all nations, in ſearch of the man who firſt wrote verſes? Shall I pretend to reckon up, though I have no records, the time between *Orpheus* and *Homer*? Shall I review the critical remarks of *Ariſtarchus* wherein he takes upon him to cenſure the verſes of others? and wear out an age in counting ſyllables? Shall I for ever be poring over the duſt of Geometricians (*dd*)? Shall I be ſo regardleſs of that wholeſome precept, *Tempori parce, huſband well your time?* Muſt I know all theſe things? What then can I pardonably be ignorant of (*ee*)?

Appian, the Grammarian, who in the time of *Caius Cæſar*, was carried about all *Greece*, and was every where honoured with the title of a *ſecond Homer*, ſaid, that *Homer*, after he had compoſed the *Odyſſes* and *Iliad*, added to the latter, which treats of the *Trojan* war, the beginning, as it now ſtands; and in order to prove this, he alledged, that *Homer* had deſignedly began the firſt line with two letters that pointed out the number of both books (*ff*). Such then are the trifles which a man muſt know, who is ambitious of knowing many things.

But think now, my friend, how much time you may be deprived of by a bad ſtate of health; how much muſt be taken up with neceſſary buſineſs, public, private, daily; and how much by ſleep; meaſure the days of man; they are not ſufficient for ſo many things; I am ſpeaking of the *liberal ſtudies*; but among the philoſophers themſelves how many things are ſuperfluous! and how great is their idle waſte of time! for they alſo have condeſcended to the weighing of ſyllables, and to the peculiar uſes of conjunctions and prepoſitions, ſo as even to envy both the Grammarians and Geometricians: and whatever they found ſuperfluous in the ſchools of theſe they have tranſplanted into their own. Hence it is they knew better how to ſpeak than to live. Learn now, O *Lucilius*, what great miſchief may accrue from too much ſubtlety; and how great an enemy it is to truth!

Protagoras

Protagoras (*gg*) ſaith, that *upon every ſubject men may argue indifferently pro and con; even though the ſubject be, whether every thing is diſputable on each ſide of the queſtion. Nauſiphanes* (*hh*) ſaith that *nothing can be ſaid more* to be, *than* not to be. *Parmenides* (*ii*) ſaith, that *all we ſee, is nothing upon the whole. Zeno* of *Elea* cuts ſhort the queſtion, and affirms, that *nothing is.* Of much the ſame opinion are the *Megarenſians* (*kk*), the *Eretricians* (*ll*), and *Academics,* who have introduced a new ſort of knowledge, *to know nothing* (*mm*): now you may fling all theſe into the common ſtock of thoſe who profeſs the *liberal arts*; as thoſe profeſſors teach me a knowledge of little or no profit to me; theſe philoſophers rob me of the hopes of knowing any thing at all: it is better however I think to know what is ſuperfluous, than to know nothing. The former holds out no light to direct me in the way to truth, but theſe quite put out my eyes. If I believe *Protagoras,* there is nothing in the nature of things but *what is doubtful*; if *Nauſiphanes,* this one thing only is certain, that *nothing is certain:* if *Parmenides, there is but one thing:* if *Zenon, there is not even one.* What then are we? and what are all things that ſurround, nouriſh, and ſuſtain us? The whole nature of things is but a ſhadow, vain and deceitful. Indeed I cannot eaſily ſay, whether I am more angry at thoſe, who would have us to know nothing; or thoſe, who have not left us ſo much as this, *to know nothing.*

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* In ſome books this Epiſtle is ſtyled, L. Annæi Senecæ *Liber* de ſeptem artibus Liberalibus, as if it was a ſeparate treatiſe; but long as it is (and indeed there are ſome longer) *Lipſius* perſiſts in ranging it among the Epiſtles.

† The Romans called thoſe the *liberal* ſtudies, or ſciences, which the Greeks called ἐγκυκλια μαθηματα, i. e. *certain exerciſes,* which almoſt all gentlemen of birth and fortune were uſed to employ themſelves in, not in order to make themſelves thorough maſters therein, but only to acquire ſuch a ſmattering and taſte in them, as might become their gentility, and without which they would make but a poor figure in life.. They therefore were firſt taught *Grammar,* in order to form a juſt expreſſion and propriety in ſpeech. From hence they paſſed on to the reading the Hiſtorians and Poets: nor was it thought leſs neceſſary to inſtruct them in *Arithmetic, Geometry, Muſic:* ſome were likewiſe taught *Painting*; they had alſo their ſeveral (*Angelo's* or) maſters, to teach them to wreſtle, to ride, and to perform other manly exerciſes of the body. Concerning theſe ſtudies

therefore

therefore *Seneca*, in this most excellent Epistle, pronounceth in general, that not one of them is to be pursued merely upon its own account; and they are only useful forasmuch as they are subservient to qualify and prepare the minds of young men, as yet not capable of more weighty or solid matters for the study and acquisition of *wisdom*; which, and only which, among them all, deserves to be called *liberal*; as being that alone which is of sufficient force to deliver man, from the vilest of all slavery, even that of sin and lust. M.

Fundamenta, quibus nixatur vita salusque.

——— *Such the foundation, such the end*
On which the life and health of man depend.

(*a*) Nullum suspicio.] This he speaks as a Stoic. So *Zeno*, (which many object to him) τὴν ἐγκυκλιον παιδεῖαν' ἄχρηστον ἀποφαινει, *declares the cycle of literature useless*. And principally the *Cynics*, according to *Laertes*, decried the same, παραιτοῦνται τὰ ἐγκυκλια μαθηματα. This however is speaking comparatively; *letters* indeed considered in themselves are little more than mere amusement, *for*, says *Seneca* (De Brev. Vit. c. 14.) cujus errores minuent! cujus cupiditates premunt, quem fortiorem, quemjustiorem, quem liberaliorem facient, *whose errors will they lessen, whose passions will they check, whom will they make more brave, more just, more liberal?* Sed

— Non animum metu,
Non mortis laqueis expedient caput. *Hor.* Od. iii. 24. 8.
— *Not all thy wealth shall save*
Thy mind from fear, or body from the grave. Creech.

But after all, says *Clemens*, *unless wisdom is protected by the fence of philosophy, and erudition, it will be exposed to the snares and insults of sophistry* And *Justin*, *Philosophy is a truly great and noble possession, venerable in the sight of God, forasmuch as it leadeth us to him, and fixeth the mind there. Happy and blessed are they whose minds are so fixed!*

(*b*) Quod in æs exit] *Muretus* says he knows not what to make of this expression: and as to what follows, *meritoria* artificia, he reads *militaria*. He might as well, I think, read *mercatoria*, as being somewhat nearer the original.

(*c*) Many of the ancients had such a veneration for *Homer*, that they would have it thought, *all philosophy, and every tenet of the philosophers flowed originally from him*. But *Seneca* maintains that this very argument proves *Homer* to be *no philosopher*, because the first seeds of opinions so widely different in themselves, are found scattered in his works. *Muret.*

Certainly a Philosopher, says *Lipsius*, *if there ever was one*, Basil. Πᾶσα μὲν ἡ ποιησις τῷ Ὁμηρῳ ἀρετῆς ἐστιν ἐπαινος, κ. τ. λ. *The whole poetry of* Homer *is in praise of virtue, unless what is added for the sake of grace and ornament.* Vid. *Lips.* Manud. l. 7.

(*d*) For, because *Ulysses* sets so high a value upon his own country, rocky and barren as it was, as not to be diverted from the desire and love of it, by the promise of immortality from *Circè* and *Calypso*; this they interpret, as that by the name of *Ithaca* you are to understand *Virtue*, for whose sake alone all other things are to be despised by a wise man. *Muret.*

But *Homer* goes still further, as if the possession of virtue was nothing, unless it was brought forth into action, as when *Patroclus* chiding *Achilles*, calls him Αιναρετην.

Μὴ ἐμὲ γε ὗτός γε λαβοι χόλος, ὃν σὺ φυλασσεις,
Αιναρετη·---Il. 16. 30.
May never rage like thine my soul enslave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country slighted in her last distress,
What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress? Pope.

Vid. Plutarch. de Homero, 6. 76.

(*e*) A

(*e*) As when he introduced *Ulyſſes* ſaying,

Ου γαρ εγωγε τι φημι τελος χαριεστερον ειναι. κ. τ. λ. Od. 9. 5.
How ſweet the products of a peaceful reign!
The heaven-taught poet and enchanting ſtrain!
The well fill'd palace, the perpetual feaſt,
A land rejoicing, and a people bleſt!
How goodly ſeems it ever to employ
Man's ſocial days in union and in joy!
The plenteous board high-heap'd with cakes divine,
And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine! Pope.

But particularly the deſcription of one of the cities on the ſhield of *Achilles*. Il. 18.

Here ſacred pomp and genial feaſt delight,
And ſolemn dance, and Hymeneal rite,---
Along the ſtreets the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers, in a circle bound
To the ſoft flute, and cittern's ſilver ſound, &c.

(*f*) Allowing *three* ſorts of good, as comprized in the deſcription of *Mercury*----

Οιος δη συδεμας και ειδος αγητος,
Πεπνυσαι τε νοον, μακαρων δ'εξ εσσι τοκηων. Il. ω. 377.
A beauteous youth, majeſtic and divine,
He ſeem'd; fair offſpring of ſome princely line. Pope.

But as the word *tria* is wanting in ſome copies, it may be underſtood of wealth, proſperity, and other good things of life of which *Homer* ſays the Gods are the *givers*, δοτηρας εαων. *See* Ep. 66.

(*g*) Some ſuppoſe *Homer* to be the elder, as *Philochorus*, *Xenophanes*, and *Plutarch*. (Conſol. ad Apoll.) Others give the ſeniority to *Heſiod*, as *Accius*, the poet, and *Ephorus*, the hiſtorian. But *Varro* ſeems to determine it, ſaying, non eſſe dubium quin aliquo tempore eodem vixerint; vel Homerum aliquanto antiquiorem, *that they lived much about the ſame time*, (A. M. 3000), *or that Homer was ſomewhat the elder of the two.* Agell. iii. 11. xvii. 21.

(*h*) *Muretus* ſuppoſeth, that *Helen* was much older than *Hecuba*, but that ſhe carried her age better, becauſe ſhe was the daughter of *Jupiter*.

(*i*) *Patroclus* is generally thought to have been the younger; but *ſee Politian*. Miſcell. c. 45.

(*k*) Some therefore have fancied that he wandered in the *Atlantic* Ocean. But certainly there is no need to be ſcrupulouſly inquiſitive concerning ſuch things as are manifeſtly fabulous. *Agellius* alludes to this queſtion, (l. 14. c. 6.) where he introduces one of his ſervants diſputing, whether Ulyſſes *wandered*, εν τη εσω θαλασση κ. τ. λ. *in the Mediterranean, according to* Ariſtarchus, *or in the Ocean, according to* Crates.

(*l*) In like manner *Diogenes* is ſaid to have reproved the Grammarians; foraſmuch as they were ſollicitous to know what evils *Ulyſſes* ſuffered, but were negligent of their own.

(*m*) Sunt enim qui dicant, eam omnibus porcis feciſſe copiam ſui, atque ex illo promiſcuo coitu natum *Pana*. At alii hunc ipſum capripedem Deum natum ex *Penelopa* et *Mercurio* in hircum converſo, egregiam mulieris pudicitiam! quæ cum ſe a virorum conſortio puram integramque ſervaret, ad hirci, belli videlicet et ſuaveolentis animalis concubitu non abhorruerit. *Muret.*

(*n*) Undoubtedly in the mind, nec oppreſſo corpore amittitur, Auguſt. (de liv. Dei. l. 17. Vis aliena pudicitiam non excutit, etſi pudorem incutit.

(*o*) *Diogenes* ſaith of muſicians, τους μεσικους μεν εν τη λυρα χορδας αρμοττεσθαι, αναρμοστα δε εχειν τα της ψυχης ηθη. *That they kept the ſtrings of their harps in tune, but neglected to tune their ſouls to good morals.*

(*p*) Modi flebiles] *Softly sweet in Lydian measure.* Dryden's Ode.

(*q*) i. e. if you are happy in having an heir to your mind.

(*r*) Effectus rerum omnium aut movent aut notant] Vid. *Lips.* Philol. ii. 13.

(*s*) In Anthologia.

Ει μὲν ἦν μαθεῖν, ἃ δεῖ παθεῖν,
Κὰι μὴ παθεῖν, καλὸν ἦν πὸ μαθειν·
Ἐι δὲ δεῖ παδεῖν, ἃ δ' ἦν μαθειν
Τι δεῖ μαθεῖν; χρῆ γὰρ παθεῖν.
It avails nothing, or to know,
Or not, what we must undergo;
Since, for whate'er we must endure,
Sweet patience is the only cure.

(*t*) Jejuni vomitoris] See Epist. 122.

(*u*) Philo, Ωσπερ ἐν οἰκειαις αὐλειοι προκεινται; *As the vestibule to a house, and suburbs to a city, such are the liberal arts to virtue; they are the way that leads to it.*

(*x*) Pegmata per se surgentia] Augustin de Civ. Dei, c. 24. Ad quàm stupenda opera industria humana pervenit? quæ in theatro mirabilia spectantibus audientibus incredibilia facienda et exhibenda molita est! Crescebant in sublima *Pegmata,*

Et crescunt mediâ pegmata celsa viâ. *Martial.*

Subsidebant eadem. *Claudian.*

Mobile ponderibus descendat Pegma reductis.
Inque chori speciem spargentes ardua flammas
Scena rotet, vanos effingat mulciber orbes
Per tabulas impunè vagus: pictæque citato
Ludant igne trabes, et non permissà moræri
Fida per innocuos errent incendia turres.

Apuleius l. x. Jamque totâ suave fragrante caveâ montem illum ligneum terræ vorago decepit. Machinatores fabricarum astutiâ unius conversionis, multa et varia pariter administrant. *Id.* Vid. *Lips.* de Amphitheatro, c. 22. *Philand.* in Vitruv. l. 9. *Sueton.* in Nero.

(*y*) It was thought by many of the antients that *letters* rather hurt than profit the memory; forasmuch as trusting to these, men are less diligent in fixing in their minds such things as they learn; as *Dictionaries,* &c. are apt to make schoolboys more careless and idle. Whereupon *Thamas,* king of *Egypt,* when *Theuth* the inventor of letters called them *an help and sure remedy for the memory,* thus refutes him, Κὰι νυν συ πατηρ ὧν γραμματων,----ουκουν μνημης, ἀλλ' ὑπομνήσεως φαρμακον εὗρες---- *ap.* Plato in Phædr. *The inventor of letters hath found out an help or remedy, not of* memory, *but of* reminiscence. And, Cæs. de Bell. Gallico, l. 6. c. 8. Cæsar *tells us that the* Druids *instructed their pupils in the* Greek *tongue; for two reasons,* first, that *their learning might not become common and vulgar;* and, 2dly, *that scholars might not trust so much to their writings as to their memory; as it happeneth for the most part, that men rely upon the trust of books and papers, and in the mean time omit the benefit of good remembrance.*

(*z*) Negamus, ubi sola principia sunt, tempus esse. Non habet tempus æternitas, omne enim tempus ipsa est. *Tertullian.* See Epp. i. 49. 117. *Lips.* Physiol. ii. 24.

(*aa*) *Whence it is,* the soul was held by most of the antient philosophers, especially by the *Pythagoreans* and the *Stoics,* to be a discerped part of the *divine essence. Cicero* represents it, as acknowledged by the best and wisest men, that our souls are emanations from *the universal mind;* and consequently immortal; and *this conviction,* says he, *arises within me, from reflecting, that considering the mighty quickness with which the human soul is endowed, its vast collection of past, and provision for*

future events; the variety of the Arts, and the importance of the Sciences, with all its numerous inventions; I ſay, *conſidering all this, it is impoſſible for that nature, that is the receptacle of ſo many different properties, to be mortal.* Cic. de Sen. c. 21. *Subject to tranſmigration.* See Epiſt. 65. (N. k) *Ovid* introduces *Pythagoras* as delivering his doctrine to the people of *Crotona.*

Morte carent animæ, ſemperque priore relictâ
Sede novis domibus vivunt, habitentque receptæ. Met. xv. 156.

—— *Our ſouls their antient houſes leave,*
To live in new, which them, as gueſts, receive.

—— *She ſeats herſelf on high. Socrates,* in *Plato,* ſays many excellent things concerning the happineſs to be enjoyed in a future ſtate; he talks of its going, after its departure hence, *into a place like itſelf, noble, pure, inviſible, to a wiſe and good God, whither,* ſays he, *if it pleaſes God, I ſhall ſoon go.* And particularly, that *the ſoul which gives itſelf up to the* ſtudy of wiſdom and philoſophy, and lives abſtracted from the body, *goes at death to that which is like itſelf, divine, immortal, wiſe, to which when it arrives it ſhall be happy, freed from error, ignorance, fears, diſorderly love, and other human evils, and lives, as it is ſaid of the initiated, the reſt of its life with the Gods.—Bleſſed are the pure of heart,* for they *ſhall ſee God.* Matth. v. 8. *The righteous ſhall ſhine forth as the ſun in the kingdom of the Father.* xiii. 43.

(*bb*) *Suidas* ſays 3500, and that on account of his laborious works he was called χαλκεντερος, *Ironſides.* He lived in the time of *Cicero* and *Auguſtus.*

(*cc*) *Venus* being generally ſuppoſed his mother.

(*dd*) In geometriæ pulvere] So pulvis eruditus, in *Cicero*; i. e. the duſt wherein the geometricians were uſed to draw their figures.

(*ee*) Ep. i. Hæc ſciam? et quid ignorem? i. e. as it is impoſſible for a man to know all things, there muſt be ſome things, which if I am obliged to know, I cannot conceive what thoſe things be, which it is pardonable not to know.—*Muretus,* Hæc ſciam, ut quid—*Eraſmus* et quid ſi—*Stephanus,* et quid ſim.—So the old tranſlation, *ſhall I know theſe things, and be ignorant of myſelf? Lipſius,* et quid ignorem? *Juretus,* without an interrogation, nec ſciam quid ignorem, i. e. *I am not concerned at not knowing many things which it is better to be ignorant of than to know.*

(*ff*) MHvn—M. 40. H. 8. i. e. 48.

(*gg*) *Protagoras,* a ſcholar of *Democritus,* and the ſon of *Menander,* the richeſt man in *Thrace,* who entertained *Xerxes* in his expedition againſt *Greece*; for which bounty the magi or wiſe men that were with *Xerxes,* inſtructed his ſon, *Protagoras,* in all their learning, which they could not have done but by permiſſion of the King.

(*hh*) *Nauſiphanes,* a follower of *Democritus*; abuſed by *Epicurus* with all manner of contumely. Cic. de Nat. Deor. l. 26.

(*ii*) *Parmenides,* a philoſopher of *Elis,* ſcholar and friend of *Xenophon.* He is mentioned by *Plato,* who hath alſo wrote a dialogue (*concerning ideas*) in his name. He is ſuppoſed to be the firſt who took notice of *Lucifer* and *Heſperus,* the Morning and Evening Star being the ſame.

(*kk*) The people of *Megara,* a city of *Achaia,* between *Athens* and the iſthmus of *Corinth.* The birth-place of *Euclid.* It ſtill retains the name.

(*ll*) Eretrici] So called from *Eretria,* a city in the iſle *Eubæa,* the birth-place of *Menedemus,* their founder.---*al.* Cretici. *Pincian.* ridiculouſly enough; *Critici,* i. e. judiciales.

(*mm*) A ſect of philoſophers, who followed the doctrine of *Socrates* and *Plato,* as to the uncertainty of knowledge, and the incomprehenſibility of truth. Among the antients they were called Academici; but ſince the reſtoration of learning they have aſſumed the denomination of *Platoniſts.*

EPISTLE

EPISTLE LXXXIX.

The Diſtinction between Wiſdom and Philoſophy.

YOU deſire, *Lucilius*, to have philoſophy rightly diſtinguiſhed, and its vaſt body diſpoſed into members: this is certainly of conſequence, and very neceſſary for a man who aſpires after wiſdom; for by the parts we are more eaſily led to a knowledge of the whole. I could wiſh therefore the whole of philoſophy was preſented to our view in like manner as the face of the univerſe, exhibiting a ſight like that of the world; it would ſurely tranſport mankind with admiration of its beauty; and draw them off from thoſe things which they now think great, merely through ignorance of what is really ſo. But becauſe this is not to be expected, we muſt reſt ſatisfied with beholding her under the ſame obſcurity as we do the myſteries of the world.

The mind indeed of a philoſopher comprehends the whole frame thereof, and paſſeth over it not leſs ſwiftly, than the eye over the viſible heavens. But to us, who have as yet great darkneſs to break through, and whoſe ſight faileth even in things that are near at hand, as we are not capable of receiving the whole, the parts ſeparately conſidered are much more intelligible. I will endeavour therefore to grant your requeſt; and will divide philoſophy into parts, not into ſcraps; for it will be more proper to divide, than to hack it; ſince it is as difficult to comprehend the ſmalleſt things as the largeſt. It is uſual therefore to divide a people into tribes, and an army into companies; whatever is very extraordinary, either in ſize or quantity, is much better known, I ſay, when divided into parts; provided they are not too numerous, or too ſmall. Diviſions too minute render a thing as intricate, as if no diviſion had been made at all: ſubdiviſions, as it were, to the leaſt particle of duſt, only create confuſion.

Firſt then I will ſhew you, *Lucilius*, according to your deſire, the diſtinction that is to be made between *Wiſdom* and *Philoſophy* (*a*). Wiſdom is the perfect good of the human mind; Philoſophy is the love and affectation of Wiſdom; ſhe points out the way thereto: the word *Philoſophy* diſcovers plainly enough what it is, and from whence it has its name; Wiſdom is by ſome defined, *the knowledge of things divine and human*; by others, *the knowledge of things divine and human, with their cauſes:* but this addition ſeems to me ſuperfluous, foraſmuch as the *cauſes* are parts of things human and divine. Philoſophy likewiſe hath been defined different ways; ſome have called it, *the ſtudy of virtue* (*b*); others, *the ſtudy of the mind's improvement*; and others ſtill, *an earneſt deſire of, or an inclination to, right reaſon.*

From whence it is plain there is a difference between Philoſophy and Wiſdom; for it is impoſſible the thing affecting ſhould be the ſame with the thing affected. As then there is a great difference between avarice and wealth; inaſmuch as that covets, and this is coveted; ſo is there between Philoſophy and Wiſdom; as this is the effect and reward of the other; the one is the road, the other the end of the journey. Wiſdom is what the Greeks call Σοφια, *Sophia*; the Romans likewiſe adopted the ſame word; and ſtill make uſe of it in *Philoſophia*. This is manifeſt from ſome antient comedies, and the inſcription on the monument of *Doſſennus* (*c*).

Hoſpes reſiſte, et *ſophiam* Doſſenni lege.
Stay, ſtranger, and learn the wiſdom of Doſſennus.

Some indeed of our ſect have thought, that though Philoſophy be *the ſtudy of virtue*, and *this* the thing ſought after, and *that* what ſeeks, yet they are ſo cloſely connected, as not to be divided; ſince neither is Philoſophy without virtue, nor virtue without Philoſophy. Philoſophy is the ſtudy of virtue, but by the means of Virtue itſelf; as there cannot be virtue but what delights in itſelf, nor a deſire of virtue but by virtue itſelf: for, it is not here, as when any thing is aimed at from afar, the perſon who takes aim is in one place, and the thing aimed at in another; nor as the ways that lead to a city, and are without; ſince the way to virtue is in and through itſelf; Philoſophy and virtue therefore coincide.

Again;

Again; many and very principal authors have divided Philoſophy into three parts (*d*), *moral*, *natural* and *rational*, or diſcourſive. The *firſt* frames and ſets in order the mind: the *ſecond* ſearches into the nature of things; and the *third* ſtudies the propriety of words, the ſtructure and manner of reaſoning, ſo as not to be impoſed upon by falſehood for truth. But there are thoſe who are pleaſed to divide Philoſophy, ſome into fewer, and ſome into more parts; ſome (for inſtance the *Ariſtotelians*) have added a fourth branch, the *civil*, or public; becauſe it is engaged in a peculiar exerciſe, and employed upon a different ſubject: and ſome have added to theſe another diviſion, which the Greeks call Οἰκονομικὴν, *æconomical*, or the art of managing family affairs. Some have likewiſe aſſigned a place to the different kinds and occupations of life: but there are none of all theſe but what come under the firſt diviſion, *Moral Philoſophy*.

On the other hand the *Epicureans* rejected the third branch (*e*), and only retained the two former, *Moral* and *Natural*; and being conſtrained in the examination of things to diſcern antiquities, and to diſcover the falſities, that are often concealed under the appearance of truth, they have given another name to the *rational*, and aſſigned it a place under the title of *judicial* and *regular* (*f*), but they ſtill look upon it only as an appendix to *natural* Philoſophy. The *Cyrenaics* take away both *natural* and *rational*; contenting themſelves with *moral* only; but they introduce, what they before rejected, in another way: for, they divide *moral* Philoſophy into five parts; one relating to things to be purſued or avoided; a ſecond, concerning the paſſions and affections; a third, concerning actions; a fourth, concerning cauſes; and a fifth concerning arguments: but the cauſes of things belong to *natural*; arguments to *rational*; and actions to *moral* Philoſophy. *Ariſto* of *Chios* (*g*) maintained that *natural* and *rational* Philoſophy were not only ſuperfluous but contrary; (Sc. *to Wiſdom and Virtue*) and the *moral*, which was the only one he allowed, he greatly maimed; foraſmuch as he aboliſhed that part which relates to *admonitions* (*h*), ſaying, that *this belonged rather to the Pedagogue than to the Philoſopher*; as if the wiſe man was any thing elſe than the *inſtructer* of mankind.

Concluding

Concluding therefore *Philoſophy* to be rightly divided into three parts, we will begin with the *moral*. Now, *moral* Philoſophy may likewiſe be divided into three parts; the firſt relates to diligence in giving ſuum cuique, every *one their own*; and eſtimating every thing according to its true worth. A very uſeful part indeed! For what can be more neceſſary than to ſet a due value upon things? The ſecond regards power, or a deſire to act; the third actions. By the firſt, you are taught to judge of things according to quantity or quality; by the ſecond, to direct the affections, and moderate their impulſe: and by the third, to ſuit your endeavours to the action; that in all things you may be conſiſtent. Whatever is wanting of theſe three, the loſs of it will diſorder the reſt. For what ſignifies it to be able to eſtimate all things rightly, if you have no command of yourſelf? Or what avails it to reſtrain the vehemence of deſire, and to have the affections under command, if, as things may require, you know not the proper time, when, or what, or where, or how to act? For it is one thing to know the dignity and value of things, and another, to know times and ſeaſons; and another, to reſtrain the vehemence of deſire, ſo as to go calmly, and not ruſh precipitately, upon action. Life therefore is then conſiſtent with itſelf, when the effort and the action agree together. An effort proceedeth from the dignity of things, and is either remiſs or more earneſt, according to the worthineſs of the object purſued.

2. *Natural* Philoſophy is twofold; as it relates to things corporeal, or incorporeal; and theſe again are divided, as I may ſo ſpeak, into their ſeveral degrees. The part that relates to body, firſt conſiders the things that make or engender; and next the things that are made or engendered. Now, the elements are ſuppoſed to be made, or to receive being from another. Element is conſidered by ſome as a ſingle topic; by others, as a ſubject divided into matter, and a *cauſe* moving all things, even the elements themſelves (*i*).

3. And now as to the diviſion of *rational* Philoſophy. Every ſpeech is either a continued one, or divided into queſtion and anſwer: this they

they call διαλεκτικὴ, *dialectic*, or the art of logic; and the other, ῥητορικὴ, *rhetorical*. Rhetoric is concerned about the ſenſe and conſtruction of words; logic, or the dialectic, is divided into two parts, *viz.* words, and their ſignifications; i. e. into things which are ſpoken of, and the expreſſion in which they are delivered. And then follows too great a deſcription to be diſcuſſed at preſent; ſo here I ſhall conclude the ſubject,

——— Et ſumma ſequar faſtigia rerum,
And treat on things of higher conſequence;

Otherwiſe was I to enter on all the diviſions and ſubdiviſions it would ſwell this Epiſtle into a large volume of queſtions (*k*). I would not however deter you, *Lucilius*, from reading thoſe things, provided you immediately refer whatever you read to the improvement of *morals*. Study principally to correct theſe: ſtir up in you whatever ſeems languid; bind up the looſe; check the ſtubborn; and thwart, as much as you can, your own irregular deſires, and thoſe of the public; and ſhould the world ſay, *Will you be always in the ſame ſtrain of reproof?* make anſwer, *It is for me rather to ſay, Will ye be always giving the ſame offence? ye would have the remedies ceaſe, while the malady ſtill continues: it behoves me ſo much the more to ſpeak; and, becauſe ye are obſtinate, to perſevere in my reproof. A medicine begins to take effect, when a diſtempered body is ſenſible of pain, at being touched: refractory as ye are, I will ſtill utter ſuch things as, I think, will profit you; with words perhaps that may ſometimes prove not very ſmooth and agreeable: and, becauſe ye do not chuſe to hear them ſeverally, and in private, I thus exhort you publickly, and in general.*

" How far will ye extend the bounds of your poſſeſſions? A large " tract of land, ſufficient heretofore for a whole nation, is ſcarce wide " enough now for a ſingle Lord! How far will ye enlarge your " arable, not content with the tillage of whole provinces, which ye " hold only as a ſingle farm? Famous ſtreams running through pri- " vate grounds, and great rivers, the boundaries formerly of great " nations, from their fountain head to their mouth are yours: and " even this is not enough, unleſs you gird the ſeas within your eſtates; " unleſs

" unleſs your bailiff extends his authority beyond the *Adriatic*, the " *Ionian*, and *Ægean* ſeas. Nay, unleſs the iſlands, the ſeat of ſome " great generals, be reckoned as inſignificant trifles. But go on; " extend your poſſeſſions as far as ye pleaſe; call it only a country " farm, which was once an empire; make all you can get your own; " there will ſtill be ſomething left for others."

A word or two now with you, whoſe luxury is as extenſive as the avarice of the former. I aſk you, " whether you intend to leave no " lake, but what the tops of your villas hang over? No river, whoſe " banks are not covered with your magnificent buildings? Shall " wherever any vein of warm water ſprings up, new baths be erected " to indulge you in luxury? Wherever the winding ſhore forms itſelf " into a bay will ye lay a foundation for building; and not content " with the firm ground, unleſs it be of your own making, drive the " ſeas before you, by flinging into it numberleſs loads of rubbiſh (*l*)? " But know, that ſplendid and pompous as your houſes are, in various " places; ſome raiſed on mountains, for a wide proſpect over ſea and " land; and others on the plain, to the height of mountains; build, " I ſay, as many as ye will, and as great; ye are ſtill, ſeverally conſi- " dered, but as a ſingle perſon, and a little, a very little, body. Of " what uſe are many ſtately bedchambers? you yourſelf can lie but in " one; and where you are not, that cannot be called *your's*."

Laſtly, I addreſs myſelf to you, whoſe throat is ſo deep and inſatiable, that every ſea and every land muſt be ranſacked for your proviſion. " Hence, with great toil and trouble, hooks, and ſnares, and va- " rious kinds of nets, are continually made uſe of in purſuit of prey. " No living animal can have peace, but ſuch as ye are already glutted " with. How little can you reliſh of thoſe banquets, prepared as they " are by ſo many hands, and at ſo great an expence, when ye ſit down " to them, with a mouth already palled with the like dainties? How " little of that wild boar, which was taken with ſo much hazard, can " the maſter eat, with a queaſy and loathing ſtomach? How few of " thoſe ſhell-fiſh, brought from afar, can the mouth that never thinks

" it has enough, devour? How wretched are ye not to know, that " *your eye*, as they ſay, *is bigger than your belly!*"

Let ſuch be your diſcourſe to others; and while you ſpeak, *Lucilius*, attend to what you ſay: and ſo write, that what you have wr te, you may read with pleaſure. Refer all to *Morality*, and to calming the rage of the headſtrong paſſions. Study not ſtill to know more, but, from what you know, to be a better man.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) They are generally confounded by the philoſophers; as when *Plato* ſays, Ἡ δέ γε φιλοσοφία, κτῆσις ἐπιστήμης, Philoſophy *is the acquiſition of* Wiſdom: and *Ariſtotle*, ἐπιστήμη τῆς ἀληθείας, *the knowledge of Truth.*—*Clemens Alexandrinus*, more agreeable to our author, *As the Liberal Sciences refer to* Philoſophy, *which is their miſtreſs, ſo does* Philoſophy *herſelf to* Wiſdom. And he adds, ἔστι γὰρ ἡ μὲν φιλοσοφία, ἄσκησις, ἡ σοφία δέ, ἐπιστήμη θείων καὶ ἀνθρωπίνων, Philoſophy *is ſtudy and meditation*; *but* Wiſdom *the knowledge of things divine and human*; *and their cauſes.* Plutarch, Οἱ μὲν Στωϊκοὶ ἔφασαν, σοφίαν εἶναι θείων καὶ ἀνθρωπίνων ἐπιστήμην, *The Stoics ſaid, that* Wiſdom *was the knowledge of things divine and human.* Where we may obſerve, he with *Seneca* omits the *cauſes.* See other definitions, *Lipſ.* Phyſiol. p. 698.

(*b*) Many excellent paſſages, to this purpoſe, we meet with in *Cicero's Tuſculan* Diſputations: Philoſophy *is the culture of the mind, and plucketh up vice by the roots*; *it is the medicine of the ſoul, and healeth the minds of men*; *that from thence, if we would be good and happy, we may draw all proper helps and aſſiſtances for leading virtuous and happy lives.*—O Philoſophy, *thou guide of life! the ſearcher out of virtue, and expeller of vice! what ſhould we be, nay, what would human life be without thee! Thou calledſt us together into ſocial life*; *to thee we owe the invention of laws! thou teacher of manners and diſcipline! From thee we beg aſſiſtance: and one day ſpent according to thy precepts is preferable to an immortality ſpent in ſin.*—Some of the moderns have come little behind the antients, in the admiration they have expreſſed for the Heathen *moral Philoſophy.* See *Leland*, vol. ii. p. 72.

(*c*) *Fabius Doſſennus*, al. *Dorſennas*, a writer of comedies, (Atellanarum ſc. fabularum)

Quantus ſit Dorſennus edacibus in pariſitis. Hor. Ep. ii. 1. 173.
How great is Dorſenn *when he writes*
Of all-devouring pariſites!

See *Plin.* xiv. 13. where you will find ſome quotations from him.

(*d*) There is the ſame diviſion in *Macrobius*, (Somn. Scip.) but differently explained: *Moralis*, quæ docet morum elimatam perfectionem; *Naturalis*, quæ de divinis corporibus diſputat; *Rationalis*, cùm de incorporibus ſermo eſt, quæ mens ſola complectitur, &c. l. ii. Moral, *which teacheth the perfection of moral behaviour*; Natural, *which treats of the heavenly bodies*; *and* Rational, *concerning things incorporeal, which the mind only can comprehend.*

(*e*) As ſuperfluous] *Laertius*, τὴν διαλεκτικὴν ὡς παρέλκουσαν ἀποδοκιμάζουσι.

(*f*) *Al.* τὸ κανονικὸν, *canonical.*] And this, as it forms, and prepares the mind, is ſaid to be, περὶ κριτηρίου, καὶ ἀρχῆς, καὶ στοιχειώτατον, *Of the criterion, beginning and elementary.* Vid. *Laert.* in Epicurus.

(*g*) He was cotemporary with *Zeno*, and one of the diſciples of the founder of the Stoical ſect. He publiſhed ſeveral philoſophical treatiſes, by which he acquired the reputation of an agreeable and elegant, rather than of a ſolid and judicious writer. See *Melmoth*, on *Cicero's* Cato, N. 5.

Laertius ſays of him, τὸν τε φυσικὸν τοπον καὶ τὸν λογικὸν ἀνῄρει, λέγων τὸν μὲν εἶναι ὑπὲρ ἡμᾶς, τὸν δὲ οὐδὲν πρὸς ἡμᾶς. He took away from the common diviſion, *both the* natural *and the* rational *part, ſaying,* this *was far above us, and* that *nothing to us.*

(*h*) Sc. τὴν παραινετικήν. See Ep. 94.

(*i*) i. e. God; or, as the *Stoics* ſpeak ſometimes, *His Reaſon*, or Wiſdom: and by *elements*, we underſtand, the firſt and conſtituent principles of things, as derived from him.

(*k*) *Lipſius* obſerves that in ſome books, this is the beginning of another Epiſtle.

(*l*) Hor. Carm. iii. 1. 34.

Contracta piſces æquora ſentiunt
Iactis in altum molibus. Huc frequens
Cæmenta remittit redemptor
Cum famulis, dominuſque terræ
Faſtidioſus.
The fiſh that in the ocean rang'd
Perceive their territories chang'd.
The moles thrown in extend the ſhore;
The Lord grown weary of the land,
New builds upon the ſettled ſand,
And ſcorns the bounds that Nature fix'd before.

Salluſt. Bell. Cat. Quid ea memorem, quæ niſi his qui vidêre, nemini credibilia ſunt? A privatis compluribus ſubverſos montes, maria conſtrata, &c. *What need I mention other things, that will hardly meet with credit from thoſe who have been eyewitneſſes of their truth? ſuch as levelling hills and mountains, and raiſing palaces in the ſea itſelf by private men for the purpoſes of pleaſure,* &c. See alſo *Suetonius in Caligula*, c. 37.

Petronius, l. ii. ——— Aſpice latè
Luxuriam ſpoliorum, et cenſum in damna furentem
Ædificant auro ſedeſque ad ſidera mittunt.
Expelluntur aquæ ſaxis; mare naſcitur arvis;
Et permutatâ rerum ſtatione rebellant.
See, all around luxurious trophies lie,
And their decreaſing wealth new ills ſupply.
Here golden piles the azure ſkies invade,
There in the ſea incroaching moles are made —
Inverted Nature's injur'd laws they wrong——

Hor. Carm. ii. 18. 20. Mariſque Baiis obſtrepentis urges
Summovere littora,
Parum locuples continente ripâ.
The moles and thy encroaching mounds
Remove the floods to ſtrainer bounds;
For greedy you would ſeem but poor,
Confin'd by Nature's narrow ſhore. Creech.

But

But as ſome read in *Seneca*, *arva*, inſtead of *maria*, we may apply the words that follow in *Horace*:

Quid quod uſque proximos
Revellis agri terminos, et ultra
Limites clientium
Sals avarus?—

Nay more, you paſs the ſacred bounds,
And ſeize your meaner client's grounds;
No fence too high, no ditch too deep,
For wealthy injury to leap. Id.

EPISTLE XC.

On Philoſophy, and the Invention of Arts.

WHO can doubt, my *Lucilius*, but that it is from the bleſſing and gift of the immortal Gods that we live; but from *Philoſophy* that we live well (*a*)? that conſequently we owe more to this than to the Gods; inaſmuch as a good life is better than mere exiſtence. Undoubtedly we ought to think ſo, unleſs Philoſophy itſelf might be alſo thought the gift of the Gods (*b*), the knowledge whereof they have given to no one, but the ability of acquirement to all. For if they had vouchſafed this as a common good, and we had been all born good, wiſdom would have loſt what is of greateſt account therein, *that it is not to be reckoned among caſual things:* for it hath this moſt precious and noble quality, that it comes not accidentally; that every one owes it to himſelf, an acquiſition not to be ſought for elſewhere *. What would there be in Philoſophy worthy admiration, if it was holden of the donor? One of her principal offices is to ſearch out truth, in things both divine and human: juſtice, piety, religion, and the whole train of virtues, that are in perfect union with one another, are all attendant upon her: ſhe teacheth us to worſhip God, and to love our neighbour (*c*); that government is the prerogative of heaven †; and the ſocial virtues neceſſary upon earth; which for ſome time remained

pure and inviolate, before covetouſneſs diſtracted ſociety; and introduced poverty even among thoſe whom ſhe had moſt enriched: for they ceaſed to poſſeſs all things, when they began to call any thing their own.

But the firſt men and their immediate deſcendants followed Nature; pure and uncorrupt; and held the ſame both for their leader and the law; by an orderly ſubmiſſion of the worſe to the better: for this was ever the rule of ſimple Nature. In the brute creation the ſtrongeſt and moſt fierce generally preſide; nor does a bull of a cowardly ſpirit ever lead the herd; but he that is maſter over the reſt by his ſtrength and magnitude; as among elephants the talleſt; ſo among men the beſt was chief: according to the endowments of the mind a ruler was choſen. Exquiſitely happy then muſt the people have been, among whom none could obtain power but he that was a good man: for he may do whatever he pleaſes, who thinks he can do no more than what he ought to do. *Poſidonius* therefore judgeth, that wiſe men only ruled in the age that was called *the golden*. Theſe tied down the hands of the populace to good behaviour; and even defended the weak from the more ſtrong. They perſuaded to good, and diſſuaded from evil (*d*); ſhewing what things were uſeful and profitable, and what the contrary. By their prudence they took care that nothing ſhould be wanting to their ſubjects: by their fortitude they encreaſed and enriched their people: to rule was not looked upon as a lordſhip, but as an office; not to tyrannize, but to be the miniſters of God (*e*). No one therefore was ambitious to try his power over thoſe who had raiſed him to that power; nor was there any inclination to do an injury; nor any cauſe for it; while the due adminiſtration of government challenged due obedience; and a King could threaten nothing more grievous to the diſobedient than that he would leave the kingdom.

But when, vices having crept in, Kings were obliged to ſhew their authority, then was there a neceſſity for making penal laws, which the wiſe men were at firſt the authors of: as *Solon*, who founded the *Athenian* ſtate on the laws of equity, was numbered among the ſeven ſages,

ſages, remarkable for their wiſdom in that age (*f*). And had *Lycurgus* been then living, he had juſtly been reputed the eighth in that ſacred order. The laws alſo of *Zaleneus* and of *Charondas* (*g*) are highly commended: and theſe men learned the ſtatutes, (which they publiſhed and eſtabliſhed throughout *Sicily*, then in a flouriſhing ſtate, and which through *Italy* paſſed into *Greece*) not at the bar, nor in the courts of law, but in the ſilent and ſacred ſchool of *Pythagoras*.

Hitherto then I agree with *Poſidonius* (*h*), but I deny that thoſe arts which are in daily uſe for the neceſſaries of life, were the invention of Philoſophy; nor will I give ſo great an honour to the workſhop. He ſaith indeed that Philoſophy taught men when they were ſcattered up and down, and lived in cottages, and in hollow rocks, and in the trunks of decayed trees, to build houſes: but I can no more think that Philoſophy taught them to build houſes upon houſes, and turrets upon turrets, than that it inſtructed them in making ſtews and fiſhponds; to the intent that the gormandizing throat might not run any hazard in ſtormy weather; and that, let the ſea rage as it will, luxury might ſtill have its quiet waters, wherein to fatten fiſh of every kind.

And what do you ſay, that Philoſophy taught the uſe of locks and keys! Pray what can be a greater ſign of timid avarice? Or was it Philoſophy that formed theſe lofty geometrical roofs to the great danger of the inhabitants? as if it was not ſufficient to meet with a chance covering; and natural for man, without any art or difficulty, to find reſt for himſelf in ſome proper habitation? Believe me, *Lucilius*, the happy age before mentioned, knew not either maſons or carpenters; whoſe art in ſquaring and ſawing timber by the line, ſo as to make a beam of juſt proportion, ſprung up with the luxury of after-ages.

(Nam primis cuneis ſciendebant fiſſile lignum.) Virg. G. i. 146.

Then ſaws were tooth'd and ſounding axes made,

(For wedges firſt did yielding wood invade.) Dryden.

For they had no banqueting-houſes for the entertainment of numerous gueſts (*i*); nor to this uſe were whole pines and fir-trees dragged along the trembling ſtreets (*k*) in a long train of carriages, in order to form

therewith large cielings, decorated with maſſey gold; two forked ſticks at ſome little diſtance, with poles acroſs, ſupported the roofs of their little tenements; which being covered with dry ſticks and leaves plaiſtered together, and laid ſloping, proved ſufficient to throw off a ſhower of rain, was it ever ſo great; and under theſe roofs they lived in peace and ſecurity. Thatch covered men that were free, but ſlavery now dwells under marble and gold.

I likewiſe differ from *Poſidonius*, in that he thought all working tools made of iron the invention of wiſe men: for he might as well call them wiſe by whoſe invention men firſt began:

Tum lequeis captare feros, et fallere viſco
Inventum, et magnis canibus circumdare ſaltus. Virg. G. i. 140.
Thus toils for beaſts, and lime for birds were found;
While deep-mouth'd dogs the foreſt-walks ſurround. Dryden.

For it was the cunning and ſagacity, not the wiſdom of man, that firſt found out theſe things. I alſo diſſent from him in ſuppoſing they were wiſe men, who found out the ſeveral metals, iron and braſs: when the earth being accidentally heated with fires enkindled in the woods, melted the ore, and by pouring it forth, diſcovered the veins of thoſe metals that lay neareſt the ſurface: ſuch men as honour theſe things, generally find them out.

Nor does that ſeem ſo ſubtle a queſtion to me as to *Poſidonius*;—*whether the hammer or the pincers were firſt in uſe.* Some one no doubt of ingenuity and acute parts, though not very great and ſublime, found out theſe things, and whatever elſe was to be ſought for, with a body bowed to the ground, and a groveling mind. A wiſe man took not ſo much pains to live: no wonder, ſince even in this age he deſires to be as eaſy as poſſible. How, I pray you, is it conſiſtent, to admire both *Diogenes* and *Talus* (*l*)? which of them, think ye, was the wiſer man? He that invented the ſaw; or he that, upon ſeeing a boy drink out of the hollow of his hand, immediately took his cup out of his pouch and brake it, thus reproving himſelf; *How long, fooliſh man as I was, have*

have I carried about me a ſuperfluous burthen? I am ſpeaking of that *Diogenes*, who, folding himſelf double, lived in a tub.

And which, at this day, do you think the wiſer man; him, who contrived to raiſe to a great height, and ſprinkle around ſaffron or roſe-water from hidden pipes (*m*), and to fill the canals with a ſudden flow of water, and again to empty them; and ſo to couch together the changeable roofs of our banqueting houſes (*n*), that one ſcene may ſucceed another; and a new cieling appear upon every change of the diſhes: or him, who can demonſtrate to himſelf and others, that Nature requires nothing of us that is hard and difficult; that we can very well live without maſons, and be clothed without trafficking with the Indians for ſilk; and have every thing that is neceſſary for the uſes of life, were we content with ſuch things as the earth produceth on its ſurface? which things, if mankind would give their attention to, we ſhould find there would be no more need of cooks than of a ſtanding army.

They were certainly wiſe men, or ſomething like it, who were not over-anxious with regard to the care and protection of the body. Neceſſary things coſt but little trouble; men muſt labour for dainties; you will not want artificers if you follow Nature: ſhe would not have us embarraſſed: ſhe can eaſily equip us with every thing we want. Wintry cold is certainly intolerable to our naked body: what then? cannot the ſkins of wild beaſts or other animals defend us from it? do not ſome nations cover their bodies with the inner barks of trees, and others dreſs themſelves with the feathers of birds (*o*), ſown together? Do not great part of the *Scythians* cloath themſelves with the ſkins of foxes and ermins (*p*), ſoft to the touch, and impenetrable to the winds? And what if there is need of a thicker ſhade to repel the heat of the ſummer's ſun; has not length of time or other accidents ſcooped out caves and places fit for a cool retirement? And have not men wove hurdles of twigs, and plaiſtered them with vile clay; and alſo with ſtraw and reeds made coverings for their cottages, wherein they have paſſed their winters dry and ſecure? Do not the *Syrtic* people (*q*) live in holes dug under ground, where nothing elſe could defend them from

from the exceſſive heat of the ſun? Nature was never ſo cruel to man, that, ſeeing ſhe had provided an eaſy means of life for all other creatures, man alone ſhould not be able to live, were it not for the invention of ſo many arts as are now in uſe; none of which ſhe abſolutely demands of us; nor in order to prolong life need there any thing be ſought, with care and difficulty. Neceſſaries are provided for us at our birth; all difficulties ariſe from a diſdain of things every-where to be obtained. Houſes, clothing, medicine, food, and what are now thought a weighty concern, were obvious, freely given, or procured with little pains. For what neceſſity required, was the meaſure of all things. We ourſelves made them rare and precious, and not to be obtained but by extraordinary arts. Nature is ſufficient for her own demands. Luxury is a revolt from Nature. She is daily provoking herſelf with new temptations; and in ſo many ages hath been ſtill encreaſing, and aſſiſting every vice with her ingenious fancies. At firſt ſhe began to deſire ſuperfluities, and then contraries; and at laſt hath entirely devoted the mind (*r*) to the body, and commanded it to ſerve the luſts thereof.

All thoſe arts wherein cities are exerciſed, and ſo buſily employed, carry on the affairs of the body; which formerly was treated only as a ſervant; but now is waited on as an imperious Lord (*s*). Hence the many ſhops of weavers and ſmiths; hence your perfumers; and a tribe of dancing-maſters to teach the body a ſoft and delicate motion; and of ſinging-maſters to modulate the voice into quavers and looſe airs. The natural mean, which bounded all deſires with a ſupply of neceſſaries, is quite forſaken. It is now thought clowniſhneſs and miſerable, to wiſh for no more than is enough. It is incredible, *Lucilius*, to think eaſily how a few ſoft and ſweet words can draw even great men from the truth of things. Behold *Poſidonius*, who, it muſt be owned, hath contributed much to Philoſophy, yet how does he trifle when he is deſcribing, firſt, how ſome threads may be hard-ſpun, and other ſome drawn out fine from the ſoft and looſened tow; and then how a web of cloth may be ſtretched in the loom by hanging weights thereon; and how the woof is woven in to take off the roughneſs of the threads uſed

in

in the ſhuttle, and then with the ſlay to make them unite and thicken the cloth! He was pleaſed alſo to ſay, that the whole art of weaving was the invention of *wiſe men*, forgetting that more ſubtile way, which was afterwards found out, wherein

Tela jugo juncta eſt, ſtamen ſecernit arundo:
Inſeritur medium radiis ſubtemen acutis,
Quod lato ſiunt inſecti pectine dentes (*t*).
The web inwraps the beam, the reed divides,
While through the widening ſpace the ſhuttle glides;
Which the ſwift hand receives; then pois'd with lead
The ſwinging weight ſtrikes cloſe th' inſerted thread. Sewell.

What if he had ſeen the weaving of our days; whereby they make our apparel ſo very fine that it conceals nothing beneath it. I do not ſay that it is no covering to the body, but it does not even hide our ſhame (*u*).

He then paſſeth on to the huſbandman; nor leſs elegantly deſcribes the ſoil, as torn up, and renewed by the plough (*x*), that the looſen'd earth may the more eaſily permit the roots to ſhoot out; and then he deſcribes the manner of ſowing ſeveral ſorts of ſeeds, and of plucking up the weeds by hand, that no caſual and wild plants may choak the corn. This he likewiſe attributes to the invention of the wiſe men; as if in our days there are not many things invented by our farmers to render the ground more fertile.

And not contented with theſe arts alone, he thruſts the wiſe man into the bakehouſe; and tells you that from an imitation of Nature, he firſt began to make bread. For obſerving, ſays he, that whenever grain is put into the mouth, by joining the hard teeth together, it is broken in pieces, and what eſcapes this preſſure is gathered and put under it again by the tongue; and then it is mingled with ſpittle, to paſs the more glibly down the throat; and when it comes into the ſtomach it is there digeſted, by the natural heat of the maw; and at laſt is converted into nutriment, and the ſubſtance of the body. The wiſe man, he ſaith, obſerving this operation of Nature, firſt placed

one rough ſtone upon another, to reſemble teeth, the upper part of which, being immoveable, expects the motion of the other, and then, by theſe rubbing together, the grain between them is broken, and well pounded, 'till it is reduced to meal; this he then ſprinkled with water, and by kneading it into dough, made bread thereof: which at firſt they baked under warm aſhes, or upon a hot tile or ſtone; and after this ovens were invented, and other kinds of ſtoves, to be heated, as would beſt ſerve the turn.

It is a wonder he did not tell us that the ſhoemaker's art was alſo owing to the *wiſe men* (*y*); all theſe things indeed were the invention of Reaſon, but not of philoſophic Reaſon: they are the invention of man, but not of a *wiſe man*, any more than ſhips: in which men paſs over great rivers, and even the ſea itſelf; the ſails being fitted to receive the force of the winds, and rudders being joined to the ſtern of the ſhip, which turn it either one way or the other. And this was learned from obſerving how fiſh guide themſelves by their tails, and by the leaſt motion thereof give a direction to their ſwiftneſs.

All theſe things, ſaith *Poſidonius*, were invented by ſome *wiſe man*, but being too low for himſelf to be concerned with, he left the working part to meaner heads. But in truth theſe things were invented by none other men than ſuch as are living at this day, and who buſy themſelves therein. We know that in our time many inventions have been firſt publiſhed; for inſtance, the windows made of fine tranſparent tiles (*z*); alſo hanging baths (*aa*); and pipes, of ſtoves, ſo concealed in the walls as to ſpread an equal heat through every part of the room: not to mention ſeveral works in marble, by which our temples, and even our houſes are ſo finely decorated: or the huge piles of ſtone (pillars) which being made round and ſmooth form our portico's, and ſupport ſuch ſpacious buildings as will contain a multitude of people: nor need I mention the cyphers and characters (*bb*) whereby a man can take down a whole oration, be it ever ſo ſwiftly pronounced, and with his hand keep pace with the ſpeaker's tongue. Theſe are, or may be, the invention of the meaneſt ſlaves.

True

True wiſdom ſitteth aloft, and inſtructeth not the hand, but the mind. Would you know what is of her invention, and what her work? Not the unſeemly motions of the body in dancing; not the flute or the trumpet, through which the breath paſſing or held, gives the tone of a voice; not weapons, nor walls, or the art of war; ſhe contrives things of more uſe and conſequence; ſhe loves peace, and invites mankind to amity; ſhe is not, I ſay, the author of inſtruments even for neceſſary uſes; ſhe forms the life and manners; and hath indeed all the other arts in ſubjection. For as life, ſo all the ornaments of life are ſubſervient to her: but her chief end is *bleſſedneſs*; thither ſhe leads; thither ſhe opens to us the way. She ſheweth us what is truly evil, and what only ſeems ſo; ſhe roots out vanity from the mind, and implanteth ſolid greatneſs: all that is arrogant and pompous without foundation, ſhe entirely ſuppreſſeth; nor ſuffers men to be ignorant of the difference between grandeur and a proud appearance; ſhe giveth the knowledge of all Nature, and particularly of herſelf: ſhe alſo teacheth who, and what the gods are, the infernal, the houſehold, the guardian (*cc*): and what thoſe ever-living ſouls, that are admitted in the ſecond rank of deities (*dd*); where they dwell (*ee*); how employed (*ff*); what their power, and their will.

Theſe are the firſt principles, or grounds, wherein ſhe inſtructs her pupils; and by which no private hallowed place, but this univerſe, the great temple of all the gods (*gg*), is open to them; the true images whereof, and true repreſentations, ſhe diſcovers to the eyes of the underſtanding; thoſe of the body being too dull to diſcern ſuch a great and noble object. She then goes back to the beginning of things, and ſheweth eternal wiſdom diffuſed throughout the whole; and the power of every ſeed forming its own particular body (*hh*). She next enquires into the nature of the ſoul; from whence it was derived, where it ſubſiſts, how long, and into how many parts to be diſtinguiſhed (*ii*). And thus ſhe paſſeth on from things corporeal, to things incorporeal, examining the truth and all the arguments relating thereto. After this ſhe points out the ambiguities concerning life and

death (*kk*); for on both theſe topics many falſe things are often blended with truth.

But to return: it was not, as *Poſidonius* thinks, that the *wiſe man* withdrew himſelf from the forementioned arts: he was never in the leaſt concerned with them; for he would not think any thing worthy his invention, that he did not think worthy of perpetual uſe; he would never admit what was to be diſmiſſed. *Anacharſis*, he tells us, invented the potters wheel (*ll*), by the turning whereof veſſels were differently faſhioned: and becauſe mention is made in *Homer* of the potter's wheel, he had rather the verſes ſhould be thought ſpurious, than his ſtory. I will not contend whether *Anacharſis* was the author of this wheel or not: but ſuppoſing he was, a wiſe man then invented it, but not as being a *wiſe man*; ſince wiſe men do many things as men, not as being wiſe. Suppoſe a *wiſe man* could outrun all his cotemporaries; this would not be owing to his wiſdom but to his agility, and ſwiftneſs of foot. I could wiſh *Poſidonius* was now to ſee ſome of our glaſs-makers, who with their breath alone faſhion glaſs into diverſe ſhapes, which is more than an artiſt could do with the moſt induſtrious and careful hand. And theſe things were found out, long ſince a wiſe man was to be found among us.

Democritus, he ſaith, is reported to be the inventor of an arch, or vaulted roof; when two ſtones inclining gradually to one another, are pinned together by another ſtone between them, that binds upon them both. But this I take to be falſe, as there muſt have been bridges and gateways, whoſe upper part generally forms an arch, long before the time of *Democritus*. It muſt be remembered too, that the ſame *Democritus* is ſaid to have found the way of ſoftening ivory (*mm*); and by a certain degree of heat, to change a pebble into an emerald; which art is made uſe of in colouring bricks and ſtones to this day. But however I ſay a *wiſe man* may find out theſe things, the invention is not owing to him merely as a *wiſe man*; for a wiſe man does many things, which a blockhead may perform as well, or better, and with more expedition.

Do you aſk me then, what I take to be the inveſtigation of a wiſe man, and what accordingly he hath publiſhed to the world? *Firſt*, the true nature of things; which he looked not upon, as other animals do, with eyes too weak and dull for divine matters: *next*, the law of life, which he directed to the good of the whole; and not only taught us to know, but to imitate *the Gods* (*nn*); and to receive all accidents with as much æquanimity as if they were ordered by the will of heaven (*oo*). He forbade us to be carried away with falſe opinions (*pp*): he hath weighed every thing in the balance, and eſtimates them truly according to their worth. He hath condemned all pleaſures that are bought with repentance; he hath recommended what is good (*qq*), as what will always pleaſe; and made it manifeſt, that he is the happieſt man who is happy in himſelf alone; and he the moſt powerful, who hath power over, and can command, himſelf.

I am not ſpeaking of that philoſophy (*the Epicurean*) which looked upon a man, as a citizen, ſuppoſe, of the world, unconcerned for his own country; and who diſcharged the Gods of any concern with human affairs, and who made pleaſure a virtue; but of that philoſophy (ſc. the *Stoic*) which thinks nothing good but what is fit and honourable; which is not to be corrupted by the gifts of man or fortune; and whoſe principal value conſiſts in not being to be bought by any thing how valuable ſoever. Now, I do not think this Philoſophy was extant in the firſt rude age of the world, when as yet all arts were wanting, and men were continually learning the uſefulneſs of things from the uſe itſelf; as, before thoſe happy times, when the benefits of Nature lay in common, and were uſed promiſcuouſly; nor had avarice and luxury diſunited mortals, and made them prey upon one another, there were no *wiſe men*, though in many reſpects they acted as ſuch. The ſtate however of mankind was ſuch, that I know of none to be more admired: nor, if God permitted man to form, as he would, terreſtrial things, and to eſtabliſh ſuch manners, as he pleaſed, among the nations, would he approve of any thing more than what is ſaid to be found among thoſe, with whom

—— Nulli

—— Nulli ſubigebant arva coloni
Nec ſignare quidem, aut partiri limite campum,
Fas erat; in medium quærebant, ipſaque tellus
Omnia liberius, nullo poſcente, ferebat.
Ere this no peaſant vex'd the peaceful ground,
Which only turf and greens for altars found;
No fences parted fields, nor marks nor bounds
Diſtinguiſh'd acres of litigious grounds;
But all was common, and the fruitful earth
Was free to give her unexpected birth. Dryden.

What could be happier than the race of man? They enjoyed all Nature in common; ſhe as a kind parent was the protectreſs of all men; and gave them ſecure poſſeſſion of the public wealth. Why ſhould not I think them the richeſt of all people, among whom there was not to be found one poor man? But avarice ſoon broke in upon the world under this happy diſpoſition; and while ſhe endeavoured to appropriate ſomething to her own uſe, ſhe hereby made every thing the property of others; and being reduced into narrow ſtraights, from unmeaſurable grandeur ſhe introduced poverty; and, from coveting many things, loſt all. Though now therefore ſhe would fain recover her pretended rights (*ss*), and repair her loſſes;—though ſhe is ſtill adding field to field, and continually driving her neighbours from their poſſeſſions, either by force or purchaſe;—though ſhe extends her lands to an equality with provinces;—and though it requires a long journey to go over all that ſhe can call her own; yet no enlargement of our bounds whatever, can bring us back to the ſtate we were in before: having done all we can, we ſhall indeed poſſeſs much, but then we were in poſſeſſion of all.

The earth itſelf was the more fruitful without any laborious tillage; and bountiful enough for the uſe of a people not given to plunder. Whatever Nature brought forth, they took not more pleaſure in enjoying, than in ſhewing it to their brethren: nor could any one have either too much or too little, when every one was ſatisfied with their

own ſhare. The ſtronger man had not yet laid his hands upon the weak and feeble; nor had the covetous man, by hoarding treaſure, excluded others even from neceſſaries: every one had the ſame concern for his neighbour as for himſelf: war was not heard of; nor were any hands ſtained with human blood: all hatred and animoſity was exerciſed on wild beaſts alone. The peaſants whom ſome thick wood protected from the ſcorching rays of the ſun, and who lived ſafe from the inclemency of ſhowers and wintry ſtorms under the covering of their homely cottages, paſſed their nights in tranquillity without a ſigh or groan; while anxiety and trouble diſturb *us* under a purple covering, and keep us waking with the ſharpeſt ſtings; the hard ground lulled *them* in ſoft repoſe (*tt*). They had no carved roofs hanging over their heads; but often lying in the open air they were canopied by the ſtars; and ſaw (what a glorious ſight in the night-time!) the heavens rolling along, and carrying on their great work in ſilence.

Nor did the proſpect of this their large and moſt beautiful manſion leſs entertain them by day than by night. What a pleaſure muſt it have been to ſee the *ſigns*, ſome declining from the middle part of the heavens, and others riſing from their ſecret places! How could it but delight them to wander among miracles ſcattered every where ſo thick! whereas *ye* now tremble at the leaſt crack or noiſe in the houſe; and fly away aſtoniſhed at an accidental ſound behind your pictures. They had no houſes as large as a city (*uu*); but lived in the free and open air; the ſhade of ſome rock or tree, clear fountains, and rivers, not made with labour, or conveyed through pipes, but gently flowing, of themſelves, through meadows not adorned with artificial beauty, and amidſt theſe a little tenement built by ſome ruſtic hand; theſe were the ſweet bleſſings they enjoyed; this the dwelling-place aſſigned by Nature, the inhabitants whereof were in no fear, either from it, or for it; whereas great part of our fear now ariſeth merely from our houſes.

But excellent as their life was and void of all deceit, they were not however *the wiſe men* (*xx*); becauſe this title relates to a perfect work: nevertheleſs I would not deny they were men of a noble ſpirit; and, if I may

I may ſo ſpeak, the immediate offspring of the gods *(yy)*. Nor is there any doubt but that the world, as yet under no decay, produced better things than now. But however they might have ſtronger natural parts, and were better made and diſpoſed for labour; yet their judgment was not complete and perfect in all things: for Virtue is not the gift of Nature; it is really an art or ſcience to become *good*. They indeed ſought not gold, or ſilver, or precious ſtones in the bowels of the earth; they likewiſe ſpared many animals (*zz*); ſo far were they from ſeeing one man kill another in cool blood, without fear, and by way of paſtime. Their garments were not as yet dyed with any colour, nor embroidered with gold; for gold in thoſe days was not ſeen above the earth. What then? they were innocent through ignorance; and there is a great difference between a man's being unwilling to ſin, and being a ſtranger to it. They really wanted juſtice, prudence, temperance and fortitude; 'tis true there was ſome things in this rude ſtate of Nature that reſembled theſe Virtues; but Virtue belongeth not to a mind, that hath not been taught, and inſtructed, and brought to perfection by continual exerciſe. To this indeed we are born, but born without it: and in the beſt of men without ſtudy and application, there is a capacity for Virtue, but not Virtue itſelf.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) And for this reaſon *Ariſtotle* ſays we owe more to the philoſophers, than to our parents, τοῖς μὲν γὰρ τοῦ ζῆν, τοῖς δὲ τοῦ καλῶς ζῆν παρασχεθαι.—The Chriſtian acknowledgeth an higher obligation, viz. The *grace of God*. i. Cor. 15, 10. But *by the grace of God I am what I am. And his grace which was beſtowed upon me was not in vain: but I laboured more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God that was with me.*

(*b*) Philoſophia verò, omnium mater artium, quid eſt aliud niſi ut *Plato* ait, *donum*, ut ego inventum, deorum? *What is philoſophy, but as* Plato *calls it the gift; and I, ſays* Cicero, the invention *of the Gods?* (Tuſc. Diſp. i. 26.) The ſame, (de leg. i. 22.) Nihil a Diis immortalibus uberius, nihil florentius, nihil præſtabilius hominum vitæ datum eſt. *Nothing more excellent, more beautiful, more uſeful, more profitable was ever given by the immortal Gods for the benefit of human life.* Plato (*in his* Timæus) carries it farther, for he ſays not only that *no greater good ever was given, but ever will be given by the favour and bounty of the Gods to the human race*; thus tranſlated by *Cicero*—Quo bono nullum optabilius nullum præſtantius, neque datum eſt immortalium Deorum conceſſu atque munere, neque dabitur. (Fragm. de Univ. c. 14.) See Leland, i. p. 231,

* See (N. a.)

(*c*) This

(*c*) This is likewiſe a ſummary of Chriſtian Philoſophy; for *on the love of God and our neighbour hang all the law and the Prophets.* Matth. 22. 40. And it is the principal command of the Apoſtles, *to fear God, and to love our brethren.* i. Pet. 2. 17. *The Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever.* Ex. 15. 18. Pſ. x. 16. cxlv. 13.

(*d*) So the Prophet *Iſaiah, Ceaſe to do evil, learn to do well.* i. 16. *Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good.* Rom. 12. 9. And the Apoſtle *St. Peter, Eſchew evil, and do good.* i. 3. 11.

(*e*) Officium erat imperare non regnum] *For he* (a ruler) *is the Miniſter of God to thee for good.* Rom. xiv. 4.

(*f*) About the time of *Joſias*, K. of *Judah*, A. M. 3310.—Their names, *Thales, Solon, Periander, Cleobulus, Chilo, Bias, Pittacus.*

(*g*) *Many learned and good men* (καλὼς καὶ ἀγαθοὺς) *hath* Italy *produced, particularly the lawgivers,* Zaleucus *and* Charondas. They are likewiſe mentioned together in *Cic.* de Leg. 1. 22. For part of their hiſtory, ſee *Val. Max.* 6. 5.

Zaleucus, (the *Locrian*, who may be regarded as having been a wiſe philoſopher as well as a lawgiver, in his celebrated proœmium or preface to his laws) ſaith, that *all men ought firſt to be perſuaded of the exiſtence of the Gods, eſpecially when they look up to heaven, and contemplate the world, and the orderly and beautiful diſpoſition of things—And that they ought to worſhip and honour them as the authors of all the real good things that befall us.* See *Leland*, i. p. 78.

(*h*) What *Cicero* ſaith of philoſophy he took from *Poſidonius*: Tu eas inter ſe primò domiciliis, deinde conjugiis, tum literarum et vocum communione junxiſti. *It was philoſophy that firſt taught mankind to provide themſelves with proper habitations and to unite in the bonds of wedlock and freedom of converſation.*

Sed nemora atque cavos montes, ſylvaſque colebant,
Verbera ventorum vitare, imbreſque coacti.
Nec commune bonum poterant ſpectare, nec ullis
Moribus inter ſe ſcibant nec legibus uti.——
Inde caſas, poſtquam ac pelles, ignemque parârunt
Et mulier conjuncta viro conceſſit in unum.——
Tum genus humanum primùm molleſcere cœpit. *Lucret.* 5. 953.

They knew no uſe of fire to dreſs their food,
No clothes, but wander'd naked in the wood;
They liv'd, to ſhady groves and caves confin'd;
Meer ſhelter from the cold, the heat, the wind.
No fix'd ſociety, no ſteady laws,
No public good was ſought, no common cauſe:——
But when they built their huts, and fire began,
And ſkins of murther'd beaſts gave clothes to man;
When male with female join'd in chaſte embrace,
Enjoy'd ſweet love, and ſaw a num'rous race,
Then man grew ſoft, the temper of his mind
Was chang'd from rough to mild, from fierce to kind. Creech.

(*i*) Cænationi epulum] *Lipſius* conjectures *populum*; ſo, *Seneca*; Ep. 115. Capacem populi cœnationem.

(*k*) Vicis intrementibus] So *Juvenal*, iii. 254.

——— modo longa coruſcat
Sarraco veniente abies, atque altera pinum
Plauſtra vehunt, nutant altè, populoque minantur.
Unwieldy timber-trees in waggons born,
Stretch'd at their length beyond their carriage lie;
That nod, and threaten ruin from on high. Dryden.

(*l*) The invention of the *ſaw* is given by ſome to *Dædalus*, *Plin.* 7. 57. Fabricam materiariam Dædalus (invenit) et in eâ ferram, aſciam, *the ſaw, the ax*, &c. Others give it *Talus*, as *Iſidor.* 19. Origen. 19, *Hyginus*, Fab. 174, and particularly *Diodorus Sic.* l. 4. So *Ovid*, but without naming him,

Ille etiam medio ſpinas in piſce notatas
Traxit in exemplum: ferroque incidit acuto
Perpetuos dentes, et ferræ repperit uſum.———
Dædalus invidit ſacrâque ex arce Minervæ
Præcipitem mittit, lapſum mentitus.———
He marks the bones which in the fiſh he ſpies,
Where rows of dents appear of equal ſize.
Then dents, like thoſe, in harden'd ſteel he makes,
And hence the ſaw *its firſt foundation takes.*
But Dædalus *his ſkill with envy views,*
And with inhuman rage his death purſues;
From off Minerva's *tow'r he threw the youth,*
And with a lye conceal'd the fatal truth.

Not ſo the maſter of the youth, who built the beautiful tower of *Bray* (in *Berkſhire)* who (by tradition) through envy, flung himſelf from the top of the ſaid tower.

(*m*) *Queſt. Nat.* l. ii. Nunquid dubitas quin ſparſio illa, quæ ex fundamentis mediæ arenæ creſcens, in ſummam altitudinem Amphitheatri pervenit, cum intentione aquæ fiat?—That this extravagant ſprinkling, or *ſweet-ſcented ſhower* was made of wine, wherein *ſaffron* was particularly infuſed, and other perfumes, we learn from *Apuleius*, l. x. Tunc de ſummo montis cacumine *per quandam latentem fiſtulam* in excelſum prorumpit *vino crocus diluta*, ſparſimque defluens paſcentes circa capellas odorato perpluit imbre.—*Martial*, v. 26.

Hoc rogo, non melius, quam rubro pulpita nimbo
Spargere, et effuſo permaduiſſe croco?
Is not this better in a trifling age,
Than with ſweet water to perfume the ſtage?

And not only from pipes but from the ſtatues themſelves oozed this ſort of perfume.

Utque ſolet pariter totis effundere ſignis
Corycii preſſura croci: ſic omnia membra
Emiſere ſimul rutilum pro ſanguine virus. Lucan. 9. 808.
And as when mighty Rome's *ſpectators meet,*
In the full Theatre's capacious ſeat,
At once by ſecret pipes and channels fed,
Rich tinctures guſh from ev'ry antique head;

At once ten thouſand ſaffron currents flow,
And rain their odours on the crowd below.—Rowe.

Vid Lipſ. de Amphitheat. p. 1034.

(*n*) Which (ſays *Suetonius*, in his life of *Nero*, c. 31.) were whirled round, vice mundi, *like the world. Lampridius* makes mention of the ſame in his life of *Heliogabalus*, *who ſtifled ſome of his paraſites with violets and roſes, before they could get up again.* Oppreſſit in *tricliniis verſatilibus* paraſitos ſuos violis et floribus, ſic ut animam aliqui efflaverint, cum eripi ad ſummam non poſſent. *Fulv. Urſin.* in Append. Ciacconii de Triclinio.

(*o*) As *Philocletes* ſays (in Attlo, ap. Cic.)

Configo tardus celeres, ſtans, volatiles,
Pro veſte pennis membra textis contegens.
The winged tribe fall wounded at my feet,
Whoſe painted feathers my warm veſt complete.

As we hear and read of the wild *Indians.*

(*p*) Tergis vulpium ac murium] The antients underſtood by the word Mus, not only that little domeſtic animals we call *a mouſe*, but all the wild ones of a ſmall kind, as *ferret*, *weaſel*, *ermin*, and the like. See Turneb. Adv. 15. 23.

So *Juſtin.* l. 2. ſpeaking likewiſe of *Scythians*, ſays, *not knowing the uſe of wool, they were clothed with the like ſkins*; Lanæque uſus, ac veſtium, ignotus; et quanquam continuis frigoribus urentur, pellibus tamen ferinis aut murinis veſtiuntur. Of old, the heroes were clothed in ſkins, as *Diomede*, in Homer, Il. κ. 177.

Ὡς φαθ' ὁ δ' ἀμφ' ὠμοισιν ἐδύσσατο δέρμα λέοντος
Αἰθωνος μεγάλοιο ποδήνεκες.——
This ſaid, the hero o'er his ſhoulders flung
A lion's ſpoils that to his ankles hung. Pope.

—— Ad Scythiæ proceres regeſque Getarum
Reſpice, queis oſtro contempto et vellere ſerum,
Eximius decor eſt tergis horrere ferarum.——Proſper. de Provid.
The Scythian kings deſpis'd their golden veſts,
More nobly clad in ſkins of frightful beaſts.

(*q*) Syrticæ gentes, a people of *Africa.*

(*r*) What *Seneca* here calls the *mind*, the Apoſtle calls the *Spirit.*

(*s*) *Let not ſin reign in your mortal body that ye ſhould ſerve the luſts thereof.* Rom. vi. 12. *Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourſelves to obey, his ſervants ye are whom ye obey.* Ib. 16. See Ep, 92.

(*t*) In *Ovid.* (Met. 6. 55.)

Quod *digiti expediunt, atque inter ſtamina ductum*
Percuſſæ ſeriunt infecti pectine dentes.
Quod lato *ſeriunt*, al. *fariunt*, unde etiam *pariunt*. Lipſ.

(*u*) *Sen.* de Benef. 7. 9. video ſericas veſtes, ſi veſtes vocandæ ſunt, in quibus nihil eſt quo defendi aut corpus, aut denique pudor poſſit; quibus ſumptis mulier parum liquida, nudam ſe non eſſe jurabit;—*et pater ejus.* Controv. 7. 2. Ut adultera tenui veſte perſpicua ſit; et nihil in corpore uxoris ſuæ plus maritus quàm quilibet alienus agnoverit.

(*x*) i. e. ploughed a ſecond time, and ſometimes a third.—*Columella.* Arationem iteratio ſequitur ut vervactum reſolvatur in pulverem.

(*y*) And why not? ſays *Lipſius*. Si dives ſapiens eſt
Et ſutor bonus, et—non noſtri quid pater ille
Chryſippus dicat? Sapiens crepidas ſibi nunquam,
Nec ſoleas fecit: ſutor tamen eſt ſapiens. Quo?
Ut quamvis tacet Hermogenes, cantor tamen atque
Optimus eſt modulator.——
—— Sapiens operis ſic optimus omnis
Eſt opifex.——Hor. Sat. l. iii. 125.

But what *Chryſippus* ſaid thou doſt not know;
No wiſe man yet did ever make a ſhoe:
And yet the cobler's a wiſe man. *How ſo?*
Why, as *Hermogenes*, though he hold his tongue,
Is ſkill'd in muſic, and can ſet a ſong. *Creech.*

But in *Apuleius*, l. 11. it is ſaid of one *Hippias*, that *every thing he had was of his own manufacture.* Omnia quæ ſecum habebat nihil eorum emerat, ſed ſuis ſibi manibus confecerat. And indeed I had a neighbour, Mr. *Eldridge*, of the ſame taſte and ingenuity; nay, and who even bound his own books; the whole *apparatus* for this I purchaſed at his death; but never found time or thought it worth while to make uſe of them.

(*z*) Ut ſpecularium uſum,—perlucente teſtâ] *Plin.* Epiſt. ii. 17. Nam ſpecularibus—muniuntur.——The *ſpecularia* of the ancients anſwered the effects of our glaſs windows. The *lapis ſpecularis* was a tranſparent ſtone which *Pliny* the elder tells us was originally found in the fartheſt parts of *Spain*. The nature of the ſtone, according to that hiſtorian, was remarkable. Humorem hunc terræ quidam autumant cryſtalli modo glaciari: *ſome philoſophers are of opinion that the* lapis ſpecularis *is a certain juice of the earth, which congeals after the manner of cryſtal.* Orrery.

(*aa*) Plin. ix. 59. Sergius Orata primus invenit penſiles balneas;—Sergius Orata *firſt invented hanging baths, which ſoon grew into vogue.* Penſilium balnearum uſu ad infinitum blandiente, ib. xxvi. 3.

(*bb*) The writing of ſhort-hand. See Lipſ. Epiſt. ad Belg. 27. Cent. 1.

(*cc*) Lares et Genii] Ghoſts, or ſouls diveſted of the human body, were in the old Latin called *Lemures*; Ex his Lamuribus, inquit *Apuleius*, qui poſteriorum ſuorum curam ſortitus, pacato et quieto numine domum poſſidet, *Lar* dicitur familiaris. And *of theſe* (Lemures) *the one, who out of regard to poſterity, takes upon him to order the family in peace and quietneſs, with divine authority, is called* Lar familiaris, *and in the plural* Lares.

Et vigilant noſtrâ ſemper in æde Lares. Ovid.

Suppoſed of ſo great power as to drive *Hannibal* from *Rome*.

Hannibalemque Lares Romanâ ſede fugantes. Prop. 33.

The *Genii*, ſuppoſed the protecting power of men; alſo of places and things. With regard to man, ſays *Menander*,

Ἅπαντι δαίμων ἀνδρὶ συμπαρίσταται
Εὐθὺς γινομένῳ μυσταγωγὸς τοῦ βίου.
A genius thus attends on every man,
His kind inſtructor, ſoon as life began.

Heſiod.

Τοὶ μὲν δαίμονες εἰσὶ Διὸς μεγάλου διὰ βουλὰς
Ἐσθλοὶ, ἐπιχθόνιοι, φύλακες θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων.

To

To man, theſe Genii miniſters of heav'n
As faithful guardians here on earth are giv'n.

Homer Od. p. 486.

Καί τε θεοὶ ξείνοισιν ἐοικότες ἀλλοδαποῖσιν,
Παντοῖοι τελέθοντες ἐπιστρωφῶσι πόληας,
Ἀνθρώπων ὑβρίντε καὶ εὐνομίην ἐφορῶντες.

—— *In this low diſguiſe,*
Wanders, perhaps, ſome inmate of the ſkies.
They (curious oft of mortal actions) deign
In forms like theſe to round the earth and main,
Juſt and unjuſt recording in their mind,
And with ſure eyes inſpecting all mankind. Pope.

There is none but he
Whoſe being I do fear: and under him
My *Genius* is rebuked; as it is ſaid
Antony's was by *Cæſar's.*——*Shakeſpear.*

See the foregoing Note; and *Lipſ.* Phyſiol. p. 886.

(*dd*) In ſecundam numinum formam——*al.* nominum, *al.* hominum. *Eraſmus* reads it ſecundum numinum formam, i. e. more numinum, without the prepoſition, *in.* As when the body periſheth, the better part remains, or a nobler form is given:) underſtanding it of human ſouls, as poſſeſſing a lower degree of immortality than the Deity: becauſe they began *to be*, though they never ceaſe to be.

(*ee*) Ubi conſiſtant] ſc. circa imum ætherem, et lunæ cœlum. *Lipſ.*—So Lucan ix.

Quodque patet terras inter cælique meatus,
Semidei manes habitant: quos ignea virtus
Innocuos vitâ patientes *ætheris imi*
Fecit, et æternos animam collegit in orbes.

Beyond our orb, and nearer to that height
Where Cynthia *drives around her ſilver light,*
Their happy ſeats the demigods poſſeſs,
Refin'd by virtue, and prepar'd for bliſs:
Of life unblam'd, a pure and pious race,
Worthy that lower heaven, and ſtars to grace,
Divine, and equal to the glorious place.

Which Stoical opinion *Cicero* has more fully expreſſed, in *Tuſc.* Diſp. i. Neceſſe eſt animus, quo nihil velocius, &c. *The ſoul, than which nothing is ſwifter, ſhould it remain uncorrupt, and without alteration, muſt neceſſarily be carried with that velocity, as to penetrate and divide all the region, where clouds, and rain, and wind, are formed; and having paſſed this region, it falls in with, and perceives, a nature like its own---where it reſts, and endeavours no higher flight.*

(*ff*) *Sen.* ad Polyb. 38.----nunc liberè vagatur, et omnia rerum naturæ bona, cum, ſumma voluptate perſpicit——*ad Marc.* c. 25. In arcana naturæ penetrat, et ſcrutatur cœleſtium cauſas, et in profunda terrarum permittere aciem juvat: *it extends its view through all nature, from the ſkies to the deep below.*

(*gg*) *Sen.* (de Benef. 7. 7.) Totum mundum deorum *templum*, ſolum quidem amplitudine illorum ac magnificentia dignum. *Cic.* Somn. Scip.——Homines tuentur illum globum quem in

templo.

templo hoc medium, qui terra dicitur. *The condition of man's exiſtence is, that he garriſon that globe which you ſee in the middle of this* temple, *and which is called the earth.* Upon this *Macrobius* obſerves, *that every one who is admitted into this* temple, (i. e. every mortal) *ought to live as righteous, as if he were a prieſt, in the ſaid temple.* Quidquid humano aſpectui ſubjicitur templum ejus vocavit, qui ſola mente concipitur, ut qui hæc veneratur ut templa, cultum tamen maximum debeat conditori: ſciatque quiſquis in uſum templi hujus inducitur, ritu ſibi vivendum ſacerdotis. *Philo Judæus,*——ἱερὸν Θεὸς νομιζέσθω τὸν σύμπαντα χρὴ κόσμον εἶναι, κ. τ. λ. That *every one ought to think* the univerſe *the Temple of God; foraſmuch as it has a ſextry,* i. e. *the pureſt part of the nature of things,* Heaven: *its ornaments,* the ſtars; *its prieſts,* the Angels, and miniſters of his power. For, ſays *Cicero* (Stoically ſpeaking, De Nat. Dear. ii.) Nihil omnium rerum melius eſt mundo, nihil præſtabilius, nihil pulchrius: nec ſolum nihil eſt ſed ne cogitari quidem quidquam melius poteſt. *Certainly there is nothing better, more excellent, or more beautiful than the world, nor can we conceive any thing to excel it.*

(*bb*) There are ſeven different ways of accounting for the origin of mankind. 1. By *Prometheus,* with clay, and fire ſtole from heaven; and after a deluge repaired by his ſon *Deucalion,* poetical and merely fabulous. 2. According to *Anaximander* the *Mileſian,* they were formed of *water* and *mud,* but were only fiſh at firſt, and afterwards turned into men. 3. *Empedocles* ſuppoſes them born of the earth, but only part at a time, and to grow as a *blite* or beat. 4. *Democritus* ſuppoſes *they riſe in and from the ground, like worms, entirely of themſelves.* Democritus ait homines vermiculorum modo, effuſos de terrâ, nullo autore, nullâque ratione. *Lactant.* vii. 7.——5. Epicurus,

Haud, ut opinor, enim mortalia ſecla ſuperne
Aurea de cœlo demiſit funis in arva.
Sed genuit tellus eadem, quæ nunc alit ex ſc. *Lucret.* ii. 1153.
For who can think theſe pygmies fram'd above,
The little buſineſs of ſome meddling Jove?
And thence to people this inferior ball,
By Homer's *golden chain let gently fall?*
Nor did they riſe from the rough ſeas, but earth,
To what ſhe now ſupports, at firſt gave birth. Creech.
Creſcebant uteri terræ radicibus apti
Quos ubi tempore maturo patefecerat ætas
Infantum, &c. V. Gob.
Next beaſts, and thoughtful man receiv'd their birth:
For then much rural heat in mother earth,
Much moiſture lay; and where fit place was found
There wombs were form'd and faſten'd to the ground.
In theſe the yet imperfect embryos lay,
Through theſe when grown mature they forc'd their way,
Broke forth from night, and ſaw the chearful day.

The ſixth opinion was that of the Stoics, (ſo very near the truth) that *they were born of God.* Cic. (de Leg. 1.)

Hoc animal providum, ſagax, multiplex, quem vocamus
Hominem, præclarâ quadam conditione generatum eſſe
Summo Deo.——So *Ovid.* Met. i. 76.
Sanctius his animal mentiſque capacius altæ
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera poſſet

Natus

Natus homo est, sive hunc *divino semine* fecit
Ille opifex rerum, mundi melioris origo
Sive recens tellus, seductaque nuper ab alto
Æthere, cognati retinebat semina cœli.

A nobler creature yet was undesign'd,
Of higher pow'rs, and more exalted mind;
Of thought capacious, whose imperial sway
The lower mute creation must obey:
Then man was made, whose animated frame
Or God inform'd with a celestial flame,
Or earth from purer heaven but lately freed,
Retains some particles of kindred seed;
And on the noble work was then impress'd,
The Godhead's image in the soul express'd. Sewell.

The last opinion was that of the vulgar, that men sprung out of the ground, like mushrooms, first in *Arcadia*, and elsewhere. All which serve to enhance the value of *divine revelation*; and to make us the more thankful to God, for the advantages we enjoy by the Gospel, both for religious and moral improvement.

(*ii.*) *Tertullian* (de Anima, c. 14.) says, *The soul is divided by* Plato *and* Pythagoras *into two parts*; *the* rational, *and* irrational; or, more accurately, *into three*, by dividing the latter into the *irascible* and *concupiscible*: Aristotle into *five*, Panætius into *six*; Soranus into *seven*; Chrysippus, *and most of the Stoics into* eight: by adding to the five senses, says *Varro*, (sextam quâ cogitamus, septimam quâ progeneramus, octavam, quâ vocem emittimus) the powers, *cogitative*, *procreative*, and *vocal*. The Stoics (ap. *Stobæ*.) make one, the *principal*, (τὸ ἡγεμονικὸν) the *governing power*, the rest *ministerial*. See Ep. 92. *Lips.* Physiol. iii. 17.

(*kk*) Nam vita videtur nobis quod mors est, et contra. *Lips.*——As in a violent fit of sickness at *Eton*, in 1720, I designed the following for part of my epitaph.——

March 18, 1702.

Ut moriar fuit illa dies mihi janua vitæ,
Ut vivam, *hæcce (cùm Deus voluerit.)* Dies janua mortis erat.

(*ll*) *Anacharsis*, a philosopher of *Scythia*, which being looked upon as somewhat extraordinary, it became proverbial. Anacharsis inter Scythas. *Cicero* gives him a great character for *sobriety and temperance*. Sobrius, continens, abstinens, et temperans, (Tusc. 5.) Being asked whether there were any musicians in *Scythia*? *No*, said he; *neither have they any vines*. Being asked likewise, whether they had any Gods? *yes*, said he; *and they understand the speech of mortals*.——Endeavouring to introduce the *Athenian laws*, he was ordered to be shot with an arrow, by his brother, then king of the place.

Strabo reproves *Euphorus* for giving the invention of the *potters wheel* to *Anacharsis*, as mention is made of it in *Homer*. Il. Σ. 600.

——Ὡς ὅτε τις τροχόν ἁρμενον ἐν παλαμησιν
Ἑζομενος κεραμεὺς πειρησεται ἄικε θεῃσιν.
As when the potter sitting on the ground,
Forms a new vessel as the wheel whirls round.

(*mm*) This likewise, as *Lipsius* observes, is a mistake, as ivory by way of ornament is mentioned more than once by *Homer*. Il. δ. 141.

Ὡς

Ὡς δ' ὅτι τίς τ' ἐλεφαντα γυνὴ φοινικι μιήνῃ.——
As when ſome ſtately trappings are decreed
To grace a monarch on his bounding ſteed,
A nymph, in Caira, *or* Mæonia *bred,*
Stains the pure ivory with a lively red.
Δινωτὴν (κλισιην) ἐλεγφαντι καὶ αργυρφ,——Od. τ. 56.
An ivory ſeat with ſilver ringlets grac'd. Pope.

(*nn*) Nec noſſe tantum ſed ſequi docuit Deos] So our Saviour, *Be ye perfect even as your heavenly Father is perfect.* Matth. v. 48.

(*oo*) Et accidentia non aliter excipere, quàm impetrata] Perhaps it may be rendered, *to perform all occaſional duties, as if they were poſitive commands.*

(*pp*) So the *Apoſtle* to the *Galatians*; *That ye henceforth be no more children toſſed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of falſe doctrine, by the ſleight of men and cunning craftineſs, whereby they lie in wait to deceive.* 4. 14. And to the *Hebrews*, *Be not carried about with divers and ſtrange doctrines.*——13. 9.

(*qq*) *Prove all things, hold faſt that which is good.* 1. Theſſ. 5. 21.

(*rr*) For *Epicurus* diſcharged his followers from having any thing to do with the Republic: they were to live to themſelves alone.

(*ss*) Licet itaque velit nunc *concurrere*, et reparare quod perdidit] al. occurrere, f. convertere. *Lipſ.* f. conquirere. *Gronov.* But I take *concurrere* here in the law-ſenſe, *to pretend a right to the ſame thing as another doth.*

(*tt*) Mollem ſomnum illis dura tellus dabat] ad aquam. *Lipſ.* at quàm mallem. *Gronov.*
—— Certior ſomnus premit
Secura duro membra verſantem toro.——*Sen.* in Hippolyto,
In a hard bed a ſounder ſleep invades
The tired limbs.

(*uu*) Vid. *Lipſ.* in admirandis.

(*xx*) Vid. *Lipſ.* Manud. ii. 8. 5.

(*yy*) *For we are alſo his offſpring.* Act. xvii. 28. Omnes ſi ad primam originem revocentur, a Diis ſunt. *Sen.* Ep. 44. Denique cœleſti ſumus omnes ſemine nati. Lucr. ii. 989.
Laſtly we all from ſeed celeſtial riſe,
Which heaven, our common parent, ſtill ſupplies. Creech.

(*zz*) Parabantque adhuc mutis animalibus] By the word *mutis*, *Lipſius* underſtands *fiſh*, and ſaith, *that the firſt ſlaughter of living creatures for food was made of fiſh.* But *Gronovius* juſtly wonders at this miſtake, and aſketh, *whether* Seneca *can poſſibly mean* fiſh, by the word *mutis* in Ep. 92. excedit ex hoc animalium numero, pulcherrimo, ac diis ſecundo, mutis aggregetur animal pabulo ſetum? But not only *Seneca* but the moſt approved authors uſe the word *mutum* for *brutum*. And here it is undoubtedly to be underſtood of all *animals* whatever, in oppoſition to men. *al.* multis animalibus. MSS.

EPISTLE XCI.

Of natural Evils; and the Uncertainty of human Affairs.

OUR friend *Liberalis (a)* is at preſent full of grief, having heard of the terrible fire that hath deſtroyed our colony at *Lyons (b)*. This is an accident which would move any one, and much more a man, than whom no one better loves his country. He had recourſe therefore to that firmneſs of mind, which he hath always exerciſed with regard to any thing that was to be feared: but I do not wonder that he was in no fear of this unexpected, I might ſay unheard-of evil. For I know not where to find an example of the like. Fire indeed hath damaged many cities, but not, as I can remember, utterly deſtroyed one: for even where an enemy hath ſet fire to a town, ſome houſes have been left ſtanding; and though it may rekindle in different places, it ſeldom hath made ſuch an entire devaſtation as to leave nothing to the weapons of war.

In the moſt dreadful and deſtructive earthquakes it ſeldom happens that whole towns are ſwallowed up; nor did I ever hear of ſuch a malicious fire as to leave nothing for a ſecond to prey upon. But it hath ſo happened here, that in one night have been deſtroyed many beautiful and ſtately buildings, and other works; any one of which alone might have ſerved as a ſufficient ornament for a city; and more miſchief hath been done in the time of peace, than could have been dreaded in the day of battle. Who could believe it, that at a time when war had every where ceaſed, and the bleſſing of ſecurity was ſpread throughout the earth, *Lyons*, the glory of *Gaul*, ſhould be loſt in ruin? Fortune hath generally reminded thoſe, whom ſhe intended publickly to afflict, to dread their danger: every great event hath given time for ruin: but here there was the ſpace only of one night, between its being one of the nobleſt cities, and not ſo much as the appearance of a city; in ſhort,

it was ſcarce ſo long in periſhing, as I have been in relating the dreadful accident.

Now theſe things greatly afflict the generous mind of *Liberalis*, firm and ſteady as it is againſt any accident that may befall himſelf. And indeed there is reaſon for it. Unexpected accidents are apt to ſtrike deepeſt. Novelty adds weight to calamity; nor is there any mortal but who is more afflicted at what falls upon him by ſurprize. Nothing therefore ſhould come upon us unexpectedly. The mind ought to be prepared not only againſt what uſually happens, but againſt whatever may happen. What is there that *Fortune* cannot throw down when ſhe pleaſes, from its moſt flouriſhing ſtate? and which ſhe will not more readily attack and more violently ſhake, the more ſpecious and ſplendid it is in appearance? What is arduous or difficult to her? ſhe does not aſſault us always in the ſame manner; nor exert all her ſtrength at once. Sometimes ſhe ſets us to oppoſe ourſelves: at another time depending upon her own ſtrength, ſhe finds out dangers for us which we cannot account for: all times are alike to her. We are never ſafe. Even in the midſt of our pleaſures ſhe giveth cauſe to mourn. War is ſtirred up in the calm of peace; and the means of ſecurity converted into fear. Our friend becomes a foe; and our companion a cruel adverſary *. The ſerenity of ſummer is often changed into ſudden tempeſts, and more violent than wintry ſtorms. Without an enemy we ſuffer hoſtilities; and too great proſperity hath proved its own ruin, when other cauſes have been wanting. Diſeaſes fall upon the moſt temperate; a conſumption ſeizeth upon the moſt robuſt conſtitution. The innocent ſuffer puniſhment; and uproar diſturbs the moſt retired. Chance is continually making choice of ſome new evil to remind us of her power, as if we had forgot it. Whatever by a long continuance of much labour, and the kind favour of Providence, hath been ſcraped together and raiſed on high, is ſcattered and demoliſhed in one day: nay, he that ſaith a day (*c*) and not rather an hour, a moment, ſufficeth for the overthrow of empires, aſſigneth too long a time to the more ſpeedy progreſs of human calamities.

It

It would be ſome comfort to us, in our infirm and uncertain ſtate of things, if they could be repaired as eaſily, and ſoon, as they are deſtroyed. But now, alas! improvements are ſlowly made (*d*), while deſtruction comes on amain. Not any thing, either public or private, is firm and ſtable. Men and cities are alike the ſport of fate. Amidſt the moſt pleaſing ſcenes terror breaks in; and when there is no cauſe of trouble and confuſion from without, evils ruſh in upon us from whence we leaſt expected them. Kingdoms that have ſtood the brunt both of foreign and civil wars, have without any oppoſition fell to ruin. What commonwealth could ever ſupport its own happineſs?

All things therefore are to be reflected on, and the mind ſtrengthened againſt whatever accident may poſſibly happen. Think upon exile, war, torture, diſeaſes, ſhipwrecks (*e*). Chance may ſnatch you from your country, or your country from you. She may throw you into ſolitude, or make deſolate this very place where the multitude is ſtifled with thronging. The whole ſtate of human affairs muſt be placed before our eyes; and we muſt conceive in our minds not only what frequently happens, but what may happen extraordinarily, if we would not be ſurpriſed, and ſtupefied with any unuſual accident, as being new and ſtrange. Fortune muſt be conſidered in all her miſchiefs. How often have the cities of *Achaia* and *Aſia* been thrown down by earthquakes? how many towns in *Syria*? how many have been ſwallowed up in *Macedonia*! How often hath deſtruction been ſpread through the iſland *Cyprus*? how often hath *Paphos* been buried in its ruins? how often do we hear of the deſtruction of whole cities; and how ſmall a part of the world are we among whom theſe rumours are ſpread?

Let us riſe up therefore, and ſtand firm againſt all caſualties: and whatever happens, let us think that rumour hath exaggerated the evil. A city is burned, that was very rich and the ornament of all the neighbouring provinces, though built upon one hill (*f*), and that none of the higheſt: and time ſhall eraſe the very marks of all thoſe cities that are now called magnificent and noble. See you not that the very foun-

dations of the moſt famous cities in *Greece* are quite deſtroyed, and that nothing is left whereby to conjecture there ever were ſuch cities? Time not only overthrows the works of mens hands, and the wonders of human art and induſtry; even the tops of mountains have mouldered away, and whole regions became a deſert. Places that were far diſtant from the ſea have been overwhelmed with a ſudden inundation; and fire hath quite conſumed the hills, from whence it before gave only a ſplendid flame; and in times paſt hath eaten away the loftieſt promontories, once a joyful ſight to the fatigued mariners; and reduced the higheſt landmarks to a bank of ſand.

Seeing then that the works of Nature herſelf are often thus deſtroyed, we ought to bear with æquanimity the ruin of a city. All things are frail and periſhable, and muſt one day come to decay: whether it be that the winds, pent up beneath the earth, have by a ſudden blaſt, or their own internal ſtrength, thrown off the weight that before preſſed them down; or the force of the waters in ſecret places hath made its way through all oppoſition; or the violence of flames have rent the cloſures of the earth; or age, againſt which nothing is ſafe, hath gradually wore it away; or whether the unwholeſomeneſs of the air hath driven away the people, and infection even poiſoned a deſert, it would be endleſs to recount the many ways whereby Fate haſtens on deſtruction. But this one thing I know, that all the works of mortals are ſubject to, and condemned by, mortality; and that we live in a ſtate wherein all things around us muſt one day inevitably periſh.

Theſe then and the like reflections I often advance, in order to comfort our friend *Liberalis*, whoſe breaſt, I ſay, is inflamed with inexpreſſible love of his country, and of this city in particular; which perhaps is now deſtroyed, that it may be rebuilt in a nobler taſte. Injuries have often made way for better fortune; and many things have fallen only to riſe higher and greater. *Timagenes (g)* no well-wiſher to the proſperity of the city, was wont to ſay, *that he ſhould be ſorry if* Rome *was deſtroyed by fire, for he well knew that it would riſe again in greater ſplendour than before.* And with regard to the city now loſt,

it

it is probable that all men will endeavour, that greater and more laſting buildings may be erected, than what they have loſt. May they be laſting indeed, and built under more happy auſpices! For, ſcarce an hundred years have paſſed, ſince this colony was firſt founded; (which is not the extremeſt age of man himſelf) under the conduct of *Plancus (h)*, and by reaſon of its agreeable ſituation, it ſoon grew very populous; and yet hath ſuffered the moſt grievous calamaties within the age of man.

Let the mind therefore be taught to underſtand, and patiently to bear, whatever may be its lot; and let it know, there is nothing beyond the daring of Fortune. That ſhe hath the ſame power over kingdoms themſelves, as over the rulers thereof. We are to repine at none of theſe things; we have entered upon a world, where we live ſubject to theſe conditions. Are you not pleaſed with it? *Regret not the being taken out of it (i).* You might well be angry, was any thing to happen *particularly* to you. But if the ſame neceſſity binds both high and low, you have nothing to do but to reconcile yourſelf to *Fate*, by whom all things are determined *(to their proper end.)* There is no need to meaſure man by his tomb, or by thoſe monuments that are ſpread on each ſide the road of an unequal ſize. The grave ſets all men upon this level. We are born unequal, but we die equal.

The ſame I ſay of cities, as of the inhabitants thereof. *Ardea (k)* hath been taken as well as *Rome*. The ſupreme Author of mankind hath not diſtinguiſhed us in our birth and nobility, but during life. When we come to the end of all mortal things, *Be gone*, ſaith he, *Ambition; and let there be the ſame law to all things that tread the earth.* We are alike born to variety of ſuffering: no one is more frail than another; no one more ſure of ſeeing to-morrow's ſun.

Alexander, king of *Macedonia*, wretch as he was, begun to learn geometry, that he might know how little the earth was, of which he poſſeſſed ſo ſmall a part: I call him wretched, becauſe he ought to have known from hence, that he had no title to the ſurname of *Great*;

for

for what can be called *Great* in ſo ſmall a ſpace? The things taught him were ſubtle, and not to be learned but by cloſe attention, and conſtant application, not ſuch as a madman could well comprehend; whoſe thoughts were intent upon plunder, and roving beyond the ocean. *Teach me*, ſaith he, *eaſy things*. To which his tutor replied, *Theſe things are the ſame to all: every one finds in them the like difficulty*. Suppoſe now, *Lucilius*, Nature to ſay the ſame thing to you. The things whereof you complain are the ſame to all men: ſhe admits no one on eaſier terms: but every one that pleaſes may make them eaſier. Do you aſk how? by *æquanimity*.

You muſt neceſſarily feel pain, be hungry, and thirſt, and grow old; and though a longer time be given you among men, you muſt one day be ſick, and die. Yet there is no neceſſity for believing all that is ſaid by thoſe who are continually buzzing about you with complaints. None of theſe things are properly evils; none intolerable, or even hard to be borne. They became dreadful by prejudice and common conſent. Ye are as afraid of death, as of a falſe report. But what can be more ridiculous than to be afraid of mere words? Our *Demetrius* uſed pleaſantly to ſay, *that the reports of the ignorant were to him like breaking wind. What is it to me*, he ſaid, *whether the ſound comes from above or below?* (*l*) How abſurd is it to be afraid of infamy from infamous men? And as you are cauſeleſſly afraid of what fame ſays of you, ſo are ye of thoſe things which ye would never have feared, had not fame or report commanded ye ſo to do. What detriment can a good man receive from being ſcandalized by malicious tongues? for even Death is alike ſcandalized. No one of thoſe who accuſe him, ſpeaks from experience. In the mean time we ſhould not condemn what we do not know. But this you know, that it hath proved a great benefit to many in delivering them from tortures, from want, from complaints, from puniſhment, from anxiety. We are ſubject to the power of no one, when it is in the power of death to deliver us (*m*).

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Æbutius Liberalis*, to whom *Seneca* inſcribed his book (de beneficiis) *of benefits.*

(*b*) Tacit. Ann. l. 16. *To the inhabitants of* Lyons, *as a relief for their late calamity by fire, the Emperor preſented* 100,000 *crowns, to repair the damages of the city.*

* As in *David's* complaint——*Yea, my own familiar friend in whom I truſted, which did eat of my bread, hath lift up his heel againſt me.* Pſ. xli. 9.

(*c*) *Euripides* Phan. 561. Ὅλβος ὁ θεῖος ἀλλ' ἐφήμερος

Wealth is the unſtable bleſſing of a day

So *Diphilus* (ap. Stobæ.) Ἀπροσδόκητον οὐδὲν ἀνθρώποις πάθος.

Ἐφήμερος γὰρ τὰς τύχας κεκλήμεθα.

There is no evil, while we ſojourn here,

But what poor mortals daily have to fear.

——— Καὶ μὴν ἥμερα

Τὸν μὲν καθεῖλον ὑψόθεν, τὸν δ' ἦρ' ἄνω.

——— *one day ſerves*

Some to depreſs, and others to exalt.

(*d*) Incrementa lente.] Tacitus (in Agricola) Naturâ infirmitatis humanæ, tardiora ſunt remedia quam mala; et ut corpora lentè augeſcunt, cito extinguuntur: ſic ingenia facilus oppreſſeris, quàm recreaveris. *Such is the frailty of man, and its effects, that much more ſlow is the progreſs of the remedies than of the evils; and as human bodies attain their growth by degrees, and are ſubject to be deſtroyed in an inſtant; ſo it is much eaſier to ſuppreſs than to revive the efforts of genius and ſtudy.* Gordon.

(*e*) War, famine, peſt, volcano, ſtorm, and fire,
Inteſtine broils, oppreſſion, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple braſs, beſiege mankind.
Want and incurable diſeaſe, (fell pair!)
On hapleſs multitudes remorſeleſs ſeize,
At once, and make a refuge of the grave. *Young.*

(*f*) Alluding to the ſeven hills, on which *Rome* was built.

(*g*) A Rhetorician and Hiſtorian of *Alexandria*. He was brought captive to *Rome* by *Gabinius*, under *Pompey* the Great, and redeemed by *Pauſtus*, the ſon of *Sylla*; but was expelled the city on account of his malevolent tongue; though *Ammian* ſpeaks well of him. He died in his exile.

Rupet Hiarbitam Timagenis æmula lingua.

But *Pincian* ſuppoſes that *Seneca* meant this of the Emperor *Caligula*, who, as *Suetonius* reports, was moſt inveterate againſt the proſperity of *Rome*.

(*h*) A *Planco* deducta] So *Lipſius*; which from among the various readings ſeems to be right. For, according to *Euſebius*, *Munacius Plancus* Ciceronis diſcipulus, orator habetur inſignis; qui cum Galliam comatam regeret, Lugdunum condidit: *Munarius Plancus, a diſciple of Cicero, was eſteemed an excellent orator, who when he commanded in* Gaul *(beyond the* Alps) *founded the city* Lyons. An. U. C. 811.

(*i*) Non placet? quacunque vis exi.] This alſo is an expreſſion which I thought myſelf obliged not to tranſlate literally; it being a doctrine totally repugnant to the Chriſtian; and indeed to what

Seneca

Seneca hath advanced elſewhere, and particularly in the foregoing ſentence; where he ſays, *the mind ought to be made ſenſible of the infirmities of human nature, and the unſteady courſe of things, that ſo it might patiently endure whatever may be its lot.*

(*k*) Once a city in *Italy*, where *Turnus*, king of the *Rutilians*, kept his court.

(*l*) And our facetious *Tom Brown*, in the ſame ſtrain ſpeaks of death itſelf; which, however falſe the logic, or impolite the terms, is ſo much to our purpoſe, that the reader, I hope, will excuſe my tranſcribing it, as it is not every one that has read, or will read, *Tom Brown*.

If man muſt die as oft as breath departs,
Then he muſt often die, who often ——— *:*
And if to die, is but to loſe one's breath,
Then Death's a ———, *and ſo a* ——— *for Death.*

(*m*) That is (not I own what *Seneca* means by, *cùm mors in noſtrâ poteſtate ſit*, but) as I would underſtand it; *No power on earth can hurt us, but for a ſhort time; ſeeing that Death* muſt *come, which, when Providence thinks proper, will deliver us out of all our trouble.*

EPISTLE XCII.

The Difference between exhortatory and dogmatical Philoſophy.

THAT part of philoſophy, *Lucilius*, which adapts proper precepts to particular perſons, and forms not the man in general, but directs the huſband how he ought to behave himſelf towards his wife; the father how he ought to educate his children; the mother how to govern his ſervants, and the like; ſome are ſo very fond of, as to reject all other parts as uſeleſs and extravagant, as if any one could teach particulars, who was not maſter of the whole Duty of Man in the conduct of life.

But *Ariſto*, the Stoic, on the contrary, thinks this but a trivial part of philoſophy, as not reaching the heart of man: and affirms *that* part *(the dogmatical)* to be the more profitable; and that the axioms or decrees of philoſophy are what conſtitute the *chief good*; which part of philoſophy when a man hath ſufficiently learned and underſtood, he needs nothing more, by way of inſtruction, throughout the whole buſineſs of life. As he that learns to throw a dart, takes a fit ſtand for aim,

aim, and forms his hand to a proper direction of whatever he throws from it; and when by inſtruction and practice he hath made himſelf a maſter in this art, he uſeth it as he pleaſes; for he hath learned not to hit this or that thing in particular, but whatever he thinks proper to hit; ſo he that inſtructeth himſelf in the whole duty of life, needs no particular admonition; being taught in general, not how to live, with regard to his wife or his children, but *to live well*, which includes every relative obligation. *Cleanthes* likewiſe allows the *Paræneticc* Philoſophy, or knowledge of particulars to be in ſome meaſure profitable; but weak and defective; unleſs as it flows from the univerſal underſtanding of the principles, and decrees of philoſophy.

Here then is ſtarted a queſtion or two; whether this *preceptive* philoſophy be uſeful, or not uſeful; whether alone it can make a good man; i. e. whether it be ſuperfluous itſelf, or ſo important as to render all other parts of philoſophy ſuperfluous? They who maintain it to be ſuperfluous, argue thus; If any thing placed before the eyes obſtructs the ſight, the impediment muſt be removed, or elſe it is to no purpoſe *to bid a man walk to ſuch a place, or to reach ſuch a thing with his hand.* In like manner, when any thing ſo darkens the mind as to prevent an inſight into the whole order of duty, it is in vain to direct a man, ſaying, *thus you ſhall live with your father, or thus with your wife*; for precepts avail nothing, ſo long as ignorance and error cloud the underſtanding; theſe muſt be removed, and every requiſition of duty will be manifeſt. Otherwiſe, you teach him what a ſenſible man ought to do, but do not make him ſo; you ſhew one that is poor how to act the rich man, which it is impoſſible for him to do ſo long as he continues poor; you bid the hungry man behave himſelf as with a full ſtomach; whereas you ought firſt to ſatisfy the painful cravings within (*a*).

Now I will maintain the ſame concerning all manner of vice: theſe muſt be removed, or, ſo long as theſe remain, precepts will have no effect: unleſs all ſuch falſe opinions, as we generally labour under, are expelled, the covetous man will not hear how he may put his money

to a right uſe; nor the timorous, how he may contemn danger. You muſt make the one underſtand that money is neither good nor bad in itſelf; and that rich men are ſometimes miſerable, and perſuade the other, that ſuch things as men are moſt apt to dread, are by no means ſo terrible as common fame reports them; no, not even pain and death: that oftentimes in death, which by the law of Nature we muſt one day undergo, is to be found great comfort, *that it comes but once.* And as for pain, reſolution of mind, which makes every burthen the lighter, the more ſtubbornly and contemptuouſly it is endured, will prove a certain remedy: that, one excellent quality of pain is, it muſt not be very great, if yet it may be encreaſed;—and if it be great indeed, it cannot laſt much longer *:—that all things therefore, which the neceſſity of the world brings upon us, are to be endured with courage and patience.

When by theſe and the like axioms a man is brought to a thorough ſenſe of his condition, and is perfectly aſſured that the happineſs of life conſiſts not in being pleaſurable, but in its correſpondency with nature; when he ſhall be enamoured with virtue, as the chief good of man; and fly from turpitude, as the only evil; looking upon all other things, as riches, honour, health, ſtrength, power and dominion, with indifference, as being neither good nor bad in themſelves: he will no longer want a monitor to inſtruct him in particulars, ſaying, *thus you muſt walk; thus you muſt ſup; ſuch a behaviour becomes a man; and ſuch is proper for the fair ſex; thus ſhould a married man act, and thus a batchelor:* for they who moſt induſtriouſly offer their preſcriptions, follow them not always themſelves: they are nothing more than what the pedagogue teacheth his ſcholar, and the grandmother her darling: and you ſhall often hear the moſt choleric man in the world proving that it is not a right thing to be paſſionate; nay, were you to go into any of our ſchools, you would find that the lofty precepts of the philoſophers, pronounced with a ſupercilious air, are nothing more than the uſual leſſons given to children.

And, after all, are the precepts given manifeſt or doubtful? if manifeſt, they need no teacher; if doubtful, they can gain the philoſopher

but

but little credit from his audience. The giving therefore ſuch particular precepts is ſuperfluous. Or, *take it thus*; if what you propoſe to teach or adviſe be ambiguous or obſcure, you muſt explain, and prove it, by dint of argument; and if you prevail, ſuch proofs and arguments are what do the buſineſs, and are ſufficient of themſelves, without the particular precept: *thus uſe your friend; thus a fellow-citizen; thus a companion:* but why? becauſe *it is juſt.* Common-place then, relating to juſtice, will teach me all theſe things. Hence I find that equity is to be purſued upon its own account; that we are not to be compelled thereto by fear; nor bribed by reward: that he is not a juſt man who approves of any particular in this virtue, but the virtue itſelf. When I am perſuaded, and have imbibed this principle, what ſignify thoſe particular precepts towards the edification of one thoroughly inſtructed before? To give precepts to the knowing, is ſuperfluous, and too much; to give them to thoſe who know nothing, is by no means enough; for they are not only to be told what they are to do, but why they are to do ſo.

Again; are theſe precepts neceſſary for one who hath true notions of good and evil; or for one who hath them not? He that hath them not, will never be moved by any thing you can ſay to him; having his ears prejudiced with ſuch common notions, as militate againſt your admonitions; and he that forms a right judgment of what he ought to avoid, and what to purſue, knows already how to act under every circumſtance, without further inſtructions from you. All this part of philoſophy therefore may well be ſpared.

There are two errors, to which is owing the commiſſion of evil; either the mind hath contracted a malignity from falſe opinions; or, if not already infected, it hath a propenſity thereto; and by this wrong bias, under ſome ſpecious reſemblance of truth, is ſoon corrupted: it behoveth us therefore to cure the ſick mind, and purge it from every vicious principle; or, if it be free, and as yet only prone to evil, to pre-engage it as ſoon as poſſible before it comes to an ill habit. Now

in both theſe caſes the ſolemn decrees of philoſophy will ſufficiently enable us; when the manner of giving precept upon precept would avail nothing.

Beſides, were we to give precepts to every individual, the labour would be infinite: for we muſt give one ſort to the uſurer; another to the huſbandman; another to the merchant; another to ſuch as dangle after the favour of princes, or of great men; another to thoſe who make their court to their equals; and another to thoſe who are obſequious to their ſuperiors: in matrimony you muſt teach a man how to behave to his wife, whom he married a virgin; and how to a widow; how to one who brought him a large fortune; and to one whom *he thought ſufficiently portioned with virtue and good ſenſe*. And think you not ſome difference is to be made between a barren and a fruitful woman; between one advanced in years and a mere girl; between a mother and a ſtep-dame? the different ſorts are inconceivable; yet every individual requires a particular charge. But the laws or decrees of philoſophy are brief, and contain every obligation.

Add now, that the precepts of a wiſe man ought to be limited and certain; if infinite, they pertain not to wiſdom; for wiſdom knoweth the bounds of all things: therefore is this preceptive part of philoſophy to be rejected; becauſe what it promiſeth to few it cannot make good to all; but wiſdom extends to all.

All the difference between the common madneſs of the world (*b*) and of ſuch as are delivered into the hands of the phyſician, is, the one ſort labours under a diſeaſe, the other under falſe opinions. The one hath drawn the cauſes of his frenzy from an indiſpoſition of the body, the other is the ſickneſs of the mind. Should any one pretend to preſcribe to the madman, *how he ought to ſpeak, how to walk, how to behave himſelf in public, and how in private*, ſuch a doctor would be thought not leſs mad than his patient. No; the black bilious humour muſt firſt be purged off, and the very cauſe of the diſeaſe removed; and in like manner muſt we proceed with any other frenzy of the mind;

this muſt firſt be diſcuſſed and driven away; or otherwiſe all manner of precepts and admonitions will at preſent have no effect.—So far *Ariſto*, whom we propoſe to anſwer in every particular.

And firſt, in regard *to the eye*, it is ſaid, *if any thing obſtructs the ſight, it muſt be removed.* I own that in this caſe there is no need of precepts to make a man ſee; but of medicines proper to clear the ſight, by removing the film or ſuffuſion, or whatever elſe obſtructs it: for by nature we ſee; and whoever removes any obſtacle, reſtores the eye to its proper uſe. But nature points not out the obligation of every duty. Beſides, he that is cured of a ſuffuſion in the eye, though he immediately recovers ſight himſelf, cannot give it to others; whereas he that is cured of any malignity of mind, may poſſibly cure others. There is no need of any exhortation or advice to underſtand the qualities of colours: the eye will cuſtomarily diſtinguiſh white from black without a teacher; but the mind wants many precepts before it can ſee the fitneſs of every action in life. Howbeit, the phyſician not only cures the diſeaſed eye, but alſo gives his advice, ſaying to his patient, *you muſt not expoſe the eye as yet to too glaring a light, but muſt proceed from darkneſs to a gloomy ſhade; and then venture further, 'till by degrees you accuſtom it to endure broad day-light: you muſt not ſtudy immediately after dinner, nor impoſe a duty upon the eye when ſwoln or watery* (*c*). *Keep alſo the wind or wintery cold from beating on your face*; with the like admonitions, that are as requiſite and uſeful as medicine itſelf. Thus I ſay phyſicians think it neceſſary to add good advice to their preſcriptions.

But *error* is ſaid *to be the cauſe of ſin*; and that *precepts are of little avail, either in removing this, or in conquering falſe opinions concerning good and evil.* I grant that precepts are not effectual of themſelves to drive a perverſe opinion from the underſtanding; yet it does not follow but that in ſome meaſure they may prove uſeful: for firſt, they undoubtedly refreſh the memory; and, ſecondly, as they bring us to a diſtinct view of the parts, which we ſaw but confuſedly in the whole.

Your

You might as well ſay, that all manner of conſolation and exhortation are ſuperfluous: but as theſe are not ſuperfluous, ſo neither are admonitions.

It is ridiculous, ſaith *Ariſto, to preſcribe to a ſick man what to do as if he was well; you muſt firſt reſtore him to health, without which all precepts are to no purpoſe.* But are not ſome things alike common both to the ſick and well, of which they ought to be reminded; as, *not to eat voraciouſly; not to uſe immoderate exerciſe?* So the poor and the rich have alike ſome common precepts: *cure men of avarice,* he ſaith, *and you will have no reaſon to admoniſh either the rich or poor, when once the deſires ſubſide:* but it is one thing not to covet money, and another to know how to uſe it. The covetous know no meaſure in their deſires of it; and ſuch as are not covetous, may not know the right uſe of it.

Take away error, ſaith he, *and all precepts are ſuperfluous.* This is falſe; for ſuppoſe avarice relaxed, luxury reſtrained, raſhneſs curbed, and idleneſs ſpurred on; nay even all vices removed; yet have we ſtill to learn what we ought to do, and in what manner.

Admonitions, he ſaith, *will have no effect when applied to enormous vices.* Medicines indeed heal not incurable diſeaſes; yet are they to be applied, if not by way of remedy, at leaſt in order to mitigate and aſſuage the pain. Not all the power of philoſophy, applied to this one purpoſe, can totally eradicate from the mind an inveterate and ſtubborn evil; yet it will not follow that ſuch application does good in no reſpect, becauſe not in all.

Of what advantage is it, ſays he, *to point out things already manifeſt?* It may be of very great advantage; for ſometimes, though we know a thing, yet for want of due attention we regard it not. Admonition perhaps availeth not in its deſign; yet it makes the mind more intent, excites diligence, refreſhes the memory, and ſuffers not a thing to be loſt. We paſs regardleſs by many things that are before our eyes. To admoniſh, is a kind of exhortation; the mind alſo ſometimes pretends

not

not to comprehend things that are evident: it is neceſſary therefore ſometimes to inculcate the knowledge even of ſuch things as are beſt known.

It will not be amiſs here to take notice of the reproof of *Calvus* to *Vatinius*, factum eſſe ambitum, ſcitis; et hoc vos ſcire, omnes ſciunt, *you know there has been bribery in the caſe; and all men know that you know it.* You know that the duties of friendſhip are ever to be religiouſly obſerved; but you obſerve them not. You know that it is unfair for a man to require chaſtity in his wife; when he himſelf is continually hunting after, and corrupting the wives of other men; and you know, that as ſhe ought to have nothing to do with an adulterer, ſo ought you to have nothing to do with a ſtrumpet (*d*): but you regard it not. Therefore it is neceſſary that you ſometimes ſhould have your memory refreſhed; for it ought not to be lulled aſleep, but kept awake and of uſe. Whatever is ſalutary and requiſite muſt frequently be brought before and impreſſed upon it. That what is proper may not only be known to us, but worked into an habit. Add alſo, that things, how plain and manifeſt ſoever, may yet be made ſtill plainer and more manifeſt.

If things, ſaith he, *are doubtful, there is a neceſſity for proofs and arguments; conſequently theſe are what do the buſineſs, and not precepts.* Now beſides that even without proofs the very authority of the adviſer goes a great way in the credit of the advice, as the opinions of men learned in the law are accepted, without their giving a reaſon for them, the preſcriptions themſelves, and the manner wherein they are delivered, are ſometimes of great weight: as when intermixed with poetry, or contracted into a ſhort and ſolid ſentence in proſe, like thoſe of *Cato:* Emas non quod opus eſt, ſed quod neceſſe eſt; *buy not every thing you want, but only what is neceſſary.* Quod non opus eſt, aſſe carum eſt; *what you really do not want, is dear at a farthing* (*e*), or, thoſe admirable ſentences, delivered by ſome oracle, or of like authority;

rity; χρονου φειδου, *husband well your time (f)*; γνωθι σεαυτον, *know thyself (g)*. Will you inſiſt upon a reaſon, when any one reminds you of the following?

Injuriarum remedium eſt oblivio.
Forgetfulneſs is injury's beſt cure (*h*).
Fortes fortuna adjuvat.
Fortune promotes the brave (*i*).
Piger ipſe ſibi obſtat.
The idle ſtand in their own way (k).

Such ſentences as theſe want no advocate. They touch the paſſions; and let Nature exert her own power they cannot but do good. Our minds carry in them the ſeeds of what is *right and fit*, which are ſtirred up by admonition, as a ſpark of fire, being aſſiſted by an agreeable blaſt, burſts forth into a flame. Virtue rouſeth herſelf, when touched or ſhaken. Beſides, many things lie dormant in our minds, and quite diſregarded, 'till being quickened by admonitions, they begin to ſhew their worth: and there are other ſcattered here and there, which the underſtanding, not properly exerciſed, cannot recollect; and therefore are they to be got together, and ſet in one view, that they may be more effectual, and eaſe the burthened mind. Or, if precepts are of no uſe, all diſcipline and inſtruction are to be exterminated, and we muſt be content with rude Nature alone: but they who ſay this ſeem not to know that ſome men have quick and lively parts, and others are dull and ſtupid; as one man is much more ingenious than another. But the natural powers of the mind are nouriſhed, and grow ſtronger by precepts; from whence he adds new opinions to ſuch as were innate, and learns to correct every vicious principle.

If any one, it is ſaid, *knows not the decrees of philoſophy, how will admonitions profit him, when tied and bound by his ſins?* Why, in this; to looſe him from them. Foraſmuch as his natural diſpoſition towards goodneſs is not totally extinguiſhed, but only obſcured and oppreſſed, it ſometime endeavours to raiſe and exert itſelf againſt evil; and being ſo happy as to meet with a guide, and to be aſſiſted with good counſel, ſoon grows ſtronger, and recovers itſelf; provided it be not ſo thoroughly infected with the contagion of ſin, as to be quite mortified (*l*).

For

For in ſuch a caſe, I own, that not even diſcipline, ſupported by all the powers of philoſophy, would be able to reſtore it. Beſides, what difference is there between the decrees and the precepts of philoſophy, except that the former are general and the latter ſpecial? they both give directions, but the former in the groſs, and theſe in particulars.

If any one, it is ſaid, *knows what is fit and right from the decrees, all admonition is ſuperfluous.* By no means; for learned as you ſuppoſe a man therein, there are many things which he ought to do, for which he does not thoroughly perceive the obligation; as we are not only hindered by the paſſions from doing thoſe things, which we approve, and know to be good; but by not being able to find out what every exigency may require of us as a duty; our minds are ſometimes ſo very ſedate and compoſed, as not to exert themſelves in looking after the way of duty, which admonition points out to us.

Expel, ſaith he, *all falſe opinions concerning good and evil; and in their ſtead place ſuch as are true and juſt; and admonition will have nothing left to do.* The mind undoubtedly is governed, and rightly ordered by theſe means, but not by theſe only. For though what is good and what is evil may be gathered from arguments; yet precepts have their ſeveral provinces, and prudence and juſtice conſiſt of particular offices; and all offices are directed by precepts. Beſides the judgment itſelf concerning good and evil is confirmed by the execution of offices, to which we are induced by precepts. For they agree with each other; neither can general precepts go before, but the particular will follow them, and ſtill keep their rank; which ſhews that the general will always take the lead.

Precepts, ſaith he, *are infinite.* This is likewiſe falſe: for they are not infinite concerning the greateſt and moſt momentous affairs; though there is ſome ſmall difference made in them by the different exigencies of circumſtance, time and place.

No one, he ſaith, *pretends to cure madneſs by precepts; and therefore not the malignity of the mind.* The caſe is not the ſame; for if you take away madneſs the patient is reſtored to health; but if we have excluded ſome falſe opinions, it does not follow all the *agenda (things not to be omitted)* are clearly ſeen: or, if this did follow, yet admonition will ſtrengthen and confirm the moral ſenſe of good and evil. It is likewiſe falſe, that *precepts have no effect with madmen:* for though of themſelves they cannot cure, yet they aid and aſſiſt therein; as menaces and chaſtiſement have been of uſe in reſtraining the ſallies of ſome madmen. I am ſpeaking only of thoſe madmen, whoſe ſenſes are ſhattered, but not entirely loſt.

But *laws*, it is rejoined, *make not men do always what is right, and what are theſe but precepts, mixed with threatenings?* Yes; there is this difference between them: firſt, laws do not always perſuade, becauſe they threaten; but precepts pretend not to compel any one, they only intreat. And 2dly, laws deter us from doing evil, but precepts exhort us to do what is right. Add hereunto, that laws alſo promote good morals: foraſmuch as they do not only command, but inſtruct. Herein then I differ from *Poſidonius*; I approve not of the Prefaces to *Plato's* book of laws (*m*); for a law ought to be very ſhort, that it may be the more eaſily comprehended and received by the unſkilful: it ſhould bear the reſemblance of a divine oracle. It ſhould command, and not diſpute. Nothing ſeems to me more inſipid and impertinent than a long preamble to a law. Adviſe me, tell me at once, what you would have me do. I liſten, not in order to learn, but to obey. Laws then have their uſe; ſince it is obſervable that in governments where there are bad ordnances there are worſe morals.

Laws however, it will be ſaid, *prevail not with every one.* True; neither doth philoſophy itſelf; yet it is not upon this account uſeleſs and ineffectual in forming aright the minds of men. And what alſo is philoſophy, but the law of life? But were we to ſuppoſe the laws of no uſe or profit, it does not follow that admonitions are likewiſe uſeleſs: you might as well deny that there is any uſe in conſolations, exhorta-

tions, diſſuaſion, reproof, and commendation: for all theſe are different kinds of admonition, by which we attain to a perfect ſtate of mind. Nothing is more apt to inveſt the mind with virtue; to fix the wavering; to ſtrengthen the weak; to recall the viciouſly-inclined, and confirm them in all goodneſs than the converſation of good men: for it deſcends by degrees into the heart; and to be often ſeen, and often heard, hath the ſame effect as precepts. Nay, the bare meeting with a wiſe man hath its uſe; there is ſomething to be learned from a great and a good man, even though he were ſilent. I cannot indeed ſo well expreſs the particular good to be found therein, as that I have really found it from experience. There are ſome alimalcules, as *Phædon* obſerves, that are ſcarcely perceptible when they bite you; and ſo very fine and ſharp their ſting, that you ſcarce can feel it; a ſwelling however ſhews that you have been ſtung, though no wound appear therein. The like will happen to you in the converſation of wiſe men; you will not perhaps be apprehenſive how, or in what manner they have done you good, but you will certainly find they have done you good.

But what is all this, it will be ſaid, *to the purpoſe?* I will tell you: good precepts, if well attended to, will, in all probability, have the like effect with good examples. *Pythagoras* ſaith (*n*) that the mind and thoughts of thoſe who enter the temple and ſee before them the aweful images of the Gods, are differently affected from thoſe who attend the voice of ſome oracle at the door. But who will deny, that even the moſt illiterate are powerfully ſmitten with certain precepts, of few words indeed, but of great weight; as

Nihil nimis. (*o*)
Nothing too much.
Avarus animus nullo ſatiatur lucro.
No gain can ſatisfy the covetous (p).
Ab alio expectes alteri quod feceris.
Do as you would have others do unto you (q).

When we hear ſuch ſentences as theſe, we are immediately ſtruck with their force and propriety, without being permitted in the leaſt to doubt or diſpute their authority. And why? becauſe truth is perſuaſive with-

out any further argument. If reverence then to either perſons or things can reſtrain the mind, and check us in our vicious courſes, why ſhould not admonition do the ſame, though we make uſe only of bare precepts? But it muſt be owned, that ſuch admonition is more prevalent, and ſtrikes deeper, which adds a reaſon for what it commands, and ſhews for what, and wherefore ſuch a thing is to be done, and alſo what profit will accrue to the doer from a ready and dutiful obedience. If authority can prevail, ſo will admonition: but authority oftentimes prevails, and conſequently admonition.

Virtue is divided into two parts (*r*), the contemplation of truth and action: good inſtitution teacheth contemplation, admonition action; and upright actions exerciſe and diſplay virtue. If a man can do good by perſuaſion, he can alſo by giving good advice; therefore if acting uprightly be neceſſary to virtue, and admonition points out the fitneſs of action, then is admonition alſo neceſſary. Two things greatly contribute to ſtrengthen the mind; aſſurance of the truth, and confidence therein; both which are greatly owing to admonition: for we truſt to it; and when we do ſo, the mind is elevated, and full of confidence: admonition therefore is not ſuperfluous.

Marcus Agrippa, a man of great underſtanding, who alone was happy, for the public good, among all thoſe whom the civil wars had rendered famous and powerful, was wont to ſay, that he was much indebted to that ſentence, Concordiâ parvæ res creſcunt, diſcordiâ maximæ dîlabuntur; *by concord ſmall things increaſe, and by diſcord the greateſt fall into ruin*; and that from hence he became an affectionate brother, and a faithful friend. If then ſuch ſentences, familiarly entertained in the mind, form it aright; why ſhould not this part of philoſophy, conſiſting of the like ſentences, have the ſame effect? Part of virtue conſiſts in diſcipline, or theory, and part in the exerciſe or practice of it. A man muſt firſt learn, and then confirm what he hath learned, by actions: and if ſo, not only the general decrees of philoſophy are profitable, but alſo the particular precepts, which reſtrain and bind our affections, as by a ſolemn edict (*s*).

Philoſophy,

Philoſophy, it is ſaid, *is divided into two things*; knowledge, *and an* habit of the mind (*t*): *for he that hath learned it, and perceives what is to be done and what to be avoided,* is not *completely a wiſe man, until his mind be transformed, as it were, into thoſe things which he hath learned: the third part therefore which conſiſts of precepts, being compoſed of the former two, is ſuperfluous; becauſe the other two ſuffice to accompliſh virtue.* On this account then all conſolation would be ſuperfluous; for this likewiſe conſiſts of the two things before mentioned; as alſo exhortation, perſuaſion, and even argumentation, for this alſo proceeds from the habit of a mind well compoſed, and eſtabliſhed in goodneſs. But notwithſtanding theſe proceed from a habit of mind, yet the beſt habit of mind is formed from the other (precepts) as well as from theſe.

Beſides, all that hath been hitherto advanced relates to a man completely perfect, and who hath reached the ſummit of human felicity: but to this men generally make but ſlow advances: in the mean time the way of righteouſneſs is to be ſhewn to the man, who is as yet imperfect, but who is continually making ſome further progreſs: wiſdom perhaps may preſent herſelf at laſt to ſuch a one without the help of admonition, when ſhe hath brought him to ſuch a paſs, that he cannot be moved to do any thing but what is right. It is neceſſary however that ſome one ſhould conduct weaker minds, ſaying, *you muſt avoid this*; *you muſt do that.*

Moreover, was a man to wait the time, when of himſelf he may know his duty, he may chance to wander, and by wandering in error be hindered from arriving at ſuch a ſtate as can poſſibly give him complacency and content. He muſt therefore be governed, until he is capable of governing himſelf. Children are taught by rule; their fingers are held and directed by another hand, and carried through the ſeveral figures and proportions of letters; then they are ordered to imitate ſome copy, and from thence learn to ſettle their hand or manner of writing. In like manner our mind is aſſiſted, while led and inſtructed by

by rule and precept.—And thus have I endeavoured to prove that the preceptive part of philoſophy is by no means ſuperfluous.

But it is further aſk'd, whether *this alone is ſufficient to make a man truly wiſe?* We ſhall anſwer this queſtion another day: in the mean while, omitting other arguments, is it not evident that we ſtand in need of ſome advocate or tutor, at leaſt to countermand the common precepts of the world? Scarce any word comes to our ears but what is prejudicial to us: they hurt us, who bleſs and wiſh us well; and they hurt us, who malign and curſe us: for the imprecations of theſe ſtrike us into a panic; and the affection of the other prompts us to ill, by wiſhing us all worldly proſperity; foraſmuch as it drives us to a diſtant good, uncertain and erroneous; when we may enjoy happineſs at home.

It is almoſt impoſſible to walk uprightly; our parents nay our ſervants entice us to ill: nor does any one err to his own prejudice alone; but ſpreads folly among his neighbours, and catcheth it likewiſe in his turn from them: from whence the vices of the common people become general; for they communicate them from one to another, and in making others worſe they become ſo themſelves; they learn all manner of evil, and then teach it; from whence comes that monſtrous pile of iniquity, whereby every one becomes as wiſe as his neighbour in the knowledge and practice of ſin.

It is neceſſary therefore we ſhould have ſome tutor to check us now and then; to chaſe away idle rumours (*u*), and gainſay the flatteries of the common people. For it is a miſtake to think that vices are born with us (*x*); they ſteal upon us, and are engrafted into us as we grow up. Therefore by frequent admonitions we muſt repel thoſe falſe opinions that are for ever ringing in our ears. Nature obligeth us to no ſin whatever; ſhe brought us forth ſound and free; nothing that might incite our avarice hath ſhe placed in open ſight; gold and ſilver ſhe hath put under our feet, that we might preſs and trample upon them; and whatever elſe there may be, for which we are preſſed and trampled upon

upon ourſelves: ſhe hath given us a countenance erect towards heaven *(y)*, that we might look up and behold her great and wonderful works: as, the riſing and ſetting of the ſun, the ſwift motion of the voluble world, that by day gives a delightful view of the things on earth, and by night diſplays the glittering ſplendour of the heavens; the progreſſion of the ſtars, ſeeming ſlow, when compared with the rapid courſe of other bodies; and yet exceeding ſwift, if we conſider the vaſt ſpaces they travel over with inceſſant velocity; the eclipſes alſo of the ſun and moon, when in oppoſition; theſe and many other the like wonderful phænomena, whether they proceed in a regular courſe, or break forth ſuddenly from ſome hidden cauſe, as the nightly ſtreams of fire, and the flaſhes of lightning *(meteors)* from the opening heavens, without any ſtroke or ſound of thunder; the beams alſo, and pillars, and other various appearances of flames: theſe, I ſay, Nature hath placed viſibly above our heads; but gold and ſilver, and iron (*z*), (which on their account knows no reſt) hath ſhe hid in the earth, as being dangerous things for us to be truſted withal: we brought them to light, only to ſcramble and fight for them: we ourſelves took the pains to dig up from the very bowels of the earth, both the cauſes and inſtruments of our dangers: we have truſted our miſery to fortune; and are not aſhamed to hold thoſe things in the higheſt eſtimation, which lie buried in the loweſt depth of the earth. Would you know how falſe a glare it is, which dazzleth your eyes? Believe me, nothing can be more abject and vile than theſe things are, while ſunk and involved in their native ſoil. For why? when they are firſt drawn from the mines in the ore, nothing can be more ill-favoured, 'till they are worked into form, and purged from the droſs: only behold the workman, by whoſe hands this ſteril and ſhapeleſs kind of earth is refined: you ſee how they are beſmeared with dirt and ſmoke; but theſe things rather defile the mind than the body; and there is more ſordid baſeneſs in the poſſeſſor of them, than in the refiner.

It is neceſſary therefore that men ſhould be admoniſhed, and have ſome counſellors of a good underſtanding and ſound judgment, that they may hear the voice of truth amidſt ſo great confuſion, and ſuch a jargon

jargon of falſities: and what ſhall that voice utter? Why, ſuch good and wholeſome counſel as may open your ears, when deafened by ſo many vain and ambitious clamours, that are every where poured forth around you. Let it inform you, that *there is no reaſon for you to envy thoſe whom the vulgar call great and happy*; or, that *vain applauſe ſhould ſhake and diſturb the ſweet compoſure of a ſound mind*; or, that *a man clothed in purple, and ſtalking along with the enſigns of authority carried before him, ſhould make you diſdain your tranquillity of ſoul*; or *that you ſhould think him a greater and more happy man, to whom every one gives way, than yourſelf, whom the beadle drives out of the way before him.* If you likewiſe would exerciſe a power, that may be profitable to yourſelf, and hurtful to no one, drive vice from thee.

There are many who ſet fire to cities, and throw down towns that have ſtood ſafe and impregnable many ages; who raiſe platforms as high as caſtles, and overturn walls of an immenſe height, with battering rams and other engines of war; there are many who have drove armies before them, and preſſing hard upon the flying enemies, and covered with the blood of nations, have made their way to the great ocean; and yet theſe mighty conquerors have been conquered by looſe deſires. No one could withſtand them, when ruſhing on in full career; neither could they themſelves withſtand the temptations of ambition and cruelty: while they ſeemed to be driving others, they were driven themſelves.

A ſtrange madneſs drove unhappy *Alexander* upon plundering divers countries; and ſtill ranging into unknown regions. For can you think the man in his ſenſes, who firſt began upon the deſtruction of *Greece*, and ſeized upon every thing that was valuable therein: he enſlaved *Sparta*, and made *Athens* ſilent: and not contented with the ſpoils of many cities, which his father *Philip* had either conquered or bought, he fell upon other unprovoked, and and carried his arms throughout the known world; nor was he ever tired with acts of cruelty; imitating herein the wild beaſts, who generally tear more than they can devour. He had now contracted many cities into one; both

the *Greeks* and *Perſians* dread his power, and the nations that were free under *Darius* ſubmit to his yoke; yet he ſtill puſheth on, and would fain extend his conqueſt beyond the riſing or ſetting ſun; he cannot bear to be confined by the pillars of *Bacchus* (in the eaſt), or of *Hercules* (in the weſt). He endeavours to force Nature herſelf; he hath no mind to march; yet will not ſtay in any place; as reſtleſs as an heavy weight, which thrown down an hill, will not reſt 'till it comes to the bottom.

So neither did reaſon or virtue inſtigate *Cneius Pompey* to wage either foreign or domeſtic wars; but mad with the love of falſe greatneſs at one time, he marched his army into *Spain*, and againſt *Sertorius*; at another time he took upon him to humble the pirates, and ſcour the ſeas: ſuch were his pretexts to keep up an army, and maintain his power. What drew him into *Africa*, what into the North, what againſt *Mithridates*, and into *Armenia*, and every corner of *Aſia*? What, but an inſatiable thirſt of greatneſs, when no one but himſelf thought he could be greater?

And what provoked *Caius Cæſar* to ruin himſelf and the commonwealth? Glory, ambition, and an unmeaſurable deſire of pre-eminence. He could not endure to have one maſter; though the Republic was contentedly ſubject to the dominion of two (Conſuls.) Or, think you, that it was a virtuous principle, that puſhed on *Caius Marius*, who was *once* Conſul (for he was *once* duly elected, the other ſix times he gained his point by bribes or force of arms †) to undergo ſo many perils, when he ſlaughtered the *Cimbrians* and *Germans*; and purſued *Jugurtha* through the deſerts of *Africa*? No; *Marius* led an army; but ambition led *Marius*.

Theſe men when they ſhook all things, were themſelves miſerably ſhaken; like whirlwinds that invelope the things they ſeize upon, but are themſelves toſſed about, and ruſh with the greater force, being under no command. And therefore when theſe heroes have cruelly injured many, they themſelves feel the pernicious violence wherewith

they inflicted others. There is no reaſon you ſhould think any one happy in the unhappineſs of his fellow-creatures.

All theſe examples, which we daily ſee, and hear of, are to be kept in memory; and our hearts, full of evil ſurmiſes, are to be cleanſed. Virtue muſt diſengage us from our preſent employ, and take its due place in the mind, in order to extirpate all pleaſing lyes againſt the truth; to ſeparate us from the common people, (to whom we give too much credit) and to confirm us in ſincere and juſt opinions. For this is wiſdom; to return to Nature, and to be reſtored to the happy ſtate from whence public errors had drove us.

It is a great ſtep toward health and ſoundneſs, to have forſaken the counſellors of folly, and to have fled from the common people, who are daily corrupting one another. That you may know this to be true, behold how differently men live in public and in private: yet it is not ſolitude that teacheth ſimplicity and innocence; nor does a country-life of itſelf make us more frugal and temperate; but it is the having no witneſs or ſpectator which makes many vices, that have no other aim but to be ſeen and admired, ſubſide of themſelves. Who would be cloathed in purple was there no one to gaze upon him? who in private would have dainties ſerved up to him in a golden diſh? who, when lying under the ſhade of a green tree in ſome rural ſpot, would diſplay the pomp of luxury? No man is very ſpruce and ſumptuous when by himſelf, or even in the preſence of two or three ſervants or familiars, but according to the number and quality of his viſitants, makes he a ſhew of his coſtly vanities. So that the chief inſtigation to all thoſe things we are ſo fooliſhly mad after, is, the teſtimony of ſuch as know and admire us: take away the witneſs, and you will aboliſh thoſe fond deſires. Ambition, luxury and pride, require a public ſtage: you will certainly cure them, if you will but conceal them.

And therefore, if we reſide in a noiſy populous city, it would be requiſite to have always a monitor at our elbow; who, in oppoſition to flatterers, and ſuch as commend a large eſtate, ſhould rather praiſe the

man who is contented with a little, and who meaſures his wealth by the good uſes he makes of it: againſt thoſe, who extol favour and power, let him recommend retirement, when devoted to the ſtudy of literature; and a mind withdrawn from external things, to reflect upon its own real and proper good. Let him ſhew how theſe great men, who in vulgar eſtimation are accounted happy, tremble and are aſtoniſhed at their envied height; and have a very different opinion of themſelves, from what others entertain of them: that what ſeems a lofty ſeat to others, ſeems to them but a ſteep and broken rock: therefore are they ſpiritleſs, and ſhudder with fear when they look down from this dangerous precipice of greatneſs: they ſuſpect a thouſand accidents to which their ſlippery ſituation is ſubject: then they dread what they ſo greatly courted: and the proſperity which hath made them troubleſome and injurious to others, lays an heavier burthen upon themſelves: then they extol a calm retirement, and the ſweet liberty of being their own maſters: ſplendour grows diſtaſteful to them, and they gladly ſeek a diſcharge from their high offices: then at length you ſhall ſee them play the philoſophers through fear, and take good counſel from their wretched ſituation: for theſe two things ſeem inconſiſtent with each other, *a good fortune*, and *a ſound mind:* as we are generally more wiſe in adverſity; but proſperity is apt to blind the judgment, and warp us in our duty.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* *Muretus* in his preamble to this Epiſtle obſerves that as *Ariſto* maintained the *decretal* or dogmatical philoſophy; *Seneca* defends the *exhortatory* or preceptive: but particularly, that from a diligent peruſal of this Epiſtle may be learned what is the true meaning of that obſcure ſentence in the firſt book of *Tully's* Offices, Omnis de officio duplex eſt, quæſtio; *every queſtion relating to duty is twofold*, i. e. either particular or general: which none of the expoſitors or commentators ſeem to have hit upon before.

(*a*) This is ſomewhat like what St. *James* ſaith; *If a brother or ſiſter be naked, and deſtitute of daily food; and one of you ſay unto him*, depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, *notwithſtanding ye give them not thoſe things which are needful for the body, what doth it profit?* ii. 5. 6.

† See Epp. 24. 30. 78.

(*b*) The Stoics ſuppoſed all men to be mad except their wiſe man, though they drank not ellebore nor applied themſelves to a phyſician. Of which ſort of madneſs *Horace* ſpeaketh, when he ſaith,

Inſanire putas ſolennia me; neque rides;
Nec medici credis, nec curatoris egere. Ep. i. 1. 101.

You count me mad in fashion, you forbear
To laugh, nor think I want a doctor's care,
Or guardian from the Prætor.——Creech.

See the fourth Paradox of *Tully*, (omnes stultos insanire, *that every fool is a madman)* which is supposed to be addressed to *Clodius*, who had driven *Tully* into exile.

(c) Non est quod plenis ac tumentibus imperes.] *Suetonius* (in Tiberio;) contentis ac tumentibus oculis prosequi. *To fix or strain the eyes*, says *Lipsius, as in love or devotion.*

(d) Lactant. l. 6. c. 23. Servando igitur ab utroque fides alteri est, imò exemplo continentiæ docenda uxor, ut se castè gerat, iniquum est enim ut ipse exigas quod præstare ipse non possis. *Fidelity therefore in the married state is respectively required from both parties:* without which the rational and moral human species could be retained with no rules of *order*, becoming their nature; no decency; but a variable, unsettled, roving appetite, would soon gain the transcendency over *reason*, and introduce universal confusion. Marriage was therefore rendered *holy* and *honourable* by a particular sanction of the all-wise, omnipotent Creator.

Marriage, thou easiest, safest, happiest state!
Let debauchées and drunkards thee prophane:——

(What follows I cannot recollect, nor whose lines they are.)

(e) By not observing these two precepts of *Cato*, I believe many have been imposed upon under the specious pretence of *buying bargains*. Our English proverbs are—*Good cheap is dear. A good bargain is a pickpurse.* The French say, *Bon marchè tire s' argent hors de bourse.* As I saw an old gentlewoman buy a parcel of *shalots* which she would not taste, and even abominated; because they were offered at a penny cheaper than the usual price.

(f) This precept *Clemens* of *Alexandria* interprets two ways; either, *because life is short, and therefore ought not to be spent in vain or idle amusements*; or, *that we ought to be careful in our daily expences*, lest we should live so long as to want necessaries. See Ep. i. (N. a.)

Take Time while Time is, for Time will away. Scotch Proverb.

(g) 'Tis true, as *Seneca* says, *such sentences as these want no advocate:* yet, as the different usage and application of them may be acceptable to some sort of readers, I shall further observe, that *this* is the first of the three sentences which *Plato* saith were fixed upon the doors of the *Delphic* Oracle, as seeming worthy to have come from God. Among the proverbial sentences is this verse:

Τὸ γνῶθι σαυτὸν πανταχȣ ἐστι χρήσιμον.

Nomnus Marcellus quotes a satire by *Varro* under this title;

γνῶθι σεαυτόν——Famâ celebrata per orbem
Littera, cognosci quæ sibi quemque jubet.

Juvenal saith it came down from heaven,——e cœlo descendit. But *Ovid* gives it to *Pythagoras*; *Socrates* the Platonic, to *Apollo*. *Diogenes* gives it to *Thales*; *Antisthenes* to *Phenomöe* the Sybil; but that *Chilo* made use of it. *Thales* being asked, τί ἐστι δύσκολον; *what is a difficult thing?* answered, *to know one's self.* τὶ εὔκολον; *what an easy thing?* ἄλλῳ ὑπυτιθεσθαι, *to give advice to another.* *Cicero*, (Tusc. Qu. l. 26.) Nimirum hanc habet vim præceptum *Apollonis*, quo monet, ut *se quisque noscat*, &c. *This, doubtless, is the meaning of the precept of* Apollo, *which advises every one to know himself. I do not apprehend his intention to have been, that we should inform ourselves of our stature and make; nor do I address myself to your body; when therefore he saith* know yourself, he saith this, inform yourself of the nature of your soul, *for the body is but a kind of vessel or receptacle of the soul. Whatever your soul doth, is your own act.* To know the soul *then, unless it had been divine, would not have been a precept of that excellent wisdom, as to be attributed to a God.* And elsewhere, *we must not think this precept given only to lessen our pride, but also to make us understand our own good.*

Tecum habita, et nôris quàm ſit tibi curta ſupellex. Perſ. iv. 57.
Survey thy ſoul, not what thou doſt appear,
But what thou art, and find the beggar there. Dryden.
Teipſum concute.———Hor. S. l. 3. 35.
Examine then thyſelf with ſtricteſt care.

Macrobius tells us of one, who conſulting the oracle, aſked, *by what means he might attain happineſs?* it was anſwered, *Know thyſelf.* But this anſwer was ſuppoſed to have been given to *Cræſus.* Somhthing like it is that of *Antiphanes.*

Εἰ θνητὸς ἐσσί, θνητὰ τὰ φρόνει.
As thou art mortal, think of mortal things.

Some give it to *Homer* as the grand ſource of all wiſdom and learning. From *Hector's* declining to fight with *Ajax*, knowing him to be a better man,

Αἴαντος δ' ἐλέεινε μαχην τελεμωνιάδαο.
Ajax *he ſhuns thro' all the dire debate,*
And fears that arm, whoſe force he felt ſo late. Pope.

This admirable ſentence however is bantered by the comic poet *Menander;*

Κατα πολλ' ἀ'ρ' ἐστὶν ὃ καλῶς εἰρημένον,
Γὰ, γνῶθι σαυτὸν, χρησιμώτερον γὰρ ἦν
Τὸ γνῶθι τὰς αλλας.
Talk not of that fam'd ſentence, Know thyſelf,
'Twere better far a man ſhould know the world.

(*b*) Magni eſt animi injurias obliviſci. *Cic.* (de Orat.) *It ſhews greatneſs of mind to forget an injury.* Delle ingiurie il remedio a lui ſcordarſi. *Ital.*

Semper et infirmi eſt animi exiguique voluptas
Ultiõ———Juv. xiii. 191.
Revenge betrays a weak and little mind.

(*i*) Fortes enim non modo fortuna adjuvat, ut eſt in veteri proverbio, ſed multo magis ratio. *Cic.* (Tuſc. Q. ii.) *It is not Fortune alone that aſſiſts and advanceth the brave, but Reaſon; which, by certain precepts, as it were, confirms even courage itſelf.*

Audentes forteſque Deus juvat. *Ovid.*
—— Audaces adjuvat ipſa Venus. Id.
A faint heart never won fair lady. Prov.

Or as the French ſay, *Le coüard n' aura belle amie.*

Ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν ἀθυμήντες ἀνδρες ἀπότε τροπαῖον ἐστήσαντο.
—— Timidi nunquam ſtatuêre tropæa.
No trophies ever grac'd a coward's name.
Πρὸς σοφίαν μὲν ἔχειν τολμὰν μάλα σύμφορον ἐστὶ,
Χωρὶς δὲ, ἐλαφερὴ, καὶ κακότητα φέρει.
Unleſs to wiſdom fortitude is join'd,
Loſſes enſue, and fortune proves unkind.

(*k*) So *Gronovius*, that it may ſeem an Hemiſtic.

al. piger ſibi——ipſe obſtat.
Idle folks have the moſt labour. Prov.
Idleneſs is the key of beggary.
Idleneſs turns the edge of wit.
Idle folks want no excuſe.

Deſuetudo

Desuetudo omnibus pigritiam, pigritia veternum parit. *Apul.*
Disuse begets idleness, and idleness a lethargy.

(l) Si tamen illam diutina pestis non infecit, nec enecuit—*(sic serè omn.)* but *Muretus* from *Pincian* reads it, si tamen illam diutina pestis infecit nec enecuit, *provided the contagion of sin, which hath so long infected it, had not quite destroyed it.* *Gronovius* prefers the former, because *Seneca* useth the word *infici*, in a stronger sense, than merely a slight and easily-curable disorder. Ep. 59. Diu in istis vitiis jacuimus; elui difficile est; non enim inquinati sumus sed *infecti*. Ep. 71. Animum non coloravit sed *infecit*.

(m) But as *Seneca*, saith *Muretus*, differs from *Posidonius*, so I must beg leave to differ from *Seneca:* for I think the prefaces to the laws of *Plato* are admirable; first, on account of the love of virtue, which is so eminently displayed therein: and, secondly, that where this prevails not, the minds of men are to be drawn off from sin and wickedness by the fear of punishments, under the sanctions subjoined to those prefaces. Be this as it will, nothing, I think, can be more just than what *Seneca* here saith, with regard to the brevity of laws; and nothing more applicable to our due observance of the positive laws of God, in the Christian scheme, than his; mone, dic quid me velis fecisse: non disco, sed pareo. *Tell me what you would have me do; I am all obedience.* God hath told us what we ought to do, and what to believe; and if through the weakness of our understandings we cannot in some cases see the reason of such a law; or, where the sublimity of the subject will admit of no greater clearness, give a reason of the things we believe; yet we may give a good reason for our belief in those things: *It is the word and will of God, therefore we believe; we believe, and therefore we obey.* M.

(n) Cicero, (ii. de leg.) Et illud bené dictum est a Pythagora, doctissimo viro, tum maximi et pietatem et religionem versari in animis, cum rebus divinis operam daremus. *That the time when men are most honest, is, when they present themselves before the Gods.* This is mentioned likewise by *Plutarch.* De Superst. p. 169. De Def. Orac. p. 447.

(o) *Gr.* μηδὲν ἄγαν. *Gall.* Assez y a si trop n' y a. *Ital.* L'abondanza delle cose ingenera fastidio. And our English proverb, *Too much of one thing is good for nothing.*

Diogenes ascribes it to *Pythagoras*; *Aristotle* to *Bias*; others to *Thales*, and others to *Solon*; and some ascribe it, as the *nosce teipsum*, to *Homer* from *Od.* o. 69.

—— νεμεσσωμαι δὲ καὶ ἄλλῳ
Ανδρὶ ξεινοδοκῳ, ὅς κ' ἔξοχα μὲν φιλιῃσιν,
Ἔξοχα δ' ἐχθαιρῃσιν· ἀμείνω δ' αἴσιμα πάντα.
For oft in others freely I reprove
The ill-tim'd efforts of officious love:
Who love too much, hate in the like extreme,
And both the golden mean alike condemn. Pope.
Παντων μὲν κορος ἐστὶ, και ὕπνυ καὶ φιλότητος
Μολπῆς τῦ γκυκερῆς, καὶ ἀμυμονος ὀρχήθμοιον. Il. ν. 637.
The best of things beyond their measure cloy;
Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy;
The feast, the dance; whate'er mankind desire;
Ev'n the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire. Pope.
Τυδειδη, μητ' ἄρ με μαλ' αινεε, μητε τι νείκει. Il. κ. 249.
Be not too lavish, or in praise or blame.

But I had rather saith *Erasmus* give it to *Hesiod.*

Μετρα φυλασσεσθαι· καιρὸς δ' ἐπι πᾶσιν ἄριστος.

Pindar

Pindar in imitation of the foregoing lines from *Homer*;

Κόρον δ' ὑβρίζει καὶ μέλι, καὶ
Τὰ τερπνὰ ἀνδ' ἀφροδίσια.

Pindar in *Plutarch*, σοφοὶ δὲ καὶ τὸ, μηδὲν ἄγαν, ἔπος περισσῶς ἄινησαν.——*As if the wiſe men had extolled above meaſure that ſaying*, too much of nothing.

Παντων μέτρον ἄριστον——Phocylides.
The mean of every thing is beſt.

Sophocles in Electra. Μηδ' εἶς ἐχθαίρειν
ὑπεράχθεο μήτ' ἐπιλάθου.
—— *Patient ſubmit; nor let thy rage*
Too far tranſport thee, nor oblivion drown
The juſt remembrance of thy matchleſs woes. Franklin.

Euripides *Hippol.* 264.

ἕτω τὸ λιαν γ' ἧσσον ἐπαινῶ
Τοῦ μηδὲν ἄγαν----
Καὶ ξυμφησουσι σοφοί μοι.
Too much *of any thing is ſure amiſs*;
Since all philoſophers agree in this.

Alpheus, Anthol, l. 1. c. 12. τὸ μηδὲν γὰρ ἄγαν, ἄγαν μὲ τέρπει·

Athenæus, l. 1. Πασας δ' ἐκκρεμλιας ἀνίας ἀνδρων ἀλαπαζει
Πινόμενος κατὰ μετρον ὑπὲρ μετρον δὲ χερείων.
A chearful glaſs revives the drooping ſoul;
Not ſo, o'ercharg'd, with the unmeaſur'd bowl.

Plin. l. 11. Perniciosiſſimum autem eſt in omni quidem vita quod nimium eſt.——*In every circumſtance of life too much of any thing is dangerous.*

Quintilian (l. 12. c. 6.) writes, modum in pronunciatione regnare, quemadmodum in cæteris omnibus, *that a mean is to be obſerved in pronunciation as in all other things.*

Plautus, in *Pœnulo*, Modus omnibus in rebus,---eſt optimus.
Eſt modus in rebus ſunt certi denique fines.
Quos ultra citraque nequit conſiſtere rectum. *Hor.* S. 1. 1.
In every thing obſerve the golden mean,
Virtue within fix'd bounds is only ſeen. Shard.
Virtus eſt medium vitiorum utrinque redactum. Id. Ep. i. 18.
On each extreme a different vice is ſeen,
For virtue's throne is ſeated in the mean. Id.

Laſtly *Plutarch*, in the life of *Camillus* teacheth, that true piety conſiſts in the *mean between Atheiſm and Superſtition.*

(p) The ſame with *Horace*; Semper avarus eget.——Ep. i. 2. 5.
See the pale miſer, (who intenſely pries
On untouch'd bags with over watchful eyes,
Nor dares to uſe the wealth his labour won,)
Create the very want he means to ſhun. Anon.

(q) With what meaſure you mete it ſhall be meaſured to you. Therefore, *whatſoever you would that men ſhould do to you, do you alſo to them, for this is the Law and the Prophets.* Matth. vi. 2. 12.

(r) The contemplative and the active. So Philoſophy; Ep. 95. See *Lipſ.* Manud. Diſſ. ii. 5.

(s) Alluding

(*s*) Alluding to the cuſtoms of the times when the Princes or Governors publiſhed the edicts, for the admonition, correction, and compulſion of the people. See *Lipſ.* ad *Tacit.* Ann. l. 3.

(*t*) i. e. knowledge of what is contained in the decrees; and an habit obtained, by that means, of doing what is right.

(*u*) Abigatque rumores] The edition of *Muretus* reads it *tumores*, perhaps by the error of the preſs; though it hath its meaning; *to pluck down our pride.*

(*x*) This is what the *Stoics* abſolutely deny, and maintain *that men are all naturally born good, but that from our communication with a corrupt world the innate ſparks of virtue are extinguiſhed, and the contrary vices ariſe, and are confirmed.* Cicero (de Leg. i.) Juſtos quidem Naturâ nos eſſe factos, tantum autem eſſe corruptelam malæ conſuetudinis, ut ab eâ tanquam igniculi extinguantur a Naturâ dati, exorianturque et confirmentur vitia contraria.

Not ſo the *Academics*, who maintain, with *Apuleius*, in a Platonic ſenſe, Hominem ob ſtirpe ipſa neque abſolutè bonum, nec malum naſci, ſed ad utrumque proclive ingenium eſſe. Habere quidem ſemina quædam utrarumque rerum, cum naſcendi origine copulata, quæ educationis diſciplina in alteram debeant partem emicare. *That man is not born abſolutely either good or bad; that he has certain innate qualities, which from diſcipline and inſtruction, or the want of it, are inclined to either ſide. If virtue,* ſays *Galen, comes by nature, and depravity from ſentiment and example; tell me who corrupted the firſt man, when as yet, it is ſuppoſed, there was no malignity in the world?* They could not but have it from themſelves. It is ſaid that this argument converted *Poſidonius* from Stoiciſm, and inclined him to think with the *Academics.*

Horace ſpeaks more agreeably with the *Chriſtian* ſcheme, when he ſays, Nemo vitiis ſine naſcitur.

So *Demoſthenes*, μηδὲν ἁμαρτεῖν ἐστὶ θεῶν, *the Gods alone are free from all ſin.* And *Propertius*,

Unicuique dedit vitium Natura creato.
Nature in every breaſt implanted vice.

Undoubtedly, let ſome affected diſputants argue as they pleaſe. Every man is ſenſible of that depravity, or proneneſs to evil, which deviating from original righteouſneſs, and being repugnant to the law of God, *hath of itſelf the nature of ſin*; and is therefore by *Divines* called *original ſin.*

(*y*) Os homini ſublime dedit, cœlumque videre
Juſſit et erectos ad ſidera tollere vultus. Ov. Met. i. 88.
Hence, while his fellow-creatures of the earth,
Prone to the ground their ſight, betray their birth:
Man of erected frame looks up on high,
Heav'nward he caſts his elevated eye,
And grows familiar with his native ſky.

Cicero (de Leg. i. 9.] Cum cætera animalia abjeciſſet ad paſtum, ſolum hominem erexit ad cœli cognitionem. *Id.* (de Nat. Deor.) Qui Deus) conſtituit eos (homines) humo excitatos, celſos, et erectos conſtituit ut Deorum cognitionem cœlum intuentes capere poſſint. Sunt enim ex terra homines, non ut incolæ et habitatores, ſed quaſi ſpectatores ſuperarum rerum atque cœleſtium, quorum ſpectaculum ad nullum aliud genus animantium pertinet. *He* (the God of Nature) *hath made us of a ſtature tall and upright, that beholding the heavens we might arrive to the knowledge of the Gods; for we are not ſimply to dwell here as inhabitants of the earth, but to contemplate the heavens, and the ſtars; a privilege not granted to any other kind of animated beings.*—*Xenophon* has uſed the ſame argument to ſhew the wiſdom of the Deity in the conſtitution of man, as he hath other arguments ſimilar to what are uſed by the *Stoic*, ſoon after in his Examination into the Senſes. (N.)

(*z*) *Seneca* (de Benef. vii. 10.) Video ferrum ex iiſdem tenebris eſſe prolatum, quibus aurum et argentum; ne aut inſtrumentum in cædes mutuus deeſſet, aut pretium: *I obſerve that iron is produced from the ſame ſeat of darkneſs as are gold and ſilver, that there may not be wanting an inſtrument for murder, or a reward for the ſame.*

—— nec

——nec bella fuerunt
Faginus adſtabat cùm ſcyphus ante dapes.
——*Then wars began,*
When the gold cup expell'd the beechen can.

So *Romeo* to the Apothecary:

There is thy gold; worſe poiſon to men's ſoul,
Than theſe poor compounds, which thou dar'ſt not ſell.
I ſell thee *poyſon*; thou haſt ſold *me* none.

† This *Lipſius* does not allow, if you except the two laſt; as the foregoing honours were conferred upon him in his abſence.

EPISTLE XCIII.

*Of Examples, or Characters.**

YOU deſire, *Lucilius*, that I would conſider of what I told you in my laſt, ſhould be deferred to another day (*a*); and to let you know whether I thought that part of philoſophy, which the *Greeks* call παραινετικη, and we (præceptiva) *preceptive*, or exhortatory, ſufficient to make a man perfectly wiſe. I know you would not take it amiſs ſhould I refuſe you. I therefore renew my promiſe, notwithſtanding that proverbial form of ſpeech—poſtea noli rogare, quod impetrare nolueris—*Aſk not again for what you wiſh not to obtain.* For it is no uncommon thing to aſk with earneſtneſs, what if offered we ſhould refuſe: now, whether this is owing to levity, or ſaucineſs, the beſt way of puniſhing it is by a ready compliance.

We would fain ſeem, I ſay, to deſire many things, which, in reality, we are averſe to. A certain Author produced a large hiſtory, wrote in ſmall characters and cloſely folded up, which when he had read great part of, *I will give over*, ſaid he, *if you pleaſe. No, no; read on, read on*; cry the audience, who had much rather he ſhould hold his tongue. Thus we often wiſh for one thing and pray for another; and ſpeak not the truth to the Gods themſelves: but the

Gods either hear us not, or have mercy upon us! But, for my part, I ſhall have no mercy on you, *Lucilius*, intending to diſcharge my duty, and to trouble you with another long Epiſtle; which if you read and cannot reliſh it, ſay, Ego mihi hoc contraxi, *I have brought this upon myſelf*; and reckon yourſelf among thoſe whom a coſtly wife, gained by aſſiduous courtſhip, is continually tormenting; among thoſe who enjoy not the wealth, amaſſed with great toil and labour—among thoſe, whom honours, obtained by all that art or induſtry can do, rack with diſquiet—or other coiners of their own wretchedneſs. But omitting any further preamble, I now come to the point in hand.

An happy life, they ſay, *conſiſts in fit and juſt actions*; therefore *precepts are ſufficient to make life happy*. I deny the *minor* propoſition: precepts do not always incite fit actions; unleſs attended to with an obſequious diſpoſition of the mind. Sometimes they are applied in vain; when the underſtanding is prejudiced by falſe opinions. And again, if men happen to do right, they do not always know it (*b*): for it is not every one, unleſs they are tutored from the beginning, and faſhioned in all points of reaſon, that can be perfect in every rule of decency; knowing what they ought to do, how much, in what relation, and in what manner; wherefore they cannot in every action purſue virtue, at leaſt not conſtantly, nor deſignedly: they will often look back and heſitate.

If fit and juſt actions, it is ſaid, *ſpring from precepts, then are precepts ſufficient to make life happy: but the one is true, conſequently the other*. To this we anſwer, juſt and fit actions ariſe from maxims and general rules, and not from precepts only.

Again it is ſaid, *if other arts are contented with precepts, ſo is wiſdom, or* the art of life. But a man is made a pilot, by ſuch inſtructions as theſe: *thus you muſt ſteer; thus ſtrike ſail; thus uſe a favourable wind; thus a contrary one; thus make a doubtful or croſs wind ſerve your turn: and ſo in other arts are men tutored by precepts; cannot then ſuch as teach the art of living, purſue the ſame method with the like effect?* No; all theſe

theſe arts are employed in, or relate only to, the means of life, and not to the whole life: and therefore many things from without may reſtrain and impede them, as hope, deſire, fear, and the like: but wiſdom, which profeſſeth the art of life, cannot be prevented from exerciſing herſelf at all times: for ſhe ſhakes off all impediments, and manageth all oppoſition.

Would you know wherein the condition of this differs from all other arts (*c*)? Know, that in theſe it is more excuſeable to err by choice than accidentally; but in this there cannot be a greater crime than to ſin voluntarily. I will explain what I mean: a grammarian is not aſhamed of a ſoleciſm, when he commits it knowingly; but would bluſh at one committed through ignorance, or careleſſneſs: a phyſician, if he perceives not that his patient grows worſe, is more in fault with regard to his art, than one who perceives the defect, yet pretends not to know it. But in that art of life a wilful error is the more criminal.

Add now, that moſt of theſe arts, I might ſay all that are truly liberal, have their general maxims, and not precepts only. As in phyſic, for inſtance, there is one ſect that follows *Hippocrates*, another ſect *Aſclepeiades*, another *Themiſon*. Beſides, there is no contemplative art but what hath its decrees, which the Greeks call δογματα, and we *decrees*, *maxims*, or *axioms*; ſuch as you will find in geometry or aſtronomy. But philoſophy is both contemplative and active. She meditates, and alſo ſets her hand to work. You are miſtaken, if you think ſhe is only engaged in terreſtrial affairs. She aſpireth much higher. *I range*, ſaith ſhe, *the univerſe; nor am ſatisfied with the converſation of mortals, in order either to perſuade or diſſuade them; ſublime matters, far above your reach, invite me:*

Nam tibi de ſumma tali ratione Deumque,
Diſſerere incipiam, et rerum primordia pandem
Unde omnis natura creet res, auctet, alatque,
Quoque eadem rurſus natura perempta reſolvat. Lucr. l. 50.
I treat of things abſtruſe, the Deity,
The vaſt and ſteady motions of the ſky;

The riſe of things; how curious Nature joins
The various ſeeds, and in one maſs combines
The jarring principles; what new ſupplies
Bring nouriſhment and ſtrength; how ſhe unties
The Gordian knot, and the poor compound dies. Creech.

As ſaith *Lucretius:* it follows therefore that being contemplative, ſhe hath alſo her maxims and decrees. Beſides that no one can do what he ought to do, unleſs a reaſon be pointed out to him, whereby he may punctually diſcharge every office in life; which it is impoſſible for him to do, who hath received nothing but mere precepts; the precepts being diſtributed in parcels are but weak in themſelves, and if I may ſo ſpeak, without root, and a ſolid foundation: decrees and certain maxims are what muſt protect us, and maintain our ſecurity and peace; and which comprehend all life, and all nature. There is the ſame difference between the *decrees* and *precepts* of philoſophy, as there is between letters and whole ſentences; theſe depend upon the former which gave riſe both to them, and to every thing of the like kind.

The antient wiſdom, it is ſaid, *taught by precept nothing more than what was to be done and what was to be avoided; and yet men were far better in thoſe days than they are now: as ſoon as learning began to flouriſh, good men grew ſcarce. For that ſimple and open virtue is now turned into obſcure and ſubtle ſcience. We learn rather to diſpute, than to live.* Undoubtedly, as you ſay, that antient wiſdom was in the beginning rude and ſingle, no leſs than other arts, that in proceſs of time grew more refined and poliſhed. But there was no need of ſuch choice remedies as are now preſented: wickedneſs was not grown to ſuch a height, nor had it ſpread ſo wide: ſimple remedies were applied to ſimple vices. But now there is a neceſſity for ſtronger battlements, and more laboured fortifications, as the miſchiefs that aſſault us are grown ſo much ſtronger and more powerful.

Phyſic formerly was nothing more than ſkill in the virtues of ſome few herbs whereby the flowing blood might be ſtaunched, and wounds cloſed by degrees; but now it is become an extenſive ſtudy, and conſiſts

in

in a ſurpriſing multiplicity of preſcriptions. No wonder it had ſo little to do in thoſe antient times, when the bodies of men were hale and robuſt, and their diet plain and eaſy, uncorrupted by art and delicacies; which in aftertimes began to be ſought for, not in order to ſatisfy hunger, but to provoke it; and a thouſand high-ſeaſoned ſauces were invented to raiſe an appetite; ſo that meats which before ſuſtained, and proved wholeſome nouriſhment to thoſe who wanted them, ſerve now only to overload the full ſtomach. Hence proceed paleneſs, and trembling of the nerves relaxed by wine; and a more miſerable leanneſs, cauſed rather by crudities than hunger; hence ſuch a tottering gait, and perpetual ſtumbling, as if men were always drunk; hence the ſmall veſſels of the cuticle are filled with water, and the belly diſtended, being accuſtomed to be crammed with more than it can well hold; hence the black jaundice; the wan countenance of ſuch as are in a deep conſumption; the crooked fingers from the ſtiffneſs of the joints; the unfeeling apoplexy, and the everſhaking palſy. What need I mention the ſwimming of the head; the torment both of the eyes and ears; the acute pains of the raging brain; the paſſages of the body afflicted with ulcers; beſides numberleſs ſorts of fevers, ſome high and violent, others creeping on by ſlow degrees; others ſeizing us with horror and great ſhaking of the limbs; with a thouſand other diſtempers, the juſt plagues of luxury and intemperance?

The antients were free from theſe dreadful evils; who had not as yet debauched themſelves with the moſt delicate viands; who were their own maſters, and their own ſervants: they harden'd their bodies with toil and uſeful labour; and when tired with running, or hunting, or tilling the ground, they ſate down to ſuch a repaſt, as would not have been reliſhed, had they not been hungry. There was no need therefore in thoſe days of ſhops full of drugs, nor of ſo many inſtruments, gallipots and boxes. Simple was their health, from a ſimple cauſe; but variety of diſhes introduced a variety of diſeaſes *(d)*. Only obſerve what a ſtrange mixture of things, luxury, having ravaged both the land and ſea, hath provided for the ſwallow of one gormandizing throat. Things of ſuch different qualities can never agree, in, or with the

the ſtomach: it is impoſſible they ſhould digeſt, as one thing prevents another. No wonder then that uncertain and various diſeaſes ſhould ariſe from ſuch diſcordant meats; and that humours, collected from ſuch oppoſite parts of nature, and now conjoined in one, ſhould redound as they do; for as we live by no rule, we ſicken by none.

The greateſt phyſician, and founder of the profeſſion, obſerved, that *women never ſhed their hair, nor were ever lame with the gout:* but now are they both gouty and bald. The nature of women however is not changed, but the manner of life: for by taking the ſame liberties with men, they have ſubjected themſelves to the ſame diſorders; they keep as bad hours (*e*); they drink as deep; and challenge them as well in the uſe of oyl, as of ſtrong wine; they alike eat without an appetite; and are not aſhamed of diſcharging an overloaded ſtomach by the mouth *(f)*; they likewiſe make their teeth chatter with ice, by way of cooling and refreſhing the overheated liver; nor in any luſtful action will they ſuffer men to ſurpaſs them; may all the Gods and Goddeſſes confound them for their abominable practices! What wonder is it then that the greateſt phyſician and moſt experienced naturaliſt, ſhould be liable to a miſtake, ſince we now ſee women afflicted both with the gout and baldneſs? They have loſt the privilege of their ſex by their vices, and, having thrown aſide the woman, ſubjected themſelves to the diſeaſes of debaucheés.

The antient phyſicians knew not to preſcribe frequent eating, or to drench the flagging veins with wine; they knew not the art of cupping or ſcarifying; or to eaſe a chronic diſorder by bathing or ſweating; they knew not, by binding the legs and arms to recall the vital heat from the central parts to the extreme. There was no need of conſultations, or to hunt after various kinds of remedies, when the dangers of their patients were few, and in a narrow compaſs. But now, alas! to what a degree are diſorders multiplied! Such is the intereſt we pay for the irrational and inordinate pleaſures that we indulge ourſelves in!

But

But do you wonder that diſeaſes multiply? Count the cooks. All ſtudy is given over; the profeſſors of the liberal arts ſit in ſome lonely corner without an audience; the ſchools of rhetoric and philoſophy are quite deſerted; while the taverns and cook-ſhops are full: what a crowd of young fellows ſurround the hearth of ſome ſpendthrift? I paſs by the troops of poor boys, natives or foreign, diſtinguiſhed by their nation, and complexions, and ranged according to their ſize, their age, and even their hair, thoſe who have lank and ſtraight locks not being admitted among the curled: I omit likewiſe the crew of bakers and confectioners, and other ſerving men whoſe buſineſs it is, at a ſign given *(g)*, to bring in the ſupper. Good gods! what a number of men does one belly employ!

But can you think thoſe muſhrooms (a taſteful poyſon) do not ſecretly and gradually operate, though no bad effect is immediately perceived from them? Do you think that the ſummer-ice does not chill, and by degrees make the liver callous? or that thoſe oyſters, a moſt inert kind of fleſh in itſelf, being fattened with mud, engender not viſcous and muddy humours? or that ſoy (*h*), or the pickle made of the gravy of unwholeſome fiſh, does not burn up the entrails with its ſaline and poyſonous particles? or that thoſe ſtrong ſoups which are ſwallowed down hot from the fire, can without doing any prejudice, be extinguiſhed in the bowels? How filthy and peſtilent are their belches! How do they loth themſelves, while diſgorging their laſt ſurfeit! Know, that ſuch eatables as the luxurious are now fond of, may putrefy, but digeſt not.

I remember to have heard of a famous diſh (*i*), into which a lickeriſh glutton, haſtening his own deſtruction, was wont to gather all the dainties that were uſed to be ſerved up at the tables of great men; all kinds of ſhell-fiſh, cockels, muſcles, and oyſters with their beards cut off, are intermixed with ſea-urchins (*k*), and poulets crimped and boned; no one can now eat of a ſingle diſh *(l)*, they muſt all be mingled together, and ſuch an hotch-potch prepared for ſupper, as we may ſuppoſe made in the belly after a full meal. For my part, I expect

ſoon that the victuals will be ſerved up already chewed: for there is but little difference in having things ſo mangled and maſhed together, and having a cook perform the office of our teeth.

It is thought tedious to indulge the taſte with one thing after another; all things muſt be ſet on together and diſguiſed with one flavour: it would be too much trouble to reach out the hand for any particular thing; every thing muſt come on at once: the garniſhing of many diſhes muſt unite, and be blended together; and let thoſe, who ſay that all this is by way of grandeur and oſtentation, know, that the ſame exceſſes are committed not only in public but in private. Tho' a man ſups alone, upon one meſs of ſoup, it is compounded of various ingredients, that uſed to ſerve for ſo many diſhes; but now there muſt be no difference between oyſters and muſcles; and ſea-crabs muſt be mixed, and cooked up with mullets; ſo that the ſight of it, if thrown up again, could not be more confuſed, *(as I before obſerved)*. Now, as theſe viands are thus mixed and confounded, no ſingle diſorder can be ſuppoſed to ariſe therefrom, but ſeveral, unaccountable, different, and multiplied diſeaſes, againſt which phyſic hath begun to arm herſelf, with many remedies founded on obſervations and experiments.

The ſame I ſay of philoſophy—it was once of a more ſimple nature, among thoſe whoſe ſins were not ſo enormous, but curable with ſlight and eaſy remedies. Againſt ſuch a degeneracy and corruption of manners as now reigns, every thing is to be tried; and I wiſh that even ſo, this dreadful malady may be overcome. We play the madmen not only in private, but in public: we forbid homicide, and ſingle ſlaughters; but wars, and the ſlaughter of nations, ſeem moſt glorious miſchief. Neither avarice nor cruelty know any bounds; theſe however when exerciſed by ſtealth, as it were, and by ſingle perſons, are leſs hurtful and leſs monſtrous: but what ſhall we ſay when by the decrees of the ſenate, and edicts of the Government, thoſe heinous offences are committed and publickly commanded, which are condemned in the practice of a private man? as ſuch things when committed by the ſoldiery are applauded, for which other men would ſuffer death? Ought not

men, the mildeſt of animals by nature, to be aſhamed of rejoicing in the blood of one another; and not only in waging *unneceſſary* wars, but delivering them down for poſterity to carry on; when dumb and ſavage beaſts have peace among themſelves? Againſt ſo potent and general a madneſs philoſophy is obliged to take more pains, and to aſſume to herſelf ſtrength in proportion to the ſtrength of thoſe againſt whom it is applied.

It was an eaſy matter in former days to chide an accidental ſot, and reprove ſuch as luxuriouſly coveted mere dainty food; the mind was eaſily brought back to frugality, that had wandered but a little way therefrom:

Nunc manibus rapidis opus eſt, nunc arte magiſtrâ.

Virg. E. 442.

——— *But now there's need*
Of forceful ſtrength, and well-experienced art.

Pleaſure is ſought out in every quarter: no vice keeps within its own ſphere. Luxury runs headlong into avarice; juſtice and honeſty are quite forgot; nothing is thought baſe and ſcandalous where the gain is ſweet: man, that ſacred animal, (*m*), *man*, I ſay is killed in mere jeſt and ſport; and whom it was thought impiety to inſtruct in the ſcience of defence, is now expoſed naked and unarmed, as if it was a pleaſing ſpectacle only to ſee him butchered (*n*).

In this perverſity therefore of manners, ſomething ſtronger than uſual is required to throw off the inveterate evil; we muſt apply decrees and maxims; that the received perſuaſion of falſe opinions may firſt be rooted out: to theſe if we add precepts, conſolations, and exhortations, they will probably prevail; they are ineffectual of themſelves; if we would ſet men free from their bonds, and deliver them from the entanglement of evil; we muſt inform them what is evil, and what is good; they muſt be taught that all things, except virtue, are liable to a change of appellation, being ſometimes good and ſometimes bad: as the firſt bond of a ſoldier is the military oath, to follow his ſtandard, and to think it a ſin to deſert; every thing elſe is eaſily

obtained, and the word of command readily obeyed, by all ſuch as know themſelves bound by this obligation; ſo among thoſe whom you would conduct to an happy life, the firſt foundation muſt be laid in virtue. Let rhem reverence her to a degree of ſuperſtition; let them love her, and reſolve rather to die than live without her.

But have not ſome without ſuch diſcipline, and curious inſtructions proved good men, and made great proficiency in the ſchool of virtue, while obedient only to bare precepts? No doubt of it; but this hath been owing to an happy diſpoſition and good natural parts, which in a moment apprehended their duty in the ſalutary purſuit of what is right and fit. For, as the immortal Gods never learned virtue, nor had any need to learn it, being by nature perfectly good; ſo, ſome men, being endowed with an excellent genius, give due attention to the lectures of morality, and as ſoon as they hear of virtue, readily embrace her. From whence ſome naturally catch at every thing that is good, and without culture bring forth fruit: whereas it requires great pains to rub off the ruſt from the minds of thoſe who are dull of apprehenſion, or have long laboured under ſome evil habit: but how neceſſary the *maxims* of philoſophy are, as well in bringing to perfection ſuch as are prone to good, as in aſſiſting the weaker, and diſpoſſeſſing them of prejudice, and falſe opinions, you will learn from what follows.

There are certain inclinations within, which make us ſlow and lazy in ſome affairs, and light and raſh in other: nor can this raſhneſs be reſtrained, nor this ſluggiſhneſs enlivened, unleſs the cauſes of them are firſt cut off, viz. *falſe admiration* and *falſe fear:* ſo long as theſe poſſeſs the mind, you may tell a man what duty he owes his father, what to his children, what to friends and what to ſtrangers; but avarice will turn his endeavours another way: he will know, that he ought to fight for his country, but fear will diſſuade him: he will know, that without grudging, he muſt do all he can, to ſerve a friend, but eaſe and pleaſure will forbid him: he will know, that it is a moſt grievous injury to a wife, to keep a miſtreſs, but heedleſs luſt will incite him. It will avail nothing therefore to give precepts, unleſs every

every bar to ſuch precepts be firſt removed; no more than it will to lay arms before a ſoldier, or to put them into his hands, ſo long as his hands are tied, and he cannot, or will not, uſe them.

That the mind may duly attend to the *precepts* given, it muſt firſt be free. Suppoſe any one to do a right thing, he will not do ſo continually, nor act uniformly; becauſe he knows not a reaſon for it. Some things may happen to be right, either by chance or cuſtom, but he ſtill wants a rule whereby to ſquare his actions, and to have aſſurance that they are right: you can never depend upon a man, from his being caſually good, that he will always continue ſo. Beſides, *precepts* perhaps will inform you what you ought to do, but not the manner of doing it; and without this, they will not bend to virtue.

But a man that follows good advice, will certainly do what he ought to do. I grant it; but this is not enough, becauſe a deed is praiſeworthy not merely in itſelf; but in the manner how, or why, it is done. What can be more ſcandalous than to ſpend at one ſupper a knight's yearly revenue (2000*l. Sterling!*) what more worthy cenſorial reprehenſion, than for a man thus to treat, or, in the language of a debaucheé, joyouſly indulge himſelf? Yet there have been men, otherwiſe of a frugal temper, who, on ſome extraordinary occaſion, have made an entertainment which coſt 30000 ſeſterces*. Now if ſuch a ſum was expended merely by way of feaſting and gluttony, nothing could be more ſcandalous; but if it was in honour of ſome great perſonage, and a noble aſſembly, it may well eſcape cenſure; for then it it is not extravagant luxury, but a grand and ſolemn treat.

Tiberius Cæſar ordered that a mullet of an extraordinary ſize, (why ſhould I not mention the weight, to make gluttons gape? it weighed four pounds and an half,) which was ſent him for a preſent, to be carried into the market, and ſold, ſaying, *I ſhould be much miſtaken, my friends, if either* Appius *or* P. Octavius *buy not this fiſh.* The thing fell out beyond his expectation: theſe very two men bid upon one another for it: *Octavius* got it, and not only the fiſh, but great glory among

among his companions, for having bought a fiſh for 5000 ſeſterces, which *Cæſar* had ſold, and *Apicius* could not buy: now it was ſhameful in *Octavius* to buy it at ſuch a price; but not in the perſon who bought it for a preſent to *Tiberius*, whatever it coſt him; though I do not think it altogether excuſable; it was vanity that made him admire a thing which he thought worthy *Cæſar*.

Again; a man, ſuppoſe, is ſitting by a ſick friend; this is certainly a kind office; but if he ſits there, in order to be appointed his heir, he is then a mere vulture, waiting for carrion (*o*). Thus the ſame thing may be both vile and honeſt, according to circumſtances; it is of great moment therefore, why, or in what manner a thing is done: but all things will be done decently, if we abide by the fitneſs of action; and judge this principle, and what flows therefrom to be the *only good* in human affairs; all other things being good only for a time, and with regard to circumſtances. Therefore ſome firm perſuaſion concerning the *whole of life*, muſt be implanted in the mind; and this is what I call *a philoſophical* decree. Such as this perſuaſion is, ſuch will our thoughts and actions be; and on our thoughts and actions depends the juſt conduct of life.

It is not enough, for one who intends to form the whole aright, to give direction in particulars. *Marcus Brutus* in his book Περὶ Καθήκοντος, *of offices (p)*, gives many precepts, to parents, to children, to brethren; but no one can follow theſe as he ought, unleſs there be ſome rule to go by; ſome foundation to build upon: we muſt propoſe ſome end, as *the principal good*, at which we muſt aim ſtrenuouſly, by addreſſing generally, every thought, word, and action thereto, as the mariner ſteers his courſe by a certain ſtar. Life without a fixed view is looſe and vague. If then ſuch a view or principle is to be fixed, *decrees* will ſoon diſcover how neceſſary they are. I think you will grant this, that nothing can be more ſhameful, than to ſee a man doubtful, irreſolute, timorous; now ſetting his foot backward, and now forward; and this muſt be our caſe continually, unleſs thoſe impediments are rooted

rooted out, which tie down, and cramp the underſtanding, not ſuffering us to exert the whole man.

We are uſually told, how the Gods are to be worſhipped: we are forbid to light our lamps on the Sabbath-day (*q*), becauſe the Gods want no light, nor are men themſelves delighted with ſmoke. Let us likewiſe forbid the morning ſalutations (*r*), and ſitting at the Temple (before the doors are opened) to receive ceremonial compliments. Theſe are vain allurements, that pleaſe human ambition. He who knows God, ſerveth and honoureth *him*. Let us forbid the bringing linnen, and fleſh-bruſhes and combs to *Jupiter*, or the holding out a mirror to *Juno* (*s*). God wants not ſuch ſervices, nor requires at his altars ſuch idle miniſters. For why? He himſelf miniſtreth to man; he is every where preſent and eaſy of acceſs to all (*t*); a man may be taught how to behave himſelf at ſacrifices and in public worſhip, without any curious and troubleſome ſuperſtition; but he will never be perfect in religious duty, 'till he hath conceived in his mind a right notion of God; as the poſſeſſor, and giver, of all things, and who freely and graciouſly beſtows ineſtimable benefits upon us (*u*). And from whence ariſeth this affection for man? What induceth the Almighty thus to pour his benefits upon us? Nature, (or *his own goodneſs.*) The man is miſtaken who thinks the Gods afflict any one willingly (*x*). They cannot; they neither can *do*, nor receive an injury. (For there is a connection between doing and ſuffering harm.) That ſupreme and moſt excellent Nature which hath exempted them from danger, hath likewiſe rendered them not dangerous to their creature, man.

Now the firſt ſtep to the right worſhipping of God, is, to believe *there is a God* (*y*). And next, to aſcribe unto him all Majeſty and all Goodneſs (*z*), without which true Majeſty cannot ſubſiſt; to know likewiſe, that it is he who governs the world, and preſides over the univerſe as his own, who hath taken mankind in general under his protection; and on ſome is pleaſed to beſtow particular favour (*aa*). *He* can neither *do*, nor ſuffer evil. God however is ſometimes pleaſed to

chaſtiſe, and lay heavy penalties upon ſome perſons under the appearance of ſome good *(bb)*. But would you be happy in his favour? be a good man *(cc)*. To be a good man, and to honour God as you ought, is to endeavour as much as poſſible to imitate him in all things.

Another queſtion is, how we muſt behave ourſelves towards man? And how do we behave? What precepts do we give in this reſpect? To abſtain from ſhedding human blood? But what a ſmall thing is it not to hurt him, to whom we ought to do all the good that lies in our power? It is indeed praiſe-worthy for men to be kindly affectioned, one towards another *(dd)*. Shall we then direct a man to reach out his hand to the ſhipwreck'd; to ſhew the wandering traveller his way; and to divide our bread with the hungry (*ee*)? Yes, certainly. But every thing that he ought to do, or avoid doing, may be comprehended in a few words; when, *to follow Nature*, may be looked upon as a complete direction and rule of human duty: all that you ſee, (the heavens and the earth wherein are contained all things, both human and divine) is *one*. We are members of this great body *(ff)*: we are all akin by Nature, who hath formed us of the ſame elements, and placed us here together for the ſame end: ſhe hath implanted in us mutual affection, and made us ſociable (*gg*); ſhe hath commanded juſtice and equity; by her appointment it is more wretched to do an injury than to ſuffer one (*hh*); and by her command the hand is ever ready to aſſiſt our brother. That excellent verſe (of *Terence*) ſhould ever be in our breaſt and in our mouth;

Homo ſum, humani nihil a me alienum puto (*ii*):
I am a man, and, as ſuch, concern'd
In every buſineſs that relates to man.

We muſt conſider that we are born, for the good of the whole: human ſociety reſembles a vaulted roof of ſtone, which would ſoon fall, unleſs prevented by one ſtone ſupporting another (*kk*).

Having thus conſidered our duty with regard both to God and man, let us ſee how we are to act with regard to things. *Precepts* would be entirely ſuperfluous, unleſs it were premiſed what opinion we ought to

have of every thing, as of poverty, riches, glory, ignominy, our own country, and baniſhment. We muſt weigh each particular ſeverally, without any regard to common report, and duly examine what they really are, and not what they are called.

To paſs on to the conſideration of virtues. Some one perhaps will direct us, highly to eſteem Providence; cordially to embrace friendſhip; to love temperance, and that, if poſſible, we ſhould more ſtrictly adhere to juſtice than to any of the reſt. But all this would be to little purpoſe, if we knew not what *virtue* is; whether there be one or more; whether they are ſeparable, or indiſſolubly connected together (*ll*); whether he that hath one virtue, hath all the reſt, or what is the difference between them. There is no need for a ſmith to be inquiſitive after the origin of his art, or of what uſe it is, any more than for a player of pantomimes to make the like enquiries concerning the art of dancing. Such occupations are fully comprehended in the knowledge of the art itſelf; they need nothing more, for they appertain not to the whole of life. But *virtue* is the knowledge of other things as well as of herſelf: we muſt learn from her what the *will* is, or ought to be. An action can never be fit and right where the will is not ſo; for on the will depends the action.

Again, the will can never be right, unleſs the habit or diſpoſition of the mind be ſo; for from this proceeds the will; the diſpoſition of the mind cannot be in its beſt ſtate unleſs it perceives the whole duty of life, knows how to judge of things, and can reduce them all to truth. None but ſuch as have a ſteady and immutable judgment can enjoy true tranquillity: other men fall now and then, and again recover themſelves; and are continually fluctuating between deſire and averſion. Now the reaſon of this is, that, being led by common report, that moſt uncertain guide, they are confident in nothing. Would you always will the ſame thing? you muſt always will that which is right and according to the truth of things (*mm.*) But no one can come at truth without certain maxims and decrees which comprehend the whole of life.

Good

Good and evil, honourable and baſe, juſt and unjuſt, pious and impious, all virtues and their uſes, the poſſeſſion of all conveniencies (*nn*), eſteem, dignity, health, ſtrength, beauty, ſagacity, and wit, all theſe things require ſuch a one as can truly judge of them, and rate them according to their merit, or demerit. For you are often miſtaken, and eſtimate things at more than their real value; nay, you are ſo far deceived that thoſe things, which are generally eſteemed at the higheſt rate, as riches, favour, power, are intrinſically of little or no worth at all. Now this you cannot know unleſs you inſpect the nature of things, and obſerve the decree itſelf, whereby all things are comparatively valuable: as the leaves of trees cannot live of themſelves, but require a branch whereon to ſtick, and receive therefrom their proper ſap and nutriment; ſo precepts while ſingle, wither away and die; they require to be fixed and ſupported by the mother-root (*oo*).

Beſides, they who would diſcard *decrees*, ſeem not to know, that they confirm them by the very reaſons they give for diſcarding them. For they ſay, that *life being ſufficiently diſplayed and tutored by precepts, the decrees or maxims of wiſdom are therefore ſuperfluous:* but even this aſſertion is itſelf a *decree*; juſt as were I to ſay, *that we ought to give over precepts, and apply ourſelves only to decrees*; in the very article by which I deny the uſe of precepts, I ſhould offer a precept myſelf.

There are ſome things which require only the ſimple admonition of philoſophy; other things require proof; and there are ſome ſo very intricate and confuſed, that with the greateſt ſubtilty, diligence and application, a man can ſcarce come at the true ſenſe and meaning of them. If proofs then are neceſſary, ſo are decrees, which are founded upon truth collected from arguments. Some things are clear and manifeſt; other things dark and obſcure; the former are ſuch as are comprehended by the ſenſes and memory; the latter ſuch as lie beyond their reach: but reaſon is not ſatisfied with the things that are manifeſt; the greater and more beautiful part thereof is employed on things that are hidden: now hidden things require proof, and proof cannot be without decrees; decrees therefore are neceſſary.

Again,

Again, *the perſuaſion or apprehenſion of certain things, without which perſuaſion the mind would be ever wavering and unſteady, is what forms common ſenſe, and perfects the ſame.* Decrees are therefore neceſſary; inaſmuch as they endow the mind with a ſteady, and inflexible judgment. Laſtly, when we exhort a man to hold his friend as dear to him as his ownſelf; and to think that it is poſſible to make a friend of an enemy (*pp*); that he may encreaſe the affections of the former, and moderate the averſion of the latter, we add hereunto, that *this is juſt, and fit, and honourable.* But in the reaſon of our decrees are this juſtice and honeſty compriſed; therefore is reaſon neceſſary, and conſequently the decrees.

But let us join both *precepts* and *decrees* together; for without the root the branches are fruitleſs; and even the roots are aided and aſſiſted by the branches they themſelves produced. No one can be ignorant of the uſefulneſs of the hands; they do their work openly; but the heart, whereby they live, from whence they receive both power and motion, lies hidden in ſecret: I may ſay the ſame of precepts, they are open, and plain to view; but the decrees of wiſdom are hidden. As in ſacreds none know the myſterious parts but ſuch as have been initiated; ſo in philoſophy, her myſteries are unfolded to none but to ſuch as are admitted into her ſanctuary (*qq*).

But precepts, and the like, are alſo known to the vulgar and profane. *Poſidonius* not only judgeth *preception* (for I know not why I ſhould not uſe the word) but alſo perſuaſion, conſolation, and exhortation neceſſary. To theſe he adds *an enquiry into cauſes*, which I ſee not why I may not call (ætiologiam), *ætiology*, ſince the Grammarians, the profeſſed guardians of the Latin tongue, make uſe of it in their own right. *Poſidonius*, I ſay, affirms that profit may be received from *the deſcription of every virtue*, and this he calls *ætiology*; others call it χαρακτηρας, *characteriſtics*, that give the ſigns or marks of every vice and virtue, whereby ſuch things as ſeem alike are diſtinguiſhable.

This then hath the ſame force as precepts; for he that gives precepts, ſaith, *you muſt do ſo and ſo, if you would be temperate*; and he that draws a character, ſaith, *he is a temperate man, who takes care to do, or to avoid ſuch and ſuch things*. Nor is there any other difference between them, than that one gives the precepts, the other the example, of virtue. Now, theſe deſcriptions, or to uſe the term of the publicans) (*rr*) εικονισμοὶ, *ſignatures*, (or ſamples) I own are borrowed from uſe and experience. Let us propoſe what is commendable, and we ſhall find thoſe who will follow it. You think it requiſite when you would buy an horſe, that ſome one ſhould acquaint you with the marks that promiſe a good one, leſt you ſhould be bit, and put off with an arrant jade; how much more uſeful is it to know the ſigns of an excellent underſtanding, which are transferable from one man to another?

Continuo pecoris generoſi pullus in arvis
Altius ingreditur, et mollia crura reponit.
Primus *inire* viam, et fluvios tentare minaces
Audet, et ignoto ſeſe committere ponto.
Nec vanos horret ſtrepitus; illi ardua cervix,
Argutumque caput, brevis alvus, obeſaque terga,
Luxuriatque toris animoſum pectus.——
——— tum ſi qua ſonum procul arma dedére
Stare loco neſcit, micat auribus, et tremit artus,
Collectumque premens volvit ſub naribus ignem. G. iii. 75.

The colt that for the field of battle is deſign'd,
By ſure preſages ſhews his generous kind,
Of able body, ſound of limb and wind;
Upright he walks, on paſterns firm and ſtraight,
His motions eaſy, prancing in his gait;
The firſt to lead the way to tempt the flood,
To paſs the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling wood;
Dauntleſs at empty noiſes, lofty neck'd,
Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly back'd;
——— *when he hears from far*
The ſprightly trumpet, and the ſhouts of war,

Pricks

Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promis'd fight. Dryden.

While our *Virgil* is here deſcribing an horſe, he gives you an excellent deſcription of a brave man; at leaſt for my part I ſhould deſire no better: was I to draw *Cato* fearleſs and intrepid amid the claſhing noiſe of civil diſcord, and marching foremoſt to invade an army that had took poſſeſſion of the *Alps*, and oppoſing himſelf to all the dangers of a civil war; I ſhould paint him in the ſame colours, with ſuch a fierceneſs of look, and in ſuch an attitude. Surely no man could do more than he did, when he made head at the ſame time both againſt *Cæſar* and *Pompey*; and while ſome eſpouſed *Cæſar's* party, and others *Pompey's*, he challenged them both, and ſhewed them, that the poor commonwealth had yet one party left. But it is too little to ſay of *Cato*,

——— nec vanos horret ſtrepitus;
——— *nor trembles at empty noiſes:*

for why? he was not afraid of true alarms, nor the real approach of his enemy: when in defiance of ten legions, beſides the auxiliaries from *Gaul*, and other nations, intermixed with the *Romans*, he ſpake freely, and aloud exhorted his countrymen to maintain their *liberty*; and to try all means, even to the death itſelf, rather than to loſe it; at leaſt that it was more honourable to fall into ſlavery by conſtraint, and the chance of war, than calmly and voluntarily to receive the yoke. What vigour! what a noble ſpirit! what confidence in the midſt of ſuch hurry and public confuſion! He knew himſelf to be but one, and of too little conſequence to be concerned for; and that the queſtion was not, *whether* Cato *ſhould be free, but whether he ſhould live among a free people.* From hence ſprang that contempt of danger and of death. While I am admiring this great man's invincible conſtancy, which he ſtill preſerved, though his country was ruin'd, I cannot help ſaying with *Virgil*,—

Luxuriatque toris animoſum pectus.
His big-ſwoln muſcles ſhew his lofty ſpirit.

It will be of uſe not only to declare who are uſually good men, their ſhape and lineaments, but who have been ſuch, and to deſcribe their actions, or whatever elſe rendered them famous in their generation; as

that laſt and glorious wound of *Cato's*, through which in the arms of liberty he diſmiſſed his indignant ſoul. The wiſdom of *Lælius*, and his cordial amity with *Scipio*; the excellent deeds of *Cato* the Cenſor, both at home and abroad; the couches of *Tubero* (*tt*), made of plain wood, and ſet in open view, and covered with goat-ſkins inſtead of an embroidered counterpane; and the earthen veſſels ſet before the gueſts, at a ſolemn banquet in *Jupiter's* chapel; what was this but to conſecrate poverty in the *capitol?* Had we no other great action of this man, to rank him with the *Catos*, was not this enough? This was a cenſure, a tacit reproof, not a banquet. O how little do theſe men of our times, who are ſo fond of *glory*, know what it means, and how to be attained? The people in *Tubero's* days ſaw the furniture of many noblemen, but admired only *his:* all *their* gold and ſilver hath been broken and melted down a thouſand times, but theſe earthen veſſels of *Tubero* ſhall laſt for ever.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

• This Epiſtle is an appendix to the foregoing, ſetting forth, that neither the preceptive nor dogmatical philoſophy are ſufficient of themſelves; but that examples or characters after the manner of *Theophraſtus* have their uſe, and conſequently lay claim to recommendation.

It will be proper to obſerve here, that, in determining characters among the ancients, it is neither juſt nor candid to examine them by thoſe rules of moral conduct which if known were at leaſt not admitted, with the ſame purity and extent, to which they have ſince been refined and enlarged, by the clearer diſcoveries and ſtronger authority of divine Revelation. *Melmoth* Lælius, p. 173.

(a) Ut id quod in diem ſuum dixeram debere referri repreſentem.] *Lipſius* (Elect. c. 26) reads it, quod in diem dixeram debere repræſentem; the reſt he rejects as being injudiciouſly inſerted. *In diem debere*, and *repræſentare*, are oppoſite terms, borrowed from the law, relating to pecuniary matters; as if *Seneca* ſhould ſay, metaphorically, *You deſire*, Lucilius, *that I would make my appearance, and pay the money down, and not ſet another day.*

(b) At leaſt they do not know the reaſon of the fitneſs and propriety of the action; and herein, ſaith *Muretus*, the Stoics ſeem to judge rightly: but it is very abſurd to ſay as ſome of them do, that a man from being very miſerable may become happy, and yet not in the leaſt be ſenſible of the change.

(*c*) See Ariſtotle's Ethic. l. 2.

(d) Plutarch, (Sympos. viii. 9. *'Tis rational to conclude that all diſeaſes that riſe from want, heat or cold, bear the ſame date with our bodies; but afterward, over-eating, luxury, and ſurfeiting encouraged by eaſe and plenty, raiſed bad and ſuperfluous juices, and theſe brought various new diſeaſes, and their perpetual complications and mixtures ſtill create more.*

(*e*) Non

(*e*) Non minus pervigilant] Some copies read, *pervigilantur*, from whence *Pincian.* conjectures *pugillantur*, as *Juvenal* makes mention of women-boxers—

Endromidas Tyrias, et femineum ceroma
Quis neſcit? vel quis non vidit vulnera pali? Juv. vi. 245.
They turn viragos too, the wreſtlers toil
They try, and ſmear their naked limbs with oil. Dryden.

And *Terence* alludes to them when he ſays, ſi qua eſt paulo habitior, pugilem eſſe aiunt; and *if ſhe is a little plumper than ordinarily, they ſay ſhe is a* bruiſer.

(*f*) Et vinum omne vomitu remetiuntur] So *Martial*, Data vina remenſus.

Nec cœnat prius aut recumbit ante
Quàm ſeptem vomuit meri deunces.
Juv. 6. 424.——tandem illa venit rubicundula, totum
Oenophorum ſitiens, plenâ quod tenditur urnâ
Admotum pedibus, de quo ſextarius alter
Ducitur ante cibum, rabidam facturus orexim,
Dum redit, et terram loto ferit inteſtino,
Marmoribus rivi properant aut lata ſalernum
Pelvis olet. Nam ſic tanquam alta in dolia longus
Deciderit ſerpens, bibit, et vomit. Ergo maritus
Nauſeat, atque oculis bilem ſubſtringit opertis.
At length ſhe comes, all ſluſh'd, but ere ſhe ſup,
Swallows a ſwinging preparation cup,
And then to clear the ſtomach ſpews it up.
The deluge vomit all the floor o'erflows,
And the ſour ſavour nauſeates every noſe.
She drinks again; again ſhe ſpews a lake:
Her wretched huſband ſees, and dares not ſpeak?
But mutters many a curſe againſt his wife,
And damns himſelf for chuſing ſuch a life. Dryden.

And theſe preparatory doſes are what *Plutarch* reckons among the cauſes of ſo many new and ſtrange diſeaſes. This abominable cuſtom, as *Lipſius* obſerves, began and came into faſhion in the time of *Pompey*; when *Aſclepiades*, the phyſician was living, who very juſtly condemned it. *Plin.* c. xxvi. c. 3. Damavit merito et vomitiones, tunc ſupra modum frequentes. As does *Celſus*, (l. 1. c. 3.) Qui iſtud luxuriæ causâ fieri non oportere confitetur; interdum valetudinis causâ rectè fieri experimentis credit.

(*g*) *De brevit. Vit.* c. 12. Quanta celeritate, ſigno dato, glabri ad miniſteria diſcurrant.
With what ſpeed, at a ſign given, do they attend their ſeveral offices bareheaded?

(*h*) Sociorum garum, pretioſam malorum piſcium faniem] N. *Lipſius* rejects the word, *malorum*. Plin. l. 31. ſ. 43. Garum conficiebatur ex pisce, quem Græci *Garon* vocabant,——nunc ſcombro piſce laudatiſſimum, et quamvis nunc ex indicto genere piſcium natum, nomen tamen priſtinum retinet, a quo initium ſumpſit.—— *Sociorum* dict. quòd a ſociis P. R. nempe Hiſpani Romam deferretur; vel a ſocietate publicanorum qui vectigal *garo* impoſitum exigerent: (N. in loc.) vel quia in ſodalitatibus et conviviis eo utrentur. (*Voſſ.*)

Pliny ſays it was made of (Scombri, ad nihil aliud utiles) *Tunney fiſh, good for nothing elſe.* Be that as it will, it was in high vogue, as we learn from *Martial*:

Sed

Sed coquus ingentem piperis conſumit acervum,
Addit et arcano mixta Falerna *garo*. l. 7. Ep. 26.
Exſpirantis adhuc ſcombri de ſanguine primo
Accipe fæcoſum, munera cara, *garum*. l. 13. Ep. 102.
al. faſtoſum, munera rara, *garum*.

Hor. ſ. ii. 8. 46.——Garo de ſuccis piſcis iberi.
Wine five years old, and Caviare *I join.*

See Hadr. Jun. Animadv. l. 6. c. 17. Rhodig. Ant. Lect. l. 30. c. 25.

(*i*) Some refer this to a diſh of *Æſop's*, and indeed *Pincian.* inſerts his name, Quondam *Æſopi* nobilem patinam, but this *Lipſius* does not approve of; for the diſh here ſpoken of conſiſts of fiſh, but *Æſop's* was of *fowl*. (Plin. x. 51.) This *Æſop* was an excellent player of tragedies, cotemporary with *Cicero*, and very rich, but a moſt extravagant glutton. And he had as extravagant a ſon, taken notice of by *Horace*, ſ. 11. 3. 239. *Seneca* therefore alludes to ſome one elſe. And I will venture to ſay that my neighbour, the late Mr. Quin, the comedian, did not deſerve all that is ſaid of him on this account.

(*k*) Veneriæ, ſphondylique] Plin. ix. 52. Navigant ex his veneriæ præbenteſque concavam ſui partem, et auræ oppomentes per ſumma æquorum velificant.

Plin. l. 32. ſ. 53. Spondylus. N. Gr. σφόνδυλος. Athenæ. l. 3. p. 87. *Macrobius*, l. 2. c. 9. makes mention of them in a *pontifical* feaſt. *Martial.* l. 7. Ep. 19.

Roſos tepenti ſpondylos ſinu condit.

See *Kendelit.* de Teſt. l. 1. c. 40.

(*l*) I have chiefly followed *Gronovius* in order to give the words another turn from what follows, as *piget eſſe ſingula*, would be much the ſame with *grave eſt luxuriari per ſingula*, though I muſt own that *Seneca* frequently repeats the ſame meaning under different expreſſions; ſo that one would often think, as here, that ſome gloſs had crept into the text.

(*m*) Homo ſacra res.] Alluding to that proverbial ſaying, Homo homini Deus. Gr. ἄνθρωπος ἀνθρώπῳ δαιμόνιον, applicable in many caſes of beneficence, but never more juſtly than to the honeſt, intelligent, and conſequently ſucceſsful phyſician. Was I to mention the names of *Heberden* and *Baker*, I am ſure every one would accept it but themſelves.

(*n*) See Ep. 7. ſ. Tricies H. S.] which if only *millia* be underſtood, it is about 2141. 2s. 6d. if centena millia 21412l. 10s. the old Engliſh tranſlation renders it 75000 crowns. *infr.* Quinque mill. H. S. which is about 35l. 13s. 9d. the old Engliſh tranſlation about 200 crowns.

(*o*) *Catullus.* Suſcitata cano vulturium capite.
Martial. Cujus vulturis hoc erit cadaver.

(*p*) Which *Cicero* entitles, de virtute; *Pincian.* de officio.

(*q*) It was uſual to light up lamps not only in honour of the gods, but of ſome great perſonage, or on ſome extraordinary occurrence.

Herodis venere dies, unctâque feneſtrâ
Diſpoſitæ pinguem nebulam, vomûere lucernæ.——Perſ. N. 181.
When flow'rs are ſtrew'd, and lamps in order plac'd,
And windows with illuminations grac'd,
On Herod's *day*:—Dryden.
Cuncta nitent; longos erexit janua ramos.
Et matutinis operitur feſta lucernis. Juv. xii. 91.
All's right; my portal ſhines with verdant bays,
And conſecrated tapers early blaze. Power.

(*r*) Apul.

(r) Apul. Met. l. 11. Rebus ritè conſummatis inchoatæ lucis ſalutationibus religioſi primam nunciantes horam perſtrepunt. *Arnob.* l. 7.

Quid ſibi volunt excitationes illæ quas canitis matutinis
Ad tibiam vocibus? *Prudentius.*
Mane ſalutatum concurritur, omnis adorat
Pubes.——

Vid. *Scal.* ad Tibull. i. 1. *Briſſon.* de Form. l. 6.

It will not, I hope, be taken amiſs if I apply this prohibition and cenſure from *Seneca* to the abſurd, not to ſay impious, ſalutations that we frequently ſee in our churches, even in the midſt of the moſt ſolemn parts of divine worſhip. Deum colit, qui novit, *He who knoweth, and conſidereth what God is, will worſhip him aright*, will have more reſpect to the ſolemn buſineſs he is engaged in, than to be guilty of ſuch faſhionable foibles.

(s) Apul. xi. De pompa *Iſiäis*, Alicæ, quæ nitentibus ſpeculis pone tergum reverſis ſienienti deæ obvium commonſtrarent obſequium. *Auguſt.* de Cic. Dei, ſunt quæ Junoni ac Minervæ capillos diſponant, non tantum ſimulacro, ſtantes, digitos movent ornantium modo. Sunt quæ ſpeculum teneant. *Tertull.* de Jejun. Qui in idolis comendis et ornandis, et ad ſingulas horas ſalutandis adulantur, *Curationem* facere dicuntur.

(t) Omnibus inque locis ades omni tempore, præſens
Deditus in partes omnes; tamen omnis ubique
Integer uſque manes.——Vida. H. Deo. 204.
Since in all parts of the unbounded ſpace,
Thy preſence dwells; for God fills every place.
And what beyond theſe worlds hath its abode,
Is all but the immenſity of God:
Thy nature ſtill, howe'er diffus'd it be,
Is ever uniform, entire and free. M.

For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midſt of them. Matth. 8. 20. Gen. 28. 16. Job. 9. 11, If. 139.

(u) *Thine, O Lord,* ſaith David, *is the greatneſs, the power and the victory, and the majeſty, for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine: thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all. Both riches and honour come of thee; and thou reigneſt over all; and in thine hand is power and might; and in thine hand it is to make great and to give ſtrength to all,* i. Chron. xxix. 11, 12.

(x) *He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.* Sam. 3, 33.——*The Lord is long-ſuffering, not willing that any ſhould periſh, but that all ſhould come to repentance.* ii. Pet. 3. 9.—*As I live, ſaith the Lord God, I have no pleaſure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turns from his way and live: Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O houſe of Iſrael?* Ezek. 33, 11.

(y) Primus eſt deorum cultus, Deos credere.] I have generally kept to *Seneca's* uſe of the ſingular or plural number when ſpeaking of the Deity; but here, I think, I might be allowed to change the plural to the ſingular as he had juſt before uſed the ſingular, in ſaying almoſt the ſame thing, Deum colit, qui novit.

So the Apoſtle: *Without faith it is impoſſible to pleaſe him: for he that cometh to God muſt believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of all them that diligently ſeek him.* Heb. 11. 6. Doubtleſs, it is an indiſputable condition to the ſerving God, to believe there is a God to be ſerved: and none are more zealous for his ſervice than thoſe who are moſt perſuaded of his exiſtence. M.

(z) *The earth is full of the goodneſs of the Lord.* Pſ. 33. 5. *And the Lord paſſed by before him and*

and proclaimed, The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-ſuffering, and abundant in goodneſs and truth. Exod. 34. 6. i. Chron. 16. 34. Nahum, 1. 7. Matth. 20. 15.

(*aa*) *Seneca* here among other requiſites towards the right worſhipping of God, makes this one, *to believe a Providence*, and that the Providence of God is as general as his creation, governing all things by the ſame infinite power by which they were made: which is conſonant to the whole tenour of Scripture. *See* Deut. 11. 14. Prov. 16. 33. Matth. 6. 28. 10. 30.

Cicero was a ſtrenuous advocate for *Providence*; *I aſſert*, ſays he, (de Nat. Decr. l. 2.) *that the univerſe, with all its parts, was originally conſtituted, and hath without any diſcontinuance been ever governed by* the Providence of the Gods. "This argument the Stoics generally divide into three parts: 1ſt, The exiſtence of the Gods being once known, it muſt follow that the world is governed by their wiſdom. 2dly, As every thing is under an intelligent nature which hath produced that beautiful order in the world, it is evident that it is formed of animating principles. The 3d is deduced from thoſe glorious works which we behold in the heavens and the earth." But the notion of a *Providence* ſeems firſt to have been entertained by the *Ægyptians*, whom, (as I have obſerved in my notes on *Vida's* hymns) *Arnobius* makes to reaſon thus: *Providence is ſo eſſential to a Prince, that he cannot be ever called a Prince without it*, (as *Seneca* ſays above, ſine bonitate nulla majeſtas eſt,) *and the more auguſt a prince is, the more perfect ought his providential care to be: God therefore being the greateſt and moſt auguſt of all Princes, to him muſt belong the moſt perfect providence.* But we muſt obſerve that *Seneca* likewiſe requires a belief in a ſpecial or ſingular providence; as when *Job* ſays of himſelf, *Thou haſt granted me life and favour: and thy viſitation hath preſerved my ſpirit.* Job, 10. 12. Or as God himſelf ſaith unto *Moſes*, *I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy; and I will have compaſſion on whom I will have compaſſion. So that it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that ſheweth mercy.* Rom. 9, 15.

(*bb*) Hi nec dant malum, nec habent——ceterum caſtigant,——et aliquando *ſpecie boni* puniunt. *al.* ſpe boni.---*al.* ſpecie mali.] If *hi* in the foregoing ſentence relates to the immediate antecedent, as I have rendered it, I ſhould prefer *ſpecie boni*; but if it agrees with *Dii*, I ſhould rather have read it *ſpecie mali*, in this ſenſe, Hi nec dant malum, nec habent, *The Gods neither afflict with evil nor have any themſelves*; (but this is much the ſame with what is ſaid before, nec accipere injuriam queunt, nec faciunt) *though the puniſhment which they ſometimes inflict on man, hath the appearance of evil.*

Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore deſpiſe not thou the chaſtening of the Almighty. Job, 5, 17. *For whom the Lord loveth he chaſteneth, and ſcourgeth every ſon whom he receiveth.* Heb. 12, 6. Prov. 3, 11. Rev. 3, 19.

(*cc*) Satis Deos coluit quiſquis imitatus eſt.] That all worſhip, all religion, conſiſts *in the imitation of God*, is an extraordinary ſentence in the mouth of an Heathen, among whom the Gods were ſuppoſed to act ſuch things which a wiſe man would abhor to think. But *Seneca* had higher notions of the Deity, and here affirms little leſs than what is conſonant to the ſound doctrine of Chriſtianity. That the perſon who does his beſt endeavour to *imitate God*, and who has a firm truſt in the Supreme Being, is powerful in his power, wiſe by his wiſdom, happy by his happineſs; he reaps the benefit of every divine attribute; and loſes his own ſufficiency in the fulneſs of infinite perfection. *Be ye therefore perfect*, ſaith our Lord, *even as your father which is in heaven is perfect.* Matth. 5. 48. See Ep. 90.

(dd) Ye have heard that it was ſaid of old time, Thou ſhalt not kill, and whoſoever ſhall kill, ſhall be in danger of the judgment; but I ſay unto you, that whoſoever is angry with his brother without a cauſe, ſhall be in danger of the judgment. Matth. 5. 21. And the Apoſtle exhorts us, *to be kindly affectioned one to another: Recompenſe*, ſaith he, *no man evil for evil: if it be poſſible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.* Rom. 12. 10.---20.

(*ee*) Thus the prophet *Iſaiah*, in the name of the Lord, *Is not this the faſt that I have choſen, to looſe the bands of wickedneſs, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppreſſed go free? Is it not* to deal thy bread to the hungry; *and that thou bring the poor to thine houſe; when thou ſeeſt the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyſelf from thine own fleſh? And if thou draw out thy ſoul to the hungry, and ſatisfy the afflicted, then ſhall thy light riſe in obſcurity, and thy darkneſs be as noon-day.* Iſ. 58. 6---10. Deut. 15. 7. Ezek. 18. 7. Matth. 25. 35.

(ff) And thus argues St. *Paul. As we have many members in one body, and all members have not the ſame office; ſo we being many are one body, and every one members one of another.* Rom. 12. 5. And again more fully, *As in the body natural the eye cannot ſay to the hand,* I have no need of thee; *nor again the hand to the feet,* I have no need of you; *ſo in the great body of mankind, all the members, even the parts that ſeem more feeble, are neceſſary, and have their office, that there ſhould be no ſchiſm in the body, but that the members ſhould have the ſame care one for another; and whether one member ſuffer, all the members ſuffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.* i. Cor. 12. 12.---26.

(gg) Put ye on, therefore, ſaith the Apoſtle, *bowels of mercy, kindneſs, humbleneſs of mind, meekneſs, long-ſuffering——but above all theſe things, put on charity, which is the bond of perfectneſs.* Col. 3. 12---14.

(*hh*) *It is better,* ſaith St. *Peter, if the will of God be ſo, that ye ſuffer for well doing than evil doing.* i. Pet. 3. 17. And *Bleſſed are ye,* ſaith our Lord, *when men ſhall revile you, and perſecute you, and ſay all manner of evil againſt you falſely for my ſake: rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven.* Matth. 5. 11. 12.

(*ii*) Terence, *Heauton.* Act. 1. ſc. 1.) *Cicero* applies this excellent ſentence, as the *voice of nature,* to the practice of all ſocial virtues, ſaying, eſt enim difficilis cura rerum alienarum quanquam Terentianus ille Chremes, *humani nihil a ſe alienum putet.*

And yet this very *Chremes,* this man of univerſal benevolence, is the ſame perſon who commands his wife to expoſe his new-born daughter, and flies into a paſſion with her, for having committed that hard taſk to another, by which means the infant eſcaped death: ſi meum imperium exequi voluiſſes, interemptum oportuit: and he likewiſe characteriſes ſuch who had any remains of this natural inſtinct as perſons, qui nequ jus, neque bonum, atque æquum ſciunt, *who know not either juſtice or equity:* ſuch were the ſentiments publiſhed with applauſe on the *Roman* theatre. And it appears from our Author ſo late as his own time, that it was uſual to deſtroy weak and deformed children. Portentoſos fœtus extinguimus. *Sen.* de Ira, l. 1. c. 15.

(*kk*) The Apoſtle makes uſe of much the ſame metaphor, Epheſ. 2. 19 --22. *Know therefore ye are no more ſtrangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the ſaints, and of the houſhold of God, and are built upon the foundation of the Apoſtles and Prophets, Jeſus Chriſt himſelf being the chief Corner Stone: in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy Temple in the Lord. From whom* (ſaith he in another place) *the whole body fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint ſupplieth, according to the effectual working of the meaſure in every part, maketh increaſe of the body unto the edifying itſelf in love.* Epheſ. 4. 16.

(ll) Ambroſ. Virtutes individuas eſſe, ſed opinione vulgi ſejunctas.——Connexæ ſibi ſunt concatenatæque virtutes ut qui unam habet, plures habere videatur. *Gregor,* Una virtus ſine aliis, aut omnino nulla eſt aut imperfecta. *Apuleius* imperfectas virtutes ſemet comitari negat, eas vero quæ perfectæ ſunt, individuas ſibi, et inter ſe connexas eſſe. The reaſon given is, that *where there is any one perfect virtue,* (and of ſuch the *Stoics* always ſpeak) *there is reaſon alſo perfect; which cannot be, unleſs it extends its force and influence to all other virtues.* So *Cicero* (de Fin. 5. cum ſic copulatæ connexæque ſint virtutes, ut *omnes* omnium participes ſint, nec alia ab alia poſſit ſeparari,

tam proprium ſuum cujuſque munus eſt; ut fortitudo in laboribus periculiſque cernatur; temperantia in voluptatibus, prudentia in dilectis. *The union and blending of the virtues, however is diſtinguiſhed by a certain philoſophical way of reaſoning; for when they are ſo joined and connected that they all partake of one another, and are inſeparable, yet each of them has its proper function. Thus courage diſcovers itſelf in toils and dangers*; Temperance *in neglecting pleaſures*; Prudence, *in diſtinguiſhing things good and evil*: Juſtice, *in giving every one his own.* See Ep. 67.

(*mm*) The Apoſtle to the ſame purpoſe, *Let us walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called. 'Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man: that we henceforth be no more children toſſed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the ſleight of men, and cunning craftineſs whereby they lie in wait to deceive: but, ſpeaking the truth in love, may in all things grow up into him, which is the head, even Chriſt.* Epheſ. 4. 1---15.

And again, *Be not carried about with divers and ſtrange doctrines; for it is a good thing to have the heart eſtabliſhed with grace.* Heb. 13. 9.

(*nn*) So the Stoics call all external, otherwiſe *good* things.

(*oo*) So our Lord to his Diſciples, *As the branch cannot bear fruit of itſelf except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches; he that abideth in me, and I in him, the ſame bringeth forth much fruit; but ſevered from me, ye can do nothing: if a man abide not in me, he is caſt forth as a branch and is withered.* John, 15. 1---6.

(*pp*) *If thine enemy hunger,* ſaith St. *Paul, feed him; if he thirſt, give him drink; for in ſo doing thou ſhalt heap coals of fire on his head.* Rom. xii. 20. from Prov. 25. 21. compared with ii. Kings, 6. 22.

(*qq*) Like this is what St. *Paul* ſaith to the *Corinthians, We ſpeak wiſdom among them that are perfect, yet not the wiſdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, who come to nought; but we ſpeak the wiſdom of God in a myſtery, even the hidden wiſdom, which God had ordained before the world unto our glory.* i. Cor. 2. 6.

(*rr*) The Receivers or Farmers of the cuſtoms or public revenues.

(*ss*) Per quod *liber* amiſit animum] al. *Libertas.* So the old tranſlation, *Through the which Liberty herſelf loſt her exiſtence.*

(*tt*) *Tubero.* Vid. Ep. 98.

EPISTLE XCIV.

On Contentment and Magnanimity.

STILL, *Lucilius,* are you forgetful, and ſtill complaining; and ſeem not to underſtand, that there is nothing evil in theſe worldly affairs, but what you make ſo yourſelf; by being thus diſpleaſed and ever querulous. For my part, I think there is nothing that can be called miſerable

miſerable in man, unleſs he thinks there is ſomething miſerable in the *nature of things*. I would quarrel with myſelf, if I thought there was any thing that I could not endure. Am I ſick? It is part of my deſtiny. Is my family afflicted? am I hard preſſed by the uiurer? does my houſe crack? loſſes, wounds, difficulties, fears, do they all aſſault me? It is nothing more than what is common in the world: nay, further, *it muſt be ſo*. Theſe things therefore cannot be ſaid to *happen*, they are *decreed*.

If you will believe me, *Lucilius*, I will lay open to you my inmoſt thoughts and affections. Thus then, when any thing ſeems adverſe or hard to me, do I behave myſelf: I obey not God forcibly, but willingly; I follow him, not from neceſſity, but with all my mind and all my ſoul (*a*). Nothing can befall me that I will receive, either with an heavy heart, or a ſorrowful countenance. There is no kind of tribute but what I will pay readily; conſidering that all we either mourn or fear is but the tribute we owe to Nature for our exiſtence. It is in vain either to expect an exemption from theſe things, or to aſk it (*b*). Are you racked with pains in the bladder? have you had continual loſſes?—I will go further: are you in fear of your life? And did you not know that you wiſhed for theſe things when you wiſhed for old age (*c*)? All theſe things as neceſſarily attend a long life, as in a long journey we muſt expect duſt, and dirt, and ſhowers.

But you would fain live, you ſay, *and yet be free from all theſe inconveniencies*. Such an effeminate declaration by no means become a man. I would fain ſee how you would take this wiſh of mine; which I proteſt I make, not only with a great, but good, intention; *may neither Gods nor Goddeſſes permit Fortune to indulge you in eaſe and pleaſure*. Put to yourſelf this queſtion, whether, if God was pleaſed to favour you with your choice, you had rather live in the ſhambles than in a camp. Know, *Lucilius*, that life is a warfare (*d*): ſuch men therefore who are ordered from place to place; who undergo all manner of

difficulties in the execution of the moſt dangerous commiſſions; theſe are your brave men, and chiefs in an army: while they who enjoy public eaſe at the expence of others labours,are mere poltrons (*e*) who buy their ſafety with diſgrace.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) This is true wiſdom, the principal doctrine of the Stoics, and confirmed throughout the whole tenour of the Goſpel. "He is but a bad ſoldier, who ſighs and marches on with reluctancy; we muſt receive the orders with ſpirit and chearfulneſs, and not endeavour to ſlink out of the part aſſigned us in this beautiful diſpoſition of things; whereof even our ſufferings make a neceſſary part. Let us addreſs ourſelves to God who governs all; as *Cleanthes* did in thoſe excellent lines which are going to loſe part of their grace and energy by my tranſlation of them. *Bolingbroke.* (See the original Epiſtle, 107, N. f.)

Parent of Nature, maſter of the world,
Where'er thy providence directs, behold
My ſteps with chearful reſignatiun turn.
Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on.
Why ſhould I grieve, when grieving I muſt bear,
Or take with guilt, what guiltleſs I might ſhare?

——— Thus let us ſpeak, thus let us act. Reſignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. But the ſure mark of a puſillanimous and baſe ſpirit, is to ſtruggle againſt, to cenſure, the orders of Providence; and inſtead of mending our own conduct, to ſet up for that of correcting our Maker. *Id.*——See alſo *Adams* on Suicide, p. 176.

(*b*) "This eſtabliſhed courſe of things it is not in our power to change: but it is in our power to aſſume ſuch a greatneſs of mind as becomes wiſe and virtuous men; as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude; and to conform ourſelves to the order of Nature; who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations. Let us ſubmit to this order: let us be perſuaded that whatever does happen ought to happen; (or, as Mr. *Pope* expreſſes it, *whatever is, is right*;) and never to be ſo fooliſh as to expoſtulate with Nature."

The beſt reſolution we can take, is to ſuffer what we cannot alter; and to purſue, without repining, the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked out to us. *Id.*

(*c*) Γῆρας ἐπὰν μὲν ἀτῇ, πᾶς ἔυχεται, ὣν δὲ πρὶν ἔλῃ,
Μέμφεται· ἔστι δ' ἀὲὶ χρῆσσον ὀφειλόμενον.
All wiſh for age, but when it comes, they cry,
They have enough, and rather wiſh to die.
Εἴ τὶς γηράσας ζηνέυχεται, ἄξιος ἐστι
Γηράσκειν πολλῶν εἰς ἐτέων δεκάδας.

(*d*) This alluſion is common in ſcripture. *I have fought a good fight,* ſaith St. *Paul*; *I have finiſhed my courſe*; *I have kept the faith*; *henceforth is laid up for me a crown of righteouſneſs.* ii. Tim. 4. 7. *This charge I commit with thee, ſon Timothy, that thou mayeſt war a good warfare.* i. Tim. 1. 18.

(*e*) Turdilli ſunt, tuti contumeliæ cauſa.---*Al.* Turburilla ſunt. *Pincian.* Tubilinæ, the name of a Goddeſs amongſt the ancients. *Lipſ.* Turdi ſunt. From one *Turdus*, a man of ſo infamous a character, that his name became a proverb.---*Seneca*, the father, makes mention of him, in l. 9. *Controv.* 4.---Turdilli, *Oxfils*; or ſome ſuch birds, that are ſafe in being deſpicable.

EPISTLE XCV.

The Wicked never ſecure.

YOU are miſtaken, *Lucilius*, if you think luxury, diſorderly behaviour, and other indecencies, which men are apt to lay to the charge of their own times, the peculiar vices of this age (*a*). There is no age exempt from them: but it is man that is in fault, not the age. And if once we begin to examine into the licentiouſneſs of certain times, I am aſhamed to ſay, that nothing could be more notorious, than the crimes that were committed in the face of *Cato*.

Would any one think that money ſhould be employed in that ſolemn trial, when *Clodius* was accuſed of adultery, committed in diſguiſe with the wife of *Cæſar*; and of violating the holy rites, inſtituted for the good of the people (*b*); at what time men are ſo far from being admitted, that the very pictures of any male animal were covered (*c*)? But the Judges took money; nay, what is much worſe, they exacted, by way of fees, the violation of matrons and young noblemen. There was leſs heinouſneſs in the crime, than in the abſolution of it. The accuſed of adultery divided with his Judges his ſinful ſport; nor was he ſecure until he had involved his Judges in the ſame guilt with himſelf.

Such were the tranſactions in the trial of *Clodius*, wherein *Cato*, if nothing more, was ſummoned to give evidence. But becauſe the thing exceeds all belief, I will give you the very words of *Cicero*; Accerſivit ad ſe, promiſit, interceſſit, dedit, jam verò, (O Dii boni, rem perditam!) etiam noctes certarum mulierum, atque adoleſcentulorum nobilium perductiones, nonnullis *judicibus pro mercedis* cumulo fuerunt. *Calvus*, the manager for *Clodius*, *called the Judges to him: he made them large promiſes, he entreated, he gave them money; but now, (O ye Gods,) what abominable wickedneſs! ſome of the Judges, by way of*

a bleſſing, above their fee, were to be introduced by night to the enjoyment of certain women of quality and young noblemen. There was no room to complain of the fee, be it what it will, ſince it was attended with ſuch *a bleſſing*, as, *would you have the wife of that ſevere old fellow, (Cato, ſuppoſe?) I will procure her for you. Or do you prefer the wife of that rich man (Craſſus?) you ſhall enjoy her.* And when you yourſelf have committed adultery, condemn it, *if you can.* Yes, that beautiful lady, if you deſire her, ſhall be at your ſervice; I promiſe you a night with her, when you pleaſe; you ſhall be ſure to have her during the adjournment of the trials. It is more to procure and diſtribute adulteries, than to commit them: the former conſiſts in ſummoning the matrons, and artfully taking them off their guard; the latter in freely abuſing them. Theſe Judges however of *Clodius*, demanded of the ſenate protection and a guard, which they had no need of, as they had no deſign to condemn him; but they obtained it: whereupon when they had acquitted him, *Catulus* ſaid ſmartly to one of them, Quid vos præſidium a nobis petebatis? *To what intent do you aſk a guard? was you afraid any one ſhould take* the bribe *from you, which you had juſt received?*

Amidſt all theſe jokes the adulterer was acquitted, even before the trial; and his pimp taken no notice of during the proceſs; who indeed eſcaped ſentence, which he more deſerved than the other. Can you think then any age more corrupt in morals than this; when luſt could not be reſtrained by holy ceremonies, nor public juſtice? when in that very enquiry, which was extraordinarily debated in the ſenate, greater villainy was committed than in the matter in queſtion? The enquiry was, whether a man, after committing adultery, could live ſafe in *Rome?* and it appeared, that *without committing adultery* he could not be ſafe.

Such were the tranſactions in the time of *Cæſar* and *Pompey*; nay, in the time of *Cicero* and *Cato*, even that *Cato*, in whoſe preſence the people dared not to demand the celebration of the ſports called *Floralia (d)*. Think you, then, men were more ſevere with regard to what they ſaw, than in the courts of judicature? No; ſuch exceſſes have happened, and

and will happen. The licentiouſneſs of critics is ſometimes reſtrained by fear and diſcipline, but never ſubſides of itſelf. There is no reaſon therefore you ſhould think, that in our time *only*, the laws have little credit, and licentiouſneſs the faſhion. For my part, I think our youth are not ſo profligate as at the time when the perſon accuſed of adultery denied the fact to his judges, and the judges confeſſed, or expoſed their guilt to him. When whoredoms were committed in order to qualify ſuch as were to try the cauſe; and when *Clodius*, (becoming gracious by thoſe very crimes that rendered him guilty) inſtead of proper allegations, and proving his innocence, turned procurer for his judges. Would any one believe this, that he who was accuſed of one criminal fact, ſhould get acquitted by committing more? Every age will have a *Clodius*, but not every age a *Cato*.

We are all prone to evil, becauſe herein we ſeldom want either a leader or a companion: not but that the buſineſs goes on without either a companion or a leader. Men are not only prone, but run headlong into evil: and what renders many incurable is, that artificers are aſhamed of any errors in their profeſſions, but men delight in the errors of life. A pilot rejoiceth not in the wreck of his ſhip, nor a phyſician in the death of his patient, nor an orator in loſing his client's cauſe: but, on the contrary, men take pleaſure and even glory in their ſins. One man, for inſtance, triumphs in committing adultery, eſpecially if with great difficulty he obtained the favour; another, in overreaching, and pilfering from, his neighbour: nor does the ſin ever diſpleaſe them, provided they have the good fortune to eſcape puniſhment.

Now this is owing to the prevalency of bad cuſtom. For, obſerve, that you may know, there is ſtill a ſenſe of good, left even in minds that are moſt corrupt; and that men, however negligent, are not quite void of ſhame; almoſt all diſſemble their crimes: and, when they have ſucceeded, they enjoy the fruits of their actions, but at the ſame time endeavour to conceal the actions themſelves. Whereas a good conſcience deſires to appear openly, and *to be ſeen of men*; nay wickedneſs

is afraid of darkneſs itſelf. I think it therefore elegantly ſaid by *Epicurus*, Poteſt nocenti contingere ut lateat, latendi fides non poteſt; *a guilty perſon may poſſibly lie concealed, but he cannot truſt to it*; or perhaps you may think it better expreſſed in this manner: Ideo non prodeſt latere peccantibus, quia latendi etiam ſi felicitatem habent, fiduciam non habent: *it is of little avail for a ſinner to hide himſelf, for let him hide himſelf as he will, he can never be aſſured of peace and ſecurity.*

Thus it is; *wickedneſs may be ſafe, but it never can be ſecure.* And I cannot think this aſſertion anywiſe repugnant to the doctrine of our ſect (*e.*) And why? becauſe the firſt and greateſt puniſhment of offenders is in the offence itſelf: nor does any wickedneſs, though fortune may adorn it with her choiceſt gifts, nay, though ſhe may defend and protect it, go unpuniſhed. Becauſe the puniſhment, I ſay, of wickedneſs is in wickedneſs itſelf: nevertheleſs both the one and the other are ſtill preſſed upon and followed with this ſecondary chaſtiſement, a continual dread, and diffidence of ſecurity.

And why ſhould I deſire to deliver wickedneſs from this certain puniſhment? why ſhould I not leave a mind ſo engaged ſtill in ſuſpenſe? We muſt diſſent indeed from *Epicurus*, when he ſaith *(f)*, *nothing is juſt* by nature; *and that crimes are avoided, becauſe fear is not to be avoided:* but herein we muſt agree with him, that *evil deeds are ſcourged by conſcience, and the greateſt part of her torture conſiſts in that anxiety which preſſeth upon and wrings her, becauſe ſhe can put no confidence in any thing that promiſeth her ſecurity.* For thus *Epicurus* argues, we naturally abhor villainy, becauſe no one is ſo ſafe as to be out of the reach of fear; good fortune delivers many from puniſhment, but no one from the fear of it; becauſe there is implanted in us an averſion to whatever is condemned by nature: therefore there can be no ſurety of concealment, even to thoſe who endeavour to conceal themſelves; ſince conſcience accuſeth them, and betrayeth them to themſelves. It is the property of guilt to tremble. It would be bad for us indeed, foraſmuch as many crimes eſcape the law, the Judge, and penal ſtatutes, if theſe natural and grievous puniſhments were not immediately inflicted; and fear ſupplied not the place of a beadle. A N-

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Et alia quæ objecit ſuis quiſque temporibus.] So *Heſiod*, the moſt antient author of that fiction, relating to the four ages of the world, complains of his being born in the *iron* age, the worſt of the four.

Μηκὲτ' ἔπειτ' ὠφελλον ἐγὼ πεμπτοισι μετεῖναι
Ἀνδράσιν, ἀλλ' ἢ πρόσθε θανεῖν, ἢ ἔπειτα γενέσθαι,
Νῦν γὰρ δὴ γένος ἐστὶ σιδήρεον· Heſ. ſ. 172.
Of public vice now reigns ſuch ample ſtore,
Would I had ne'er been born, or born before!
This ſurely is the iron age.———

(b) "This feaſt, or ſacrifice, was made to *her* whom the Romans called Bona Dea, *the good Goddeſs*, the Greeks *Gynacæa*; and it being celebrated only by women, *Clodius*, being a handſome young man, took on him the diſguiſe of a ſinging girl, in order to carry on an intrigue with *Pompeia Cæſar's* wife; but being diſcovered, he was brought to trial, when *Cæſar* himſelf appeared, and to the ſurprize of every one declared, *he had nothing to charge him with. Why then*, ſaid the accuſers, *have you divorced your wife? Becauſe*, ſays he, *it is enough for Cæſar's wife to be ſuſpected.* So *Clodius* got clear of the judgment, moſt of the judges giving their opinion in a confuſed manner, upon ſeveral cauſes at the ſame time, that they might not be in danger from the people in condemning him; (for in oppoſition to the nobility they all took his part) nor in diſgrace with the nobility by acquitting him." So far *Plutarch* in his Life of *Cæſar*.

And *Cicero* in his Epiſtle to *Atticus*, (l. 1. Ep. 15.) concerning this affair, ſays, "Our illuſtrious *Areopagites* called out that they would not aſſemble, unleſs a guard was appointed them. This matter was debated, and only one member was found who did not deſire the guard. The affair was then carried before the Senate, where it was granted in a moſt formal, honourable manner: the judges were commended, the providing a guard was committed to the magiſtrates, nor was there a man found who imagined that *Clodius* would ſtand his trial. Twenty-one of the judges were determined againſt him, though they were threatened with the greateſt dangers. But thirty-one of them obeyed the calls of hunger rather than of honour."

(c) So *Juvenal* ſpeaking of this very affair, ſ. 6. 336.

—— ubi velari pictura jubetur
Quæcunque alterius ſexus imitata figuram eſt.
And ev'n male pictures modeſtly are veil'd.

(d) At what time the more celebrated courteſans dance naked. The learned are agreed that the vulgar notion of *Flora* the ſtrumpet, is purely a fiction of *Lactantius*; from whom it was taken. *Flora* appears to have been a *Sabine* goddeſs, and the *Ludi Florales* to have been inſtituted A. U. C. 613. The main part of the ceremony was managed by a company of lewd ſtrumpets, who ran up and down naked. However the wiſeſt and graveſt *Romans* were not for diſcontinuing this cuſtom, though the moſt indecent imaginable. For *Cato* when he was preſent at theſe games, and ſaw the people aſhamed to let the maids ſtrip while he was there, immediately went out of the theatre, to let the ceremony have its courſe. *Liv.* xxv. *Kennet.*

(e) i. e. Stoiciſm. The Stoics maintained that virtue and vice were to be followed or eſchewed, merely upon their own account; whereas the *Epicureans* had reſpect to reward and puniſhment.

(f) Epicurus adds, τὴν ἀδικίαν ὃ καθ' ἑαυτὴν κακον, κ. τ. λ. *Injuſtice is not an evil in itſelf, but in the fear and ſuſpicion of being diſcovered.* On the contrary the *Stoics* (Cic. de Fin. l. 3.) minimè vero probatur huic diſciplinæ *(Stoicæ)* aut amicitiam aut juſtitiam, ob utilitates adſciſci aut probari, jus autem, quod ita dici appellarique poſſit, id eſſe natura, alienumque a ſapiente, non modo injuriam cuiquam facere verùm etiam nocere.

There abſolutely could be no ſuch things as juſtice *or* friendſhip, *unleſs they were cultivated for themſelves. As to what is termed* right, *the* Stoics *hold it to be Nature itſelf; and that it is inconſiſtent with the character of a wiſe man to do an injury, nay, the leaſt prejudice to any perſon.*

EPISTLE XCVI.

All Happineſs from within; in this tranſitory State of Things.

NEVER think a man happy, *Lucilius*, whoſe happineſs is in ſuſpenſe. He depends on frailty, who rejoiceth in an adventitious good. Such joy will paſs away as lightly as it came: but the joy that ariſeth from within, is faithful, is firm; it continually grows ſtronger, and holds out to the laſt *. Other things which the vulgar admire are only good for a time. What then is there no pleaſure or profit in them? who denies it *(a)*? but it muſt be when they depend upon *us*, and not we upon *them*. All things within the power of fortune may thus be made fruitful and pleaſant to us; if he that poſſeſſeth them is maſter alſo of himſelf; and ſubjects not himſelf to his poſſeſſions.

For they are miſtaken, my *Lucilius*, who think that what fortune can give us is either good or bad. She gives us indeed the material part of good and evil; and to her we owe the beginning of thoſe incidents, which in the iſſue may prove either happy or unhappy for us. But the mind is ſtronger than any fortune; it conducteth its own affairs, right or wrong; and is itſelf the cauſe of its own happineſs or miſery. A bad mind turns every thing to bad; even ſuch things as have the appearance of good: but the man of an upright and pure mind corrects the depravity of fortune; and ſoftens, by the art of patience, every hard and diſagreeable condition. The ſame likewiſe receives proſperity with gratitude and moderation; and adverſity with conſtancy and courage. Who although he is prudent, although he is ſo judicious in his tranſactions, as never to engage in any enterprize

beyond his ſtrength; yet never can attain that entire good, which is placed beyond the threats of fortune, unleſs he is fixed, and ſteady againſt all uncertainties.

Whether, *Lucilius*, you will be pleaſed to obſerve other men, (for in ſuch a caſe we are apt to judge more freely) or to conſider yourſelf, without prejudice or partiality; you will perceive, and confeſs, that none of theſe things, which are eſteemed ſo precious and deſirable, are truly uſeful; unleſs you will arm yourſelf againſt the levity of chance, and the uncertainty of things depending thereon; unleſs you frequently, and without murmuring and repining at any loſs, can ſay, Diis aliter viſum eſt,—*I might think perhaps I deſerved better fortune, but) the Gods thought otherwiſe* (*b*). Or to give you a verſe of a more ſtrong and juſt expreſſion; ſay this, when any thing happens contrary to expectation, Dii melius (*c*). *The Gods know better*, (what is good for us than we do ourſelves). A mind thus compoſed no accident can injure; and thus will a mind be compoſed, if a man reflects upon the variety of contingencies in human affairs, before he is made ſenſible of them; if he enjoys his children, his wife, his eſtate, as if he was not always to enjoy them; and if he could not be made more wretched upon this account, was he obliged to part from them. *That* mind alone is wretched, which is ever anxious concerning what may happen; which is miſerable before real miſery reacheth it, and in continual dread leſt thoſe things which it now delights in ſhould not continue to the end of life: for ſuch a one can never be at reſt; and, in expectation of ſome future evil, will loſe the enjoyment of the preſent good.

There is but little difference between grieving for a thing loſt, and the fear of loſing any thing. Not that I hereby, *Lucilius*, recommend negligence or careleſſneſs: no; do your endeavour to avoid ſuch things as are to be dreaded; do all that can be done by prudence and forecaſt (*d*); conſider well what may hurt you: nothing can be more ſerviceable to this purpoſe than a reaſonable confidence, and a mind reſolutely ſteeled with patience. The man is ſecure againſt the power of fortune, who is determined to be ſubmiſſive. Tranquillity excludes all manner of

tumult. Beſides, nothing can be more miſerable, nothing more ridiculous, than to be always in fear: what madneſs is it for a man to anticipate his misfortunes!

Laſtly, to include in a few words my ſentiments on this ſubject, and to deſcribe theſe over-buſy-bodies, and ſelf-tormentors, let me obſerve, they are as impatient and intemperate, when what they expected comes upon them, as they were before. He certainly grieves more than is neceſſary, who grieves before it is neceſſary: for, by the ſame infirmity, that he does not expect ſorrow, he knows not how to conſider it rightly; and by the ſame unreaſonableneſs, he not only fancies that his felicity will be laſting, but that whatever good hath befallen him, it muſt neceſſarily encreaſe: and forgetful of the grand machine *(f)*, whereby all things are toſſed and ſcattered about, he promiſeth to himſelf alone ſtability in caſual things. *Metrodorus* therefore ſeems to ſpeak excellently well in that Epiſtle where he comforts his ſiſter upon the death of her ſon, a child of a charming diſpoſition, ſaying,

Mortale eſt omne mortalium bonum (*g*),

Mortal is every good of mortal men.

He is ſpeaking of thoſe goods which men ſo greatly affect and readily purſue: for the *true good* never dies: it is ſure, and everlaſting, *wiſdom and virtue* (*h*). This is the only good to mortals; but ſo unreaſonable are they, ſo forgetful of what they are; and whither they are going; nay, whither every day puſheth them on; that they wonder and are amazed at loſing any thing, though it is certain they muſt one day loſe all.

Whatever it is that you call yourſelf maſter of, you may have it indeed, but it is not thine. Nothing can be firm to an infirm creature; nothing eternal and unperiſhable to frail mortals on this ſide the grave. It is as neceſſary that all worldly goods ſhould periſh, as at any time be loſt. And this, if rightly underſtood, would prove a comfortable inducement to us to part, with a ſteady mind, from what we knew we muſt neceſſarily loſe.

What remedy then ſhall we find out againſt theſe loſſes? Why, this; that we ſtill keep in memory the things that are loſt, and ſuffer not the fruits we received from them to periſh with them. *To have*, may be taken from us; but *to have had*, never. He is very ungrateful, who when he hath loſt any thing, ſuppoſeth that he owes no thanks for the enjoyment of it. Chance may rob us of a thing, yet leave us the benefit of it; unleſs we loſe this too by an unreaſonable deſire and longing after it.

Say moreover to thyſelf; there are none of all theſe things that ſeem ſo terrible, but what are conquerable. There are many who have overcome each particular, as, *Mucius*, fire; *Regulus*, torture; *Socrates*, poyſon; *Cato*, death, by his own ſword. Let *us* alſo endeavour at ſome glorious victory. Again,—thoſe things which under a ſpecious ſhew of happineſs allure the vulgar, have been often, and by many deſpiſed. *Fabricius (i)*, when general in chief, deſpiſed riches; and, when cenſor, condemned them. *Tubero* (*k*) adjudged poverty worthy of himſelf and the capitol; when, at a ſolemn feaſt, uſing earthen veſſels, he ſhewed that men ought to be contented with theſe things wherewith the Gods themſelves diſdained not to be ſerved. *Sextius* the elder, a man every way qualified for a ſtateſman, when offered the ſenatorial robe by *Julius Cæſar*, would not accept it, for he well knew that what was given him, might be taken from him. Let *us* likewiſe aſſume this noble ſpirit, and prove as exemplary to others, as theſe have been to us. Why do we draw back? Why do we deſpair? What has been may be. Let us only make pure the mind, and *follow nature*; (*m*) for whoever ſwerves from following her, muſt fear, muſt deſire, and be a ſlave to caſualties. We may return to the right way, we may recover ourſelves, if we pleaſe. Let us then endeavour it, that we may patiently bear whatever may afflict the body, and ſay to Fortune, Cum viro tibi negotium eſt, quære quem vincas; *you have now got a man to deal with; look out elſewhere for one whom you may conquer* (*n*).

By theſe and the like ſpeeches, is aſſuaged the virulence of that ulcer, which I heartily wiſh eaſed, and if not cured, made ſupportable,

able, that I may grow old under it. Not that I am greatly affected in this matter: our preſent queſtion is concerning our loſs of a moſt excellent *old* man (*o*); for he truly may be ſaid to be full of days, who deſires no more ſhould be added to his life, for his own ſake, but for theirs to whom he may be ſerviceable. He acts generouſly in that he ſtill lives. Some men would not ſo long have endured their pains, but he thinks it as ſcandalous to fly to death as to fly from it. *But ſuppoſing him otherwiſe perſuaded, ſhall he not go?* Why not; if he can be no longer of ſervice to any one; if he can do nothing more than attend upon his pain? But this, my *Lucilius, is to put philoſophy into practice, and to be exerciſed* in the truth; to ſhew how a prudent man can fortify his mind againſt death, and againſt pain, when either that approacheth, or this oppreſſeth him. What is to be done, muſt be learned from the doer of it.

Thus far then we have argued, whether it be poſſible to reſiſt pain; and whether death, how near ſoever, can make a great mind ſtoop and tremble. And what need is there of many words? The thing ſpeaks itſelf. Let us obſerve this, that neither death makes ſuch a one more courageous and ſtrong againſt pain, nor pain againſt death: he arms himſelf againſt both, and puts his confidence therein. Neither thro' hopes of death, does he more patiently endure pain; nor does the irkſomeneſs of pain make him die more willingly: he bears the one, and waits the other *(p)*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* Thoſe indeed who have no internal reſource of happineſs will find themſelves uneaſy in every ſtage of human life: but to him who is accuſtomed to derive all his felicity from within himſelf, no ſtate will appear as a real evil into which we are conducted by the common and regular courſe of Nature. *Melm.*

(*a*) See Ep. 23.——*For every creature of God is good, and not to be refuſed, if it be received with thankſgiving.* 1. Tim. 44.

(*b*) This is ſpoken of *Ripheus*, a juſt and good man, whoſe hard fate *Æneas* is lamenting; and thinking that he deſerved much better, he checks himſelf with this excellent reflection, *that it was the will of the Gods that he ſhould ſuffer with the reſt.* Cato, p. 8.

" Vain men! how ſeldom do we know what to wiſh, or pray for! When we pray againſt misfortunes, and when we fear them moſt, we want them moſt. It was for this reaſon *Pythagoras* forbade

bade his diſciples to aſk any thing particular of God; the ſhorteſt and the beſt prayer we can make to him, who knows our wants, and our ignorance in aſking, is this, *Thy will be done.* Bolingbroke on Exile.

The Chriſtian on the like occaſion is taught and commanded, by our Lord himſelf to ſay, *O Father of Heaven, thy will be done.* Matth. 6. 10, Luke, 11. 2.

(*c*) *Ovid.* Met. ix. 496.——Dii melius—*The Gods forbid.*——Sewell.

(*d*) So the charge of our Lord to his Diſciples, *Be ye as wiſe as ſerpents, and innocent as doves.* Matth. 10. 16.

(*e*) *Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow ſhall take thought for the things of itſelf: ſufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.* Matth. 6. 34.

And St. Paul, *I would have you without carefulneſs.* i. Cor. 7. 32.

(*f*) Obliti hujus petauri, quo humana jactantur. *Pincian al.* hujus peccati,—*al.* obliti fati quo——

An magis oblectant animum jactata *petauro*
Corpora——*Mart.*
Ad numeros etiam ille ciet cognata per artem
Corpora, quæ valido ſaliunt excuſſa *petauro*,
Alternoſque cient motus: elatus et ille
Nunc jacet, atque hujus caſu ſuſpenditur ille.
To theſe join thoſe, who from an engine *toſt,*
Pierce through the air, and in the clouds are loſt;
Or poiſe on timber, where by turns they riſe,
And ſink, and mount each other to the ſkies.

(*g*) *Muret.* obſerves that *Metrodorus* borrowed this ſentence from *Euripides*——Θνητῶν δὲ θνητὸς ὅλβος.

(*h*) Like the Chriſtian charity, *it never faileth.* i. Cor. 13. 8. Or, like the word of God, *Heaven and earth ſhall paſs away, but my words ſhall not paſs away.* Matth. 24. 25.

(*i*) *Fabricius* was in the higheſt veneration among the *Romans*, as a man of virtue, and a good ſoldier, but extremely poor. Being ſent embaſſador to *Pyrrhus*, *Pyrrhus* received him with great kindneſs, and preſſed him in private to accept of a handſome preſent in gold, not to engage him in any thing diſhonourable, but as a pledge of friendſhip and hoſpitality. *Fabricius* however would not accept it upon any terms. See *Plutarch.* Life of *Pyrrhus.*

(*k*) *Elius Tubero*, the very beſt of men, and who above all the *Romans* knew how to ſupport his poverty with magnificence. *Id.* in the Life of *Emilius.* See Ep. 95.

(*l*) See Ep. 59.

(*m*) The nature of man as it now is cannot juſtly be ſet up as a proper rule or ſtandard of virtue, but muſt itſelf be regulated by an higher cauſe, by which we are to judge of its rectitude, and of its corruptions and defects; and therefore the ableſt of the Stoics in judging of what is according to nature, were for conſidering the nature of man as in a conformity to the law of reaſon and the nature of the whole. But this way of talking ſeems not well fitted to furniſh us with clear notions; and only ſerves to enhance our obligation to the Almighty for the further diſcovery of his will in his holy word.

(*n*) In order to which great end, it is neceſſary we ſhould ſtand watchful as centinels, to diſcover the ſecret wiles and open attacks of this capricious goddeſs, before they reach us. When ſhe falls upon us unexpected, it is hard to reſiſt, but thoſe who wait for her will repel her with eaſe.

" I learned this important leſſon long ago, and never truſted to Fortune, even while ſhe ſeemed to be at peace with me. The riches, the honours, the reputation, and all the advantages which her

treacherous

treacherous indulgence poured upon me, I placed them ſo that ſhe might ſnatch them away, but ſhe could not *tear* them from me. No man ſuffers by bad fortune, but he that hath been deceived by good.——If we do not ſuffer ourſelves to be tranſported by proſperity, neither ſhall we be reduced by adverſity. Our ſouls will be of proof againſt the dangers of both theſe ſtates; and having explored our ſtrength we ſhall be ſure of it. For in the midſt of felicity, we ſhall have tried how we can bear misfortune." *Bolingbroke* on Exile.

(*o*) There being no mention made before of any perſon to whom theſe words are referable, *Muret.* concludes that this Epiſtle is imperfect, (as certainly it is) and that much is wanting at the beginning. *Lipſius* thinks the ſame; but makes a doubt whether the perſon here alluded to may not be the *Marullus* mentioned in the next Epiſtle.

(*p*) Hunc fert, illam expectat] Whatever *Seneca* may have ſaid elſewhere ſeemingly in favour of ſuicide, is ſufficiently confuted by the example here recommended, which breathes the pure and ſound doctrine of Chriſtianity.

EPISTLE XCVII.

Conſolatory, on the Death of a Son.

I HAVE ſent you, *Lucilius*, the Epiſtle I wrote to *Marullus* on the death of his young ſon; for whom I was told he indulged an unmanly ſorrow; and therefore I have ſwerved from my uſual ſtyle as not thinking that he ought to be treated gently, when more worthy of reproof than conſolation. To one indeed afflicted with a deeper wound than he knows how to bear, it is proper to give way a little: let him ſatiate himſelf; at leaſt let him give vent to the ſigh, and guſhing tear: but let ſuch as take upon them to weep at every trifling accident, be chaſtiſed, and taught to know, that even tears have their folly.

— Do you expect comfort? No: I ſhall rather reprove you. Are you ſo effeminately moved at the death of your ſon; what would you have done if you had loſt a *friend?* Your ſon is departed, a child, an infant, in whom you could place no certain hope: nothing then is loſt but a little time. We are too apt to ſeek occaſions of ſorrow, and unjuſtly to complain of Fortune; as if ſhe would not give us, at ſome time or other, juſt cauſes of complaint. Truly I thought your mind ſtrong enough

enough to ſupport real afflictions, and conſequently would deſpiſe ſuch ſhadows of evil, at which men grieve merely for cuſtom ſake (*a*). Had you even loſt a friend, (which ſurely is the greateſt of all loſſes) you ought rather to rejoice in having had ſuch a friend, than to mourn for having loſt him. But few, alas! take any account of what courteſies they have received, or what favours they have formerly enjoyed. This evil then, among many other, attends upon ſorrow; it is not only ſuperfluous, but ungrateful.

And is it then all in vain, that you once had a friend? Is it nothing that you lived ſo many years in ſtrict amity; and a ſocial communication of improvements in ſtudy? Haſt thou buried friendſhip too with thy friend? Or, if he was not ſerviceable to you, while living, why ſhould you grieve at having loſt him? Believe me, great part of thoſe whom we loved, though chance hath taken them from us, ſtill remains with us. The time paſſed is all our own; nor can any thing be more ſafe and ſurely ours, than what hath been. But we are indeed ungrateful for what is paſt, through the hopes of what is to come; as if this too, were we to ſucceed herein, would not ſoon come under the ſame predicament. He ſets too narrow bounds on the enjoyment of life, who only rejoiceth in the preſent. Both the things that are to come, and the things that are paſt have their endearments; the former from expectation, the latter from memory: but thoſe are ſtill depending, and may not happen, whereas theſe cannot but have been. What madneſs is it therefore to forego that which is moſt certain! Let us acquieſce in thoſe things which we have taſted; unleſs we entruſted them to ſo leaky a boſom as tranſmits every thing that it receives.

There are innumerable inſtances of thoſe who have loſt their young children without a tear: who returned from the funeral rites to the ſenate-houſe, or ſome public office, and were taken up with their proper regards; and that wiſely too: for, 1ſt, it is in vain to grieve where grief can do no good: 2dly, it is unjuſt to complain of that happening to one, which happens unto all; and, laſtly, it is a folly to lament and mourn, when there is ſo little difference between the perſon loſt and

the friend that loſeth him. We ought therefore to be of a more equal and ſteady mind, becauſe we muſt certainly follow thoſe we have loſt.

Conſider the celerity of moſt rapid Time: think on the ſhort race we ſo ſwiftly run: obſerve the whole aſſembly of mankind, all going the ſame way; and ſeparated by the ſhorteſt intervals, however long they ſeem. He whom we thought dead, is only gone before us: what then can be greater folly, than to bewail him who hath juſt ſtepped before you, when you yourſelf are travelling the ſame road? It is ridiculous to mourn, that an accident hath happened, which a man could not but know muſt one day happen: or, he muſt be very ignorant indeed, and impoſe upon himſelf, who knows not that man carries the ſeeds of death about him. It is to mourn a thing, which he allows could not be otherwiſe than as it is. Whoever complains at the death of any one, complains of his having been born. The ſame conditions bind all men. Every one that is born muſt die. We are diſtinguiſhed I ſay by ſmall intervals, but are all equal in death. The ſpace between our firſt and our laſt day is various and uncertain: if you conſider the *troubles* of life; even the life of a boy is long: if the *velocity* of it, the life of an old man is ſhort. There is nothing that is not uncertain, deceitful, and variable as the weather. All things are toſſed to and fro, and are transferable to their contraries, at the command of fortune. And in ſuch a rotation of human affairs, there is nothing certain, I ſay, but death: and yet all men complain of that in which alone no one is deceived.

But *he died a child!* Perhaps it may be the better for him. But I am not as yet ſpeaking of an early death. Let us conſider the old man; and how little hath he exceeded the infant! Set before your view the ample round of Time; reflect upon the ages paſt and to come; and then compare with Time's immenſity the ſpace we call *the age of man*, ſo ſhall you ſee how little a thing it is that we ſo earneſtly covet, and would fain extend. Conſider likewiſe how much of this little is taken up with tears, with troubles, with the wiſhing for death before it comes: how much is tortured with a bad ſtate of health, and with fear; how

how many years are ſpent in childhood, in ignorance, and unprofitable ſtudies! almoſt half of it is loſt in ſleep. Add hereunto labour, ſorrows, perils, and the like; and you will find that in the longeſt life, little of it can properly be called *living*. And who will not grant it better, *ſoon* to return from whence we came, and to end our journey without fatigue?

Life in itſelf is neither good nor evil; though both good and evil dwell therein; ſo that your child hath loſt nothing but the chance of falling into evil. He might indeed have proved decent and prudent; he might poſſibly, under your inſpection, have been formed to good; yet, (what is more juſtly to be feared) notwithſtanding all your care, he might have proved as bad as many other. Behold thoſe young rakes, whom, though born of a noble family, luxury and intemperance have reduced to the conſtitution of a prize-fighter! Look upon thoſe, who contaminate themſelves with abominable luſts for hire! who ſcarce paſs a day without being drunk, or committing ſome flagitious crime; and you will think it evident that more was to be feared than hoped for. You ought not therefore to provoke ſorrow; and, by repining at ſmall inconveniencies, accumulate real grief.

Do I then exhort you to ſtrive and exert yourſelf? No, my friend, I ſhould be aſhamed to have ſo mean an opinion of you, as to think there was any neceſſity for ſummoning all your virtue to your aid in ſo trifling an affair. This is no cauſe of grief, it is only a ſlight ſting, which you yourſelf have made painful. Philoſophy *truly* hath been of great ſervice to you, if you ſtrenuouſly bewail the loſs of a child, who was better known to his nurſe than to his father!

But do I then recommend a flinty heart? would I have you look up chearfully at the funeral of your ſon? nor ſuffer your mind to ſhrink at ſo great a loſs? No; this would be inhumanity, not virtue, to behold the dead, with the ſame delighted eye we do the living, relation; or not to be moved at the firſt forcible ſeparation in a family. And what if I was to forbid lamentation? There are ſome things not in our power; tears will flow from the moſt ſtubborn eyes; and thus, tears plentifully

ſhed, often eaſe the heart. What muſt we then do?—why, permit them, but force them not. Let them drop as long as they ſpring from affection; but not ſo long as cuſtom or imitation may require. Let us not add to our ſorrow, nor increaſe it by the example of others. An oſtentation of grief demands more than grief itſelf. Who is it that indulgeth ſorrow, while alone? The deep groan is utterd, to be heard. In private your mourners are calm and eaſy; but at the ſight of any one, they burſt into tears (*k*). Then it is they tear the hair, and beat the breaſt, which they might have done much more freely, when there was no one to forbid them. Then they wiſh for death themſelves; and flounce upon the couch: but let the company depart, and their grief is over.

In this as well as in other exceſſes, we are wont to follow bad examples; and regard not what beſt becomes us, but what is cuſtomary on the like occaſion. We loſe ſight of nature, and addict ourſelves to the faſhion of the vulgar; no proper guide in any reſpect, but in this, of all other, the moſt inconſtant. Do they ſee any one bearing themſelves up againſt affliction, they call him impious and cruel-hearted; do they ſee him dejected and overcome with ſorrow, while hanging over the deceaſed, they call him weak and effeminate. We muſt reduce then all things to the ſtandard of reaſon; but nothing can be more ridiculous than to make a parade of ſorrow; and to ſeek approbation from a flood of tears; which I conſider, with regard to a wiſe man in two reſpects, ſometimes as iſſuing forcibly, and ſometimes as flowing by permiſſion. I will ſhew you the difference.

When ſome menger ſtrikes us with the diſagreeable news of a departed friend; or, when a body is torn from our embrace to be laid on the funeral pile, a natural neceſſity excites our tears: the ſpirit of man, being ſmitten by a ſudden impulſe, as it ſhakes the whole frame, ſo it ſpareth not the eyes, preſſing out and extorting the ever-ready fluid. Such tears as theſe ſtart involuntarily. There are other, to which we willingly give vent, when put in mind of ſome dear friend we have loſt; and there is indeed ſomething ſweet in ſuch an indulgence of ſorrow: when

when we reflect upon their affability, chearful converſation, kind affection, and duteous piety, ſo that the eyes diſcharge as it were a flood of joy. Theſe we indulge, and by the other we are overcome.

There is no manner of reaſon then, that you ſhould either reſtrain, or pour forth tears, on account of viſiters with their compliments of condolance. They flow not, nor ceaſe to flow diſgracefully, provided there is no feigning nor affectation in the caſe. Let them ſtart if they will; it is no more than what may happen to men moſt moderate and compoſed. Nay, they have flowed, even whilſt reaſon hath kept up her authority; with ſuch moderation however, that both humanity and dignity were preſerved. We may obey nature, I ſay, herein, and ſtill maintain ſedateneſs and gravity. I have ſeen thoſe who looked venerable at the funeral of a relation: while in their countenance love ſat enthroned; without exhibiting the leaſt oſtentation of mourning. There was nothing but what aroſe from pure affection. Such a decency is there in ſorrow, which is always to be obſerved and kept up by a wiſe man: and as in other things, ſo in tears, there is a proper boundary: whereas among the imprudent, as their joy, ſo their grief, generally knows no bounds.

Receive then ſuch things as neceſſarily happen with an equal temper. What is there incredible? what is there that is new and ſtrange, in this affair? How many yet daily find employ for the undertakers? How many are the diſſections (*c*)? How many will grieve upon the ſame account with you? As often then as you think on your deceaſed child, think him alſo to have been born a mortal creature; to whom as nothing certain was promiſed, fortune did not think herſelf obliged to carry him on to old age, but diſmiſſed him at her pleaſure. Speak of him however as often as you pleaſe; and celebrate his memory (*d*) as long as it is agreeable; for no one delights to converſe with a ſorrowful perſon, much leſs with ſorrow itſelf. Do you recollect any witty ſayings, any jeſts which you once heard with pleaſure, repeat them often, and conſtantly affirm, that you doubt not, but he would have fulfilled the hopes your fatherly affection entertained of him. To forget a relation;

to

to bury the memory of him in his grave, to weep moſt profuſely, and yet be ſparingly mindful of him, is the part of a ridiculous and inhuman diſpoſition. Thus the birds and beaſts love their young, with a ſtrong, and almoſt outrageous affection for a time; but being loſt, or parted from them, all affection is extinguiſhed. This becomes not a wiſe man. Let him perſevere in the remembrance of a departed friend, but ceaſe to mourn.

I can by no means approve of what *Metrodorus* ſaith;—eſſe aliquam cognatam triſtitiæ voluptatem; hanc ipſam captendam in ejus modi tempore; *there is a certain pleaſure allied to grief, which, at ſuch a time, is to be covetted and embraced.* I have ſubſcribed the words of *Metrodorus (f)*, and doubt not the cenſure you will paſs upon them. For, what can be more baſe, than to affect a pleaſure in grief itſelf? nay, to ſeek delight in tears and mourning? Theſe are the men who object againſt us, as being too rigid, and defame our precepts as hard and cruel, in that we affirm, that grief is not to be admitted into the mind, or ſoon expelled. But which do you think the more incredible, or the more inhuman, for a man not to be ſenſible of grief at the loſs of a friend, or to expect pleaſure in the depth of ſorrow? What we preſcribe is juſt and right; when affection hath poured forth ſome tears, and hath, as I may ſay, eaſed the eye of its load, the mind is no longer to be given up to ſorrow. And what ſay you? Why, that *there is a pleaſure mixed with grief itſelf*; as when we dry up a boy's tears with a cake, and ſtop the crying of infants with the milky treat. Nor even when the child is on the funeral pile, or this friend is expiring, will you permit pleaſure to ceaſe; but would fain tickle and flatter ſorrow itſelf. But which of the two is more fit and decent; either that ſorrow ſhould be removed from the mind; or pleaſure admitted thereto? admitted, did I ſay? nay, it is expected, and ſought after even in grief itſelf.

There is a certain pleaſure, ſaith *Metrodorus, allied to ſorrow.* We (*Stoics*) indeed might ſay this; but not you, (an Epicurean). For as you acknowledge but one good, which is pleaſure; and but one evil,

which is pain and ſorrow, what affinity can there be between good and evil *(g)*? or if there was, we ſhould now eſpecially find it out; and now ſee, if ever, whether in grief itſelf there is any thing pleaſing and delightful. Certain remedies there are, which are ſalutary and of good effect to ſome parts of the body; but being lothſome, and not very decent, cannot fitly be applied to other parts; and what might prove of ſervice at one time without putting modeſty to the bluſh, may at another time, in caſe of a wound, be not ſo fit or decent. Are you not aſhamed to think of healing or aſſuaging grief by the pleaſure that is ſuppoſed to attend it? It is a wound, that requires the application of a ſeverer remedy. Rather apply this reflection thereto; that no ſenſe of pain can reach the dead; if it can, the perſon is not dead. Nothing, I ſay, can hurt him who is no where, who is nothing: if he can be hurt, he is ſtill living. And which do you think the worſe either that he is no more, or that he is ſtill in being? Certainly in that he is no more, no torment can affect him: for what feeling can he have, who is not? nor yet in that he ſtill is; for he hath got over the greateſt danger, which is death, by being no more.

This likewiſe we may urge to one who mourns and repines at the death of a young child. We are all, with reſpect to the ſhortneſs of life, compared with the immenſe circle of Time, both old and young upon the ſame level. So ſmall a portion of the many ages paſt is ours; that we cannot but call it the leaſt imaginable; though however little it be, it is ſtill ſomething. The time we live, I ſay, is next to nothing; though ſuch is our folly, to enlarge and ſtretch it out, as a matter of great conſequence.

Thus have I wrote to you, not as if you had expected from me ſo late conſolation; for I doubt not but that you have reflected before upon all that you have read; but in order to reprove you for that delay, ſhort as it was, in which you ſeemed to depart from your uſual judgment; and in concluſion exhort you, to buoy up your mind againſt any ſtroke of fortune, and prevent by forecaſt all her darts; not as what may poſſibly be aimed at you, but as what you certainly will one day feel.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) Moris causâ] al. amoris And ſo the old French tranſlation, *a cauſe de l'amour, qui eſt la plus grande playe de toutes.*

(*b*) Clariùs cum audiuntur, gemunt] So, *Martial*;

Amiſſum non ſtet, cum ſola eſt, Gallia patrem,
Si quis adeſt, juſſæ proſiliunt lacrymæ.
Thus Gallia mourns; the ever ready tear
Starts from the eye when any friend is near;
But when alone, ſad as ſhe was before,
Sorrow ſubſides, and grief is heard no more. M.

Quam multis vitalia cruuntur, (for the improvement, ſuppoſe, of the young ſurgeon.) So *Eraſmus, al.* emuntur, al. emittunt.——*Gruter.* ſuſpects ſome defect here, but deſpairs of curing it. *Lipſius* ſays, he ſhould not have diſapproved of *cruuntur*, in the ſenſe *Eraſmus* received it, (ut poſſint condiri) if *Seneca* had wrote in *Egypt*, where it was uſual to embalm the dead, and not at *Rome*, where there was no ſuch cuſtom. He therefore conjectures——Quam multi vitam alii emittunt——but waving all theſe, ſays *Gronovius, I think the reading according to* Eraſmus *is right:* but he takes it in another ſenſe, not as relating to embalming, but to ſome violent operation in phyſic or ſurgery; as *Seneca* writes elſewhere——Laceratione medicorum eſſe vivis legentium, et totas in viſcera manus demittentium. *Sen.* Conſol. ad Marc. 22. I have taken them in another ſenſe, which I think the words will bear; but after all ſhould chuſe the reading of *Lipſius*, becauſe the plaineſt, Quam multi vitam alii amittunt; *we daily ſee funeral after funeral.*

(*d*) Ὠφελημα δὲ τοῖς ἀφηρημενοις, ἡ διὰ της ἀγαθῆς μνήμης τιμὴ, κ. τ. λ. *Plutarch.* Conſol. ad Apoll. *'Tis the duty we owe a deceaſed friend to keep him in pious memory. No good man requires hideous groans, but hymns and praiſes; not grief, but a commendable remembrance.* Fœminis lugere honeſtum eſt, viris meminiſſe. *Tacitus. It is for women to weep and bewail a deceaſed friend; it better becomes men to keep a reſpectful memory of him.*

(*e*) Vid. Ariſtot. Rhet. i. 11.——

Fleque meos caſus, eſt quædam flere, voluptas. *Ovid.*
Bewail my lot; 'twill give you ſome relief;
A certain pleaſure oft attends on grief.
——— Tunc flere, et ſcindere veſtes
Fataque, et injuſtos rabidis pulſare querelis
Cœlicolas, ſolamen erat.——*Statius*, in Priſcillam.
It was a conſolation, to complain
Of unjuſt heav'n, and mourn a rabid ſtrain.

Apul. l. 6. inextricabilis periculi mole obruta, lacrymarum etiam extremo ſolatio carebat. *Pacat.* in Paneg. Theodoſii.——Eſt aliquid calamitatum delinimentum, dediſſe lacrymas malis, et pectus laxaſſe ſuſpiriis. *D. Ambros*, de obitu *Valentiniani*, paſcunt frequenter lacrymæ, et mentem allevant, fletus refrigerant pectus, et mœſtum ſolantur affectum.——Eſt enim piis affectibus quædam etiam flendi voluptas, et plerumque gravis evaporat dolor.

Nam miſeris nec flere quidem aut lenire dolorem
Colloquiis impunè licet. *Claud.* in Ruffin, l. 1.

No harder lot can miſery attend,
Than not to weep, or not enjoy a friend.

But how great is *Shakeſpear* in this reſpect, when he deſcribes *Conſtance lamenting* her princely ſon *Arthur!*

" Grief fills the room up of my abſent child;
" Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
" Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
" Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
" Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
" Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief——
" O my dear boy, my Arthur, my fair ſon!
" My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
" My widow's comfort, and my ſorrow's cure!"

(f) The words are wanted in all the copies but two, which *Eraſmus* ſays he ſaw; but the letters or characters were ſuch that he could not read or make any ſenſe of them, worth tranſcribing.

(g) For what communion hath righteouſneſs with unrighteouſneſs, and what communion hath light with darkneſs? ii. Cor. 6. 14.

EPISTLE C.

On the Writings of Fabian *.

YOU are pleaſed to inform me, *Lucilius*, that you have read with eagerneſs the books of *Caius Fabian*, which are entitled, *Civilium (a) of Politics*, and that they did not anſwer your expectation; and then, as if you had forgot you was talking of a *Philoſopher*, you cenſure his compoſition. Suppoſe it to be as you ſay, and that he pours forth his words, unweighed (*b*), there is ſometimes a grace in this manner, and a peculiar excellency in an eaſy flowing ſtyle. For I think there is a great difference between *ruſhing* and *flowing*. So in the works I am ſpeaking of, *Fabian* ſeems not laviſhly to waſte his words, but to pour them forth with fluency. He is prolix indeed, but without diſorder and confuſion. This he himſelf confeſſeth and declares, that his ſtyle is by no means affected, or laboured, but ſuch however as might be known to be his. He pretended not to compoſe words, but to reform manners. He wrote not to pleaſe the ear, but to inſtruct the heart.

Beſides, in his manner of writing, you have not time to examine particulars, but are ſmitten at once with the whole: though ſeldom ſuch things as pleaſe at the firſt ſtroke will bear retailing, and the being ſcanned at the fingers ends. It is however of no little conſequence to take the eye at firſt ſight; though a diligent examination may poſſibly find out ſome things to be carped at, and diſputed. If you aſk my opinion, I think he is a greater man who hath ſeized upon our approbation, than one that hath merely deſerved it: and I know too that he is more ſecure, and may more boldly promiſe his writings perpetuity. A laboured diſcourſe becomes not a philoſopher. When will he prove reſolute and conſtant; or when make trial of his abilities, who is timorouſly concerned for the accuracy of expreſſion?

Fabian was not negligent in his diſcourſe, but ſure: you will therefore find nothing in him low and mean: his words though choſen, are not affected; and though brilliant, yet are not unnatural, or inverted, as the manner of ſome is in this age. Nay, where they are common, not to ſay vulgar, they have an honeſt and noble meaning; not forced upon the ſentence, but gravely and judiciouſly introduced. We ſhall ſee how little is pared too cloſe; how little is too ſtiff; and how little wants poliſhing according to the preſent taſte. When you take a view, I ſay, of the whole building at once, you will find it nowhere narrow or ſlight; though I muſt own there is no variegated marble, nor are the roofs interwoven with curious fretwork (*c*), nor is there a butler's hall; (*d*); or whatever elſe luxury, not contented with any ſimple decorations, hath invented and jumbled together in building. It is what is commonly called *a good houſe* (*e*).

Add this likewiſe, that all men are not agreed with regard to compoſition. Some would have the rough ſtyle made ſmoother; and others are ſo fond of the harſh and rugged, that if by chance they meet with a clauſe of a ſmooth and eaſy caſt, they purpoſely ſtrike it out; or make it break off abruptly, ſo as not to anſwer expectation. Read *Cicero*. His ſtyle is uniform: he keeps due meaſure: it is neatly worked up: ſoft and delicate, without trifling and effeminacy. On the other hand,

the ſtyle of *Aſinius Pollio* is uneven, ever ſkipping, and ſtarting, leaving his reader in the lurch, when he leaſt expected it. In a word, every ſentence of *Cicero* is complete; but *Pollio* drops us at once; except in a few ſentences which are cloſed exactly in the ſame manner and form of expreſſion.

Moreover, *Lucilius*, you are pleaſed to ſay, that *Fabian* appears to you every where low and groveling; whereas I think he by no means deſerves this cenſure. What you object to, is not low and mean, but eaſy and pleaſing; adapted to the tenor of a calm and compoſed mind; not rugged or waving, but every where ſmooth and plain. Though I grant he wants the ſpirit and fire of an orator, and thoſe points and ſmart ſtrokes that you require. But view, I ſay, the whole body, and you will find, if it be not very ſpruce, it is decent.

But you likewiſe ſay, *it wants dignity*. Pray tell me, whom you will prefer to *Fabian? Cicero?* who has wrote almoſt as many books on philoſophical ſubjects as *Fabian?* If you do, I yield. But he is no little man, who is not much leſs than the greateſt. Or, do you prefer to him *Aſinius Pollio?* Again I yield: but in anſwer, beg leave to ſay, that a man muſt be allowed excellency, who, in ſo great a point as eloquence, hath but two before him. Or do you name *Livy?* for he not only wrote dialogues, which might be called philoſophical, as well as hiſtorical, but ſeveral books that profeſſedly treat of philoſophy. And to him too I give place. But conſider how many he muſt excel, who is excelled himſelf but by *three*, and theſe three the moſt eloquent.

But ſtill there is ſomething wanting in him. However elate his diſcourſe it is not ſtrong: and though abundantly flowing, it is never violent or rapid; and however pure, not ſufficiently clear. You deſire, you ſay, ſomething ſharp and ſevere againſt vice; ſomething high-ſpirited and bold againſt dangers; ſomething proud and haughty againſt fortune; a ſtrong invective againſt ambition. You would have luxury reprimanded, luſt diſgraced, impatience bridled in: *I would have ſomething*, ſay you, *rhetorically ſmart, tragically ſublime, and ſomething plain*

and familiar as comedy. Would you then have him ſit down to ſo trifling an affair as the ſtudy of words? He devoted himſelf to the greatneſs of things, and draws eloquence after him as a ſhadow, being intent on more weighty affairs. I do not pretend to ſay that every ſentence is exactly turned, and cloſely connected; nor will every word ſtrike and rouze the reader. This I confeſs; that many periods run on without exhibiting any thing remarkably ſtriking; and ſometime will ſlip away unnoticed; but depend upon it you will every where find ſome new light; and however long he detains you, you will not think him tedious.

Laſtly, he hath this further excellency; that he will convince you he wrote as he thought, and believed himſelf what he affirmed; you will find that his chief intent was, to let you know what pleaſed *him*, not what might pleaſe and flatter *you*. All that he ſays leads to perfection, and a good underſtanding. He ſeeks not applauſe. And ſuch I may venture to ſay are his writings; though I truſt more herein to my memory, than to reading what I have by me; and the chief tenor of it remains with me; not from any late converſation particularly, but ſummarily, as is uſual, from an old acquaintance. When I had the pleaſure of hearing him, ſuch at leaſt ſeemed his diſcourſe, if not ſwelling it was full, and ſuch as was proper to incite the minds of well-diſpoſed youth, and allure them to walk in his ſteps; not without hopes of bringing them to perfection. And this I take to be the moſt effectual method of inſtruction. For a maſter rather frightens his pupils, who hath only inſpired them with a deſire of imitation, but gave them no hopes of ſucceſs. In ſhort, *Fabian* perhaps might abound in words, and is not to be commended for every particular; yet upon the whole he is very magnificent.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

• Caius Fabianus Papinius, an eloquent *Roman* orator, mentioned by *Pliny*, 36. 15.

(*a*) Civilium] *al.* artium civilium, *al.* artium et vilium. *al.* artium culium. *al.* archinilium. From which *Lipſius* ſuſpects ſome Greek word, f. αἰτιῶν φυσικῶν, as it is cited under this title by *Chariſius*, Cauſarum naturalium, *of natural cauſes.*

(*b*) Et effundi verba, non fingi] *al.* figi.---inf. non effundere, ſed fundere. *Pincian*, non fundere ſed effundere---becauſe it follows, *adeò larga eſt*; and ſoon after, nec torrens, quamvis effuſa ſit.--- From theſe expreſſions, *non effundere ſed* fundere.---Electa verba, ſed non captata,---nec contra naturam ſuam poſita, ſplendida tamen.---Nec depreſſa, ſed plana,---effuſa ſed non rapida, &c. One would think that Sir *John Denham* had this Epiſtle in view, when he wrote thoſe celebrated lines, wiſhing his ſtyle to flow, as it certainly does, like the river he is deſcribing.

Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full.

(*c*) Nec conciſura laquearium cubiculis interfluentium. *Lipſ.* Elect. i. 15. *al.* nec conciſura aquarum a cuniculis---*al.* a cubiculis---*Eraſmus* only leaves out the prepoſition. If ſo, the luxury here pointed at, is their having ſmall reſervoirs of water under the table in their ſummer-houſes, wherein you may ſee the fiſh playing, ſuppoſe like our *gold fiſh.*

(*d*) Nec pauperis cella] *Eraſmus* will not allow *pauperis* to be the genuine word; but he offers no other. *Muret.* thinks the ſame, and leaves, as he found it. But *Opſopæus* affirms the common reading to be right from the like expreſſion in Ep. 18. Nec *pauperis cellas*, et quicquid aliud eſt, per quod luxuria divitiarum tædio ludit. So *Sen.* Rhetor. Ex cella migrabit in cubiculum dominæ ſuæ. *Controv.* vi. 7. The meaning then is, in carrying on the metaphor, that it was not ſo grand a houſe, as to have peculiar offices, or halls, for the ſervants.

(*e*) Quod dici ſolet, domus recta eſt.] *al.* tecta. Recta domus a Seneca dicitur, quæ nimio luxu corrupta non eſt, neque laquearibus et marmoribus pellucet, neque eleganti tectorio, aut lacunari perpolita eſt: ſed laudabilem quandam mediocritatem oſtendit. *Turneb.* Adv. l. 26. c. 12. Sic *rectus* apparatus, Ep. 111. *recto* vivere, Ep. 123. Hor. S. l. 2. de parabili ſuo venere, *candida rectaque* ſit. Plin. Ep. 9. 26. Dixi de quodam oratore ſeculi noſtri *recto* quidem et ſano, ſed parum grandi, et ornato, ut opinor, aptè; nihil peccat, niſi quod nihil peccat. In my opinion *I judged right of a certain orator of our times, who is juſt and exact, but not elevated and graceful, when I declared, he has but one error*, he never errs. Orrery.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE CI.

Reflections on the Uncertainty of human Affairs; occaſioned by the Death of Cornelius Senecio.

EVERY day, every hour, *Lucilius*, certifies us that we are nothing; and, by ſome new argument, admoniſheth us, while forgetful of our frailty; and then ſets us upon thinking on death and eternity. Would you know what I mean by this preface, I will tell you.

You knew *Cornelius Senecio*, a Roman knight, eminent and courteous, who had raiſed himſelf from a ſmall beginning to an ample fortune; and was now in a fair way to be what he pleaſed. For dignity is more eaſily advanced, than raiſed at firſt. Money alſo meets with many difficulties and impediments ere it can reach the poor man (*a*). *Senecio* as he aſpired to wealth, took the two moſt effectual methods to obtain it; being induſtrious to get, and prudent to ſave; either of which are ſufficient to enrich a man. This good man wonderfully frugal, and as careful of his conſtitution as of his eſtate, after a viſit to me, as uſual, in the morning, went and ſat the whole day by a friend who lay deſperately ſick; and in the evening, having made a chearful ſupper, was ſeized with a violent diſorder, the quinſey, which ſtrangled him, and narrow as the paſſage was, ſet his ſoul at liberty.

And ſo within a few hours after having performed all the duties of a ſound and able man, he died; even he, who was tranſacting money-affairs both by ſea and land; who applying himſelf to public buſineſs, left no kind of profit unpurſued, in the very height of his ſucceſs, and when money came pouring in from every quarter, was unhappily ſnatched away.—

Inſere nunc, melibæe, pyros; pone ordine vites. Virg.E. l. 74.
Now graft your trees, my friend, and prune your vines.

How

How ridiculous is it to promiſe ourſelves a long life, when we are not certain of to-morrow? O! what folly is it, to ſtretch out and enlarge our diſtant hopes! ſaying, *I will buy*; *I will build (b)*; *I will give credit*; *I will call in my debts*; *I will ſue for honours*; *and when I have had enough of public buſineſs, I will retire, and indulge my weary age, in repoſe and quiet.* Believe me, all things are doubtful and uncertain, even to the moſt happy. No one ought to promiſe himſelf any thing that is to come. Nay, ſometimes what we have got, ſlips through our hands (*c*), and caſualty cuts the cord that was our ſureſt hold.

Time rolls on indeed by a ſtated law, and makes many revolutions by a determined ordinance; but it is dark and obſcure to us. And when a thing is certain to nature, but uncertain to me, what am I the better for it? We propoſe long voyages and a tour through many diſtant nations, and after that to return to our own country: or, we deſign ourſelves for the field, and dream on the ſlow-coming rewards of the laborious camp *(d)*, gradual commiſſions, and the paſſing through many poſts of honour, 'till we reach the higheſt: while in the mean time death is waiting at our elbow, which, becauſe it is ſeldom thought on, but when happening to another, we are now and then to be reminded of mortality by ſuch examples; notwithſtanding they ſtick by us no longer than while we are wondering at them.

But what can be more abſurd than to wonder at ſuch a thing happening to-day, which might happen every day? Our life is limited by the inexorable neceſſity of fate, though none of us know how near we are to our end. Let us therefore ſo diſpoſe our minds, as if this day were to be our laſt. Let us defer nothing. Let us daily make even with life. The greateſt and moſt common default in life is that it is imperfect; and yet amendment is ſtill put off from one day to another. He that daily ſets his laſt hand to the duties of life, ſtands in no need of further time.

But

But from this indigence, this want of time, ariſeth fear; and an earneſt deſire of longer life ſtill preys upon the mind. Whereas nothing can be more miſerable than to live in continual doubt of what may happen (*e*). The mind that is continually reflecting upon how great, or what, our future fortune may be, is racked with inexplicable fear. By what method then ſhall we avoid this perplexity? Why, by this only, *if our life be not prolonged in fancy, but ſtands collected in itſelf.* For he can have no dependence on the time to come, who makes not a good uſe of the preſent. But when I have once diſcharged the debt I owe myſelf, the mind becomes eaſy, and aſſuredly knows that there is little or no difference between a day and an age: and then, as from on high, looks down with contempt on the days or things to come; and with great complacency reflects on the courſe of time.

For why ſhould the variety of accidents, or the inconſtancy of fortune, give him any diſturbance, who is conſtant and fixed againſt all contingencies? Therefore, my *Lucilius*, make haſte to live; and think every day a life. He that forms himſelf upon this plan, and who hath looked upon every day as his whole life, is always ſecure. They who live upon diſtant hopes not only loſe the time preſent, but undergo the anxiety of deſire, and the miſerable apprehenſion of death, which makes every thing miſerable. Hence ſprung that ridiculous wiſh of *Mecænas*, wherein he is contented to be weak, deformed, or to ſuffer the moſt acute pains that life can ſuffer, provided it were prolonged amidſt theſe evils;

Debilem facito manu;
Debilem pede, coxa;
Tuber adſtrue gibberum;
Lubricos quate dentes;
Vita dum ſupereſt, bene eſt:
Hanc mihi, vel acutam,
Si das, ſuſtineo crucem.

Did Nature me unkindly treat;
Diſtorted both my hands and feet;
A hump unnatural on my back;
My looſen'd teeth of jetty black;
Or was I tortur'd with ſharp pain,
In every muſcle, every vein;
All this, and more, I would endure,
Of life's enjoyment ſtill ſecure. M.

What would have been extreme miſery, ſhould it have ſeized upon him, is here wiſhed for; and a lingering puniſhment deſired, as if it were life. But how contemptible muſt we think a man, who would wiſh to live, though he were tied to a gibbet? *Yes,* ſaith he, *render me as weak as you pleaſe, ſo long as life remains in my broken and helpleſs body; diſfigure me, provided this monſtrous and deformed body may lengthen my life a few days; nay nail me to the croſs, and torture me with the ſharpeſt pains, provided I can feel them.* Such a deſire has he to enrage his wound, and to hang ſtretched out on the croſs, ſo long as he can defer that, which is the remedy of all evils, and the end of his puniſhment; and to have breath, ſo as to be ever dying, yet not die. Now, what can we wiſh worſe for ſuch a man, than that the Gods would hear his prayer? What could *Mecænas* mean by that his ſhameful and effeminate poetry? What by ſuch a ſcandalous covenant with ſenſeleſs fear? What by ſuch a cowardly begging of life? Do you think *Virgil* ever recited that verſe to him—

Uſque adeone mori miſerum eſt?
Is it then ſo hard to die?

He wiſheth for the worſt of evils; and deſires ſuch pains, as are moſt grievous to be endured, may be prolonged: and what the recompence? a longer life. But what ſort of life would this be? only to be long in dying.

Can it be poſſible there ſhould be found a man, who had rather pine away in torment, die piecemeal, and pour out his ſoul, as it were, drop by drop, than breathe it out at once? who being brought to the fatal

tree, already weak, deformed, diſtorted and afflicted with many other infirmities no leſs mortal than the croſs itſelf, would wiſh to drag on a life loaded with ſo many pains? Deny now, if you can, that we owe Nature any thanks for this, among other her benefits, *that we muſt neceſſarily die.*

Many however are ſtill ready to make worſe covenants than this: they will betray a friend, ſo that they might preſerve their own wretched lives, and proſtitute their own children, for the poor benefit of ſeeing the light; which ſerves but to diſcloſe their heinous crimes. We muſt ſhake off this fond deſire of life, and learn that it is of little or no conſequence, *when* we ſuffer, what we muſt *one day* ſuffer; that it is of greater moment *to live well,* than to live long; and that oftentimes it is living well, not to live long.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) Pecunia circa paupertatem plurimam moram habet, dum ex illa ereptat—*al.* plurimum amorum—which will not admit, I think, of any meaning except it be, that *the money is ſweeter, and better loved which is got by a poor man. Pincian* reads it, plurimam molem—no doubt the ſenſe is the ſame with that in Juv. 3. 164.

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi.——
Rarely they riſe by virtue's aid, who lie
Plung'd in the depths of helpleſs poverty. Dryden.

So when *Lampis,* a rich merchant, was aſked how he got his vaſt fortune, he anſwered, *the greateſt part of my wealth I got ſoon, and with eaſe, but ſlowly and with great pains the ſmall part I begun upon.* See *Plut.* Mor. in the diſſertation, *Whether aged men are fit for public offices.*

(*b*) *And he ſaid, This will I do, I will pull down my barns, and build greater, and there will I beſtow all my fruits, and my goods; and I will ſay to my ſoul, thou haſt much goods, laid up for many years, take thine eaſe, eat, drink, and be merry. But God ſaid unto him, Thou fool, this night thy ſoul ſhall be required of thee, then whoſe will theſe things be?* Luke, 12. 20.

(*c*) Id quoque quod tenetur per manus exit] So. *Curt.* vii. 8. Fortunam tuam preſſis manibus tene, lubrica eſt, nec invita teneri poteſt. *Having got Fortune in your hands, hold her faſt, ſhe is ſlippery, and not eaſily detained againſt her will.*

(*d*) Ut locupletem aquilam tibi ſexageſimus annus
Adferat——
That ev'n the ſixtieth year to you may bring
The eagle, and rich enſigns of a King.

(*e*) Nihil

(*e*) Nihil eſt miſerius dubitatione venientium—*al.* vehementer irruentium—*Pincian.* f. volventium ſive volutantium, *as it follows,* Quomodo effugiemus hanc volutationem.—Quantum ſit quod reſtat, aut quale collecta mens inexplicabili formidine agitatur.—*Pincian.* non collecta, *vel* incollecta.—*Lipſius,* aut quale collectu, mens.—*Gronov.* aut quale conjectantes.—*Seneca* in Thyeſte,

Anxius ſceptrum tenet, et moventes
Cuncta divinat, matuitque caſus.
With great anxiety he rules the ſtate,
And all the ills forebodes of adverſe fate. M.

(*f*) On this great theme kind nature keeps her ſchool;
To teach her ſons herſelf: each night we die,
Each day are born anew: *each day a life*;
And ſhall we kill each day?——*Young.*

(*g*) So, *Achilles* to *Ulyſſes* in *Homer.* Od. λ. 490.

Βυλοίμην κ' ἐπακυρος ἐὼν θητέυεμεν ἀλλῳ
Ανδρὶ παρ' ἀκλήρῳ ὧ μὴ βίοτος πολὺς εἴη
Ἢ πᾶσιν νεκύεσσι καταφθιμένοισιν ἀνάσσειν.
Rather I chuſe laboriouſly to bear
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air;
A ſlave to ſome poor hind who toils for bread,
Than reign the ſcepter'd monarch of the dead. Pope.

And *Euripides* in *Iphigenia,*

Τὸ φῶς τὸ δ' ἀνθρωποισιν ἥδιστον βλέπειν·
Life is ſweet.
Τὰ νέρθε δ' οὐδεὶς μαίνεται δ' ὅς εὔχεται
Θανεῖν· κακῶς ζῆν κρεῖσσον ἢ θανεῖν καλῶς.
Below we're nothing; better 'tis to breathe
A wretched life, than lie renown'd in death. M.

Epicurus in *Laertius*—τὸν σόφον καὶ πηρωθέντα τὰς ὄψεις, μεθιέξειν τῷ βίῳ. *The wiſe man, though he were blind, would ſtill wiſh to live*; which *Lipſius* ſuppoſes *Seneca* to have had in view.

The foregoing lines were thus parodied in a newſpaper, *March* 14, 1782.

Aye, tye my hands up if you will,
Paſs vote on vote, and bill on bill,
Expoſe me to the worſt diſgraces;
Though all my ſlippery friends grow ſlack,
And *Charles F.* ride upon my back,
I care not, ſo I keep my *places.*

EPISTLE CII.

On Renown after Death; and the Immortality of the Soul.

AS a man ſeems troubleſome who wakes another out of an agreeable dream; for he deprives him of a pleaſure, which however falſe it may be, yet it hath the effect of truth: ſo your Epiſtle, *Lucilius*, did me an injury, in that it took me off from a very proper meditation, wherein I was engaged, and ſhould have gone further, had I not been prevented thereby.

I was delighting myſelf with an enquiry into *the Immortality of the ſoul*; nay more, with a firm belief of it. For I was eaſily induced to give credit to the opinions of ſome great men; though I muſt own they ſeemed rather to promiſe this great truth, than to prove it (*a*). However I gave myſelf up to this ſo great hope: I began to diſdain myſelf, and deſpiſe the concerns of life; even the remains of my yet unbroken age, being about to launch into that immeaſurable time, and take poſſeſſion of eternity; when I was ſuddenly awakened by the receipt of your Epiſtle, and ſo loſt the ſweet reverie, which I will try to recover, and redeem, as ſoon as I have diſpatched this my preſent engagement to you.

You deny, it ſeems, that I was explicit enough with regard to the whole queſtion in my former Epiſtle, wherein I endeavoured to prove, what moſt of our ſect (the *Stoics*) agree in, that *the praiſe wherewith a man is honoured after death, is a real good.* For you ſay I have not fully anſwered this objection, *No good can ariſe from things diſtant; but praiſe is diſtant.* What you require, *Lucilius*, is indeed part of the queſtion, but more properly to be debated in another place; and therefore I not only deferred this, but other things appertaining thereto. For, as you know, there are rational or logical queſtions intermixed with *moral*, I thought proper to treat only of the latter, as, *whether*

it was fooliſh and vain to tranſport our thoughts beyond the grave; whether all good dies with us; and nothing of the man remaineth, who is himſelf nothing! or whether we can receive any fruits from thoſe things (whatever they be) which we ſhall be partakers of hereafter, before we actually enjoy them (*c*)? Now as all theſe queſtions relate to *morals*, they are therefore ranged in their proper place. But what logicians object againſt the foregoing opinion is to be diſtinguiſhed from theſe, and therefore is ſet apart. At your requeſt however I will examine into all that they affirm to the purpoſe, and then anſwer their objections. Yet unleſs I premiſe a few things, my refutations will not ſo eaſily be underſtood.

Know then that ſome bodies are continuous *(d)* and uniform, as man; other bodies are compounded, as a ſhip, an houſe, and every thing, the different parts whereof are joined, and united in one body: others again conſiſt of things diſtinct from each other, and whoſe ſeveral members ſtill remain ſeparate, as an army, a people, a ſenate. For however the individuals, which conſtitute theſe bodies, are conjoined, either by law or duty, yet are they, in nature, diſtinct; and each a ſeveral body. Well then, to come to the point.

We ſuppoſe, *it cannot be a* good, *which depends upon things diſtinct:* for one *good* muſt be ruled and governed by one and the ſame ſpirit (*e*); there can be but one principal of one good *(f)*. This is ſelf-evident; as you will find upon reflection, if you at any time deſire a proof of it. In the mean while, we lay down certain poſitions, whereon to fix the thread of our diſcourſe *(g)*.

You ſay then, that "*nothing can be* good, *which conſiſts of or depends* "*on things* diſtinct. Now this praiſe or *renown*, that we are ſpeaking "of, is the favourable opinion of good men. For as fame is not the "eſteem of one man; nor infamy the malignant report of one; ſo "*renown* conſiſts not in the approbation of *one* good man (*h*). Many "men, famous and excellent in themſelves, muſt agree therein, before "it can be called *renown*. This therefore conſiſting in and depending "upon the judgment of divers perſons (i. e. ſuch as are diſtinct) cannot be a good."

Renown

" *Renown* (it is further ſaid) *is praiſe of good men given to good men.* " Praiſe is a ſpeech, and ſpeech is a voice, ſignifying ſomething; but " mere voice, though it be that of a good man, is not *good*; nor is " every thing that a good man does, alike good; for he ſometimes " applauds, and ſometimes condemns. But no one can ſay, that either " his clapping his hands, or hiſſing, though he may approve and ad- " mire all that is done, is of any more real conſequence than if he had " ſneezed or coughed; therefore his praiſe or *renown* is not a good. In " a word tell us, if you pleaſe, whether it be the good of the perſon " who praiſeth, or of him who is praiſed? If you ſay it belongs to " the latter, it is no leſs ridiculous than to ſay, that another man's " health is mine. But to praiſe a worthy man is a juſt action; ſo that " it is the good of the former, or the perſon who praiſeth, and not of " the perſon who is praiſed." Now this is begging the queſtion; but I will curſorily anſwer the particulars.

Firſt, it is ſtill made a queſtion *whether any good can ariſe from things* diſtinct; and each ſide of the queſtion hath its party, and reaſons to ſupport it. Secondly, this praiſe or *renown* requires not the ſuffrages of many; it may reſt ſatisfied with the judgment of one great and good man: for one good man is a competent judge of all other good men. *What then* (it is urged) *ſhall fame be the eſteem of one man, and infamy the malicious report of one only? Glory* (ſay they) *we underſtand to be more widely diffuſed, as it requires the conſent of many (i).* But the condition is not the ſame in both caſes. Becauſe, if a good man thinks well of me, I am as happy therein, as if all men were to think the ſame. A right judgment is the ſame in all, as in one, and as they judge alike, they cannot diſagree in their opinions concerning my deſerts. Therefore what one hath ſaid, imports as much as if they all had ſpoke, as they cannot but think the ſame thing. But then as to *glory* and *fame*, the opinion of one is not ſufficient. In the former caſe, the opinion of one would be the opinion of all, becauſe if all were aſked it would be the ſame; but in the latter, divers men have divers judgments, and their affections alſo are different. When all things in this world are doubtful, light, and to be ſuſpected, do you think that all men can be of one mind?

mind? The opinion of one man is not always the ſame. Truth indeed is always pleaſing to good men; and the force and colour of truth is always the ſame. But there are thoſe who delight in, and give their aſſent to, falſities; and in falſities there can be no conſtancy, they are ever varying, and diſcordant.

But *praiſe* (they ſay) *is nothing more than voice, and mere voice cannot be a good.* When men ſay that *renown* is the praiſe that is given to good men, by ſuch as are good themſelves, they allude not to the mere ſound of words, but to the ſenſe and meaning. For though a good man ſhould hold his peace, and yet ſhould think any one worthy praiſe, ſuch a one is praiſed thereby.

Beſides, *praiſe* is one thing, and *praiſing* another: this indeed requires the voice. In ſpeaking of a funeral oration we ſay not (funebris *laus) praiſe*, but (laudatio) *praiſing*: the buſineſs whereof conſiſts in elocution. But when we ſay ſuch a one is worthy praiſe, we do not promiſe him the favourable report f men, but their judgment. Therefore praiſe is the approbation of one who thinks rightly, and who, though he be ſilent, yet praiſeth the good man in his heart. For praiſe (as I ſaid) is referred to the heart, not to the words, which expreſs the praiſe conceived, and uſher it into public notice. He ſufficiently praiſes a man, who thinks him praiſeworthy. When our tragic poet (*k*) ſaith

Magnificum eſſe laudari a laudato viro;
'Tis great by the praiſeworthy to be prais'd.

And when as antient a poet ſays

Laus alit artes, *Praiſe cheriſheth the arts (l).*

He does not ſay *praiſing* which is a ſort of flattery, that rather ſpoils and corrupts them. For nothing hath done more prejudice to eloquence, and the like arts adapted to the ear, than popular applauſe. Fame requires the public voice; renown doth not: for it repeats not words, being ſatisfied with the judgments of men. It is accompliſhed, not only among thoſe who are ſilent, but even thoſe who oppoſe it. I will ſhew the difference between *renown* and glory. Glory conſiſts in

the judgment of many, but true praiſe or *renown* in the judgment of good men only.

But whoſe good, it is aſked, is *renown*, i. e. *the praiſe given to good men, by good men themſelves? Is it the good of him that is praiſed, or of him that praiſeth?* Of both; it is mine who am praiſed; foraſmuch as nature hath created me a lover and a friend to all mankind: I both rejoice in having done good myſelf, and in having met with grateful interpreters of ſuch my actions, as tend to virtue. It is indeed the good of many in that they are grateful, but it is mine alſo: for I am of ſuch an happy diſpoſition as to look upon the good of others as my own; eſpecially the good of thoſe to which I have in anywiſe been inſtrumental. And it is the good of him that praiſeth me, becauſe it is an act of virtue; and every act of virtue is good. But this good he could not have enjoyed, were I not what I am. Therefore worthy praiſe is the good both of the giver and of the receiver, as the paſſing a juſt ſentence is the good of the judge, and of the party in whoſe favour the ſentence is given. Or can you doubt but that juſtice is the good both of the creditor and debtor, in the payment of a debt? Now to praiſe a worthy man is juſtice: praiſe therefore is the common good, both of him that praiſeth, and of him that is praiſed.

And thus, I think, I have ſufficiently anſwered theſe cavillers. But we ought not deſignedly to ſow ſubtleties, and draw down philoſophy from the extenſive throne of her majeſty into narrow ſtraights. How much better is it to walk in the plain and direct way, than to pretend to find out bye-paths, 'till we loſe ourſelves therein, and are conſtrained to return back again, after much pain and labour? neither indeed are theſe ſcholaſtic diſputations any thing more, than the ſport of men artfully endeavouring to beguile one another. Say rather how natural it is, and much more commendable in a man to ſtretch out his mind, as far as it can reach, into immenſity.

The ſoul of man is great, and generous, admitting no other bounds to be ſet to her, than what are common with God. *Firſt*, ſhe acknowledgeth

ledgeth not any terreſtrial city, as *Epheſus*, or *Alexandria*, or if there be any more populous, and whoſe buildings are more beautiful and of larger extent. No; ſhe claims for her country the univerſe; the whole convex, wherein are included the lands and the ſeas; wherein the air expending itſelf between the earth and the heavens, conjoins them both; and wherein are placed the inferior deities, intentive to execute their commiſſions. Nor, *ſecondly*, does ſhe ſuffer herſelf to be confined to any number of years. *All years*, ſays ſhe, *are mine*. No age is locked up from the penetration of learned men; no time ſo diſtant, or dark, that is not pervious to thought.

When the day ſhall come that will ſeparate this compoſition, human and divine, I will leave this body here, where I found it, and return to the Gods (*m*); not that I am altogether abſent from them even now; though detained from ſuperior happineſs, by this heavy earthly clog (*n*). This ſhort ſtay in mortal life, is but the prelude to a better, and more laſting life above (*o*). As we are detained nine months in our mother's womb, which prepares us not for itſelf, to dwell always therein, but for that place whereunto we are ſent, as ſoon as we are fit to breathe the vital air, and ſtrong enough to bear the light; ſo, in that ſpace of time, which reacheth from infancy to old age incluſive, we aſpire after another birth as from the womb of Nature; another beginning, another ſtate of things expects us. We cannot as yet reach heaven, 'till duly qualified by this interval.

Look then with an intrepid eye upon that determined happy hour. It is not the laſt to the ſoul, if it be to the body. Whatever things are ſpread around thee, look upon them only as the furniture of an inn. We muſt leave them and go on. Nature throws us out of the world, as ſhe threw us into it. We can carry nothing away with us, as we brought with us nothing into it (*p*). Nay even great part of that which attended us when we came into the world, muſt be thrown off. This ſkin, which Nature threw over us as a veil, muſt be ſtripped off: our fleſh, and our blood, that ſo wonderfully circulates through every part of it, muſt be diſperſed; as alſo the ſolids, the bones and nerves,

which ſupported the fluids and weaker parts. This day, which men are apt to dread as their laſt, is but the birth-day of an eternity (*q*).

Be reſigned then, and willingly lay your burthen down. Why do you delay, as if this was the firſt time that you departed from a body, wherein you were encloſed? Still you heſitate, and are reluctant; and it was not without great pain and labour your mother was delivered of thee. You ſigh and cry; thus didſt thou weep (as it is uſual) when a little infant *: at ſuch a time excuſable indeed, when you came into the world a mere novice, ignorant of every thing, and when taken out of a warm and ſoft bed, a freer air blew freſh upon you; and when you was as yet ſo tender as not to bear the touch of the hard hand, and ſo great a ſtranger as to be amazed at every thing you ſaw around, and knew them not. But now, it can be no new thing to you, to be ſeparated from that, which was a part of you before: throw off then willingly this ſuperfluous part; and patiently quit the body, which you have ſo long inhabited: why are you ſo ſorrowful? was it to be torn in pieces, or drowned, or burned, there is nothing in all this but what is common.

The cawl, or covering of new-born infants ſoon waſteth away and periſheth: ſo will thoſe worldly goods with which you are ſo enamoured: they are but the outward coverings wherein you are enwrapped. The day will come that ſhall unfold them and give you liberty, delivering you from this filthy apartment wherein you are now quartered. Even now deſert it as much as poſſible, and ſoar aloft; eſtrang'd even from thoſe things, which ſeem moſt neceſſary and dear to you. Meditate ſomething more noble and ſublime (*r*); that bleſſed day, ſuppoſe, when the myſteries of Nature ſhall be revealed to you; this darkneſs be diſperſed; and the light ſhall break in upon you on every ſide. Imagine with yourſelf how great that brightneſs is, where ſo many ſtars intermingle their glorious beams; a light ſo ſerene and clear, that not the leaſt ſhadow of darkneſs ſhall reſt upon it (*s*); all heaven ſhines out with equal ſplendor; day and night have their turns only on this earthly globe, and the airy regions round about.

You will then ſay, you lived in darkneſs before: when you ſhall behold the full glories of that light, which now thou ſeeſt dimly (*t*), through the narrow circles of the eyes, and yet at ſo great a diſtance as to fill the mind with admiration and aſtoniſhment. How then will it amaze you, when, I ſay, you ſhall behold that divine light in its full ſpread of glory in heaven? Such a reflection as this cannot but raiſe the mind above every mean thought, and deter us from every vile and cruel practice. It informs us the Gods are witneſſes of all our actions: (*u*) it commands us, to make ourſelves acceptable to them; to prepare ourſelves for communion with them; and have always eternity in view; (*x*) which whoever hath any conception of, he dreads no enemies; he hears the trumpet's ſound undiſmayed; nor can all the threats in the world terrify his manly ſoul: for why ſhould he be afraid of any thing (*y*)? What can deter him from the punctual diſcharge of every duty, who dies in this hope? When even the man, who thinks that the ſoul ſubſiſts no longer than while it is impriſoned in the body, and at its departure hence is entirely diſſipated and diſſolved, yet ceaſeth not to endeavour to make himſelf uſeful, and to live in ſome meaſure after death? For though he be taken from our ſight (*z*), yet

Multa viri virtus animo multuſque recurſat
Gentis honos.—*Virg.* iv. 3.
The heroe's valour, acts, and birth, occur
To the attentive mind——

Think how profitable good examples are; and you will find, that the remembrance of great perſonages is no leſs ſerviceable, and uſeful, than their preſence.

ANNOTATION'S, &c.

* I know not where *Seneca*, in all his writings, has a better claim to the title given him, by Pope *Linus*, *Auguſtin*, and others of *almoſt a Chriſtian*, than in this excellent epiſtle.

(*a*) *Seneca* (as Dr. *Leland* obſerves) ſeems to have been ſtrangely unſettled in his notions with regard to the immortality of the ſoul, and a future ſtate. Sometimes however he ſpeaks in a clear and noble manner of the happineſs of ſouls after death, when freed from the incumbrance of the body, and received into the place or region of departed ſouls. *Conſol.* al. Ep. 6. c. 28. ad Marc. c. 25. *See* alſo Epp. 63. 76. And in this epiſtle it cannot but be acknowledged that he has ſome ſublime thoughts on this ſubject. *See* Lipſ. Phyſiol. iii. 11.

(*b*) As *Solomon* ſaith, *I hated life, becauſe the work that is wrought under the ſun is grievous to me; for all is vanity and vexation of ſpirit.* Eccleſ. ii. 17.

(*c*) An ex eo, quodcunque erit, ſenſuri ſumus aliquid fructus antequam percepi poſſit. *al.* antequam aliquis fructus percipi, aut peti poſſit. *al.* an ex eo quod cum erit ſenſuri non ſumus antequam——*Pincian.* an ex eo, quod cum erit ſenſuri non ſumus, aliquis fructus, percipi poſſit, i. e. *whether any profit can accrue to us, from that, be it what it will, which we ſhall not be ſenſible of.* *Gruter.* antequam ſit, aliquis—i. e. *whether we can receive any profit from a poſthumous fame, which when we ſhall have, we ſhall not be ſenſible of, being dead, before ſuch fame can be.* *Gronovius* only omits the particle *quam*, and underſtands it thus, *whether ſuch things* as ſhall be ſaid *of us when we are not ſenſible of them, being thought upon while we are here, can be of any ſervice to us.*—— *Lipſius* reads it, quod tum erit, aut ecquando aliquid fructus, i. e. *immediately*, or after (what has ſince been called) purgatory.

(*d*) So *Plutarch* (in præcept. connub. 31.) Τῶν σωμάτων φιλόσοφοι τὰ μὲν ἐκ διεσπάτων λέγουσιν εἶναι, κ. τ. λ. *Philoſophers aſſert that of bodies which conſiſt of ſeveral parts, ſome are compoſed of parts diſtinct and ſeparate as a fleet, an army: others of contiguous parts as a houſe, as a ſhip; and others of parts united at the firſt conception, equally partaking of life and motion, and growing together as are the bodies of all living creatures.* Vid. *Sen.* Nat. Qu. ii. 2.

(*e*) *Now there are diverſities of gifts, but the ſame ſpirit; for by one ſpirit are we baptized into one body.* i. Cor. 4. 13. *I beſeech you,* ſaith St. *Paul, that ye walk worthy the vocation wherewith ye are called—endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace: there is one God, and one Spirit, even as ye are called, in one hope of your calling. One God, and father of us all.* Epheſ. iv. 1. 6.

(*f*) Τὸ ἡγημονικόν.

(*g*) Quo noſtra tela nitatur. *Muret.* Cui noſtra tela innitatur. Sentit enim aſſumendum aliquid per ſe notum, ad fulturam argumentationis; quemadmodum tela ſubſternitur ſtamen. *Eraſm. al.* in noſtra tela mittuntur. From whence *Pincian* reads it, quia in nos tela mittuntur, in this ſenſe, which, I think, is not to be rejected, *In the mean while we muſt give you the objections that are thrown out againſt us.*

(*h*) Sidon. Carm. 24. Hic ſi te probat, omnibus placebis.

(*i*) *Philo Judæus*, on the words, *Evigilavit Noë*, ὁ δὲ σοφὸς οὐκ ἔνδοξος, ἀλλὰ εὐκλεής, κ. τ. λ. *The wiſe man is not glorious, but renowned, and enjoys praiſe, not adulterated by flattery, but eſtabliſhed in truth.*

(*k*) *Lipſius* gives this verſe to *Nævius*, who in Cicero (Ep. Fam. xv. 6.) Lætus ſum laudari me (inquit Hector) abs te, pater, laudato viro. See the *Spectator*, No. 108.

(*l*) So, *Eraſmus. al.* Laus alterius. *al.* laus a literis. From *Cicero.* Honor alit artes,—and *Ovid*, Laudataque virtus creſcit, *The more 'tis prais'd, the more will virtue thrive.*

(*m*) *Then ſhall the duſt return to the earth as it was, and the ſpirit ſhall return unto God, who gave it.* Eccleſ. xii. 7.—iii. 20. 21.

(*n*) *We are always confident, knowing that while we are at home in the body we are abſent from the Lord; (for we walk by faith, not by ſight) we are confident I ſay, and willing to be abſent from the body, and to be preſent with the Lord; wherefore we labour, that whether preſent, or abſent, we may be accepted of him.* ii. Cor. v. 6—9. See Ep. 65.

(*o*) Some notion and belief of the immortality of the ſoul and a future ſtate obtained among mankind from the moſt antient time, and ſpread generally among the nations: not originally as the mere effect of human wiſdom and reaſoning, but as derived by a moſt antient tradition from the earlieſt ages, and probably made a part of the primitive religion, communicated by divine revelation to the firſt parents of the human race. The belief of it was countenanced and encouraged by the wiſeſt legiſlators; but was much weakened by the diſputes of the philoſophers; and the general corruption of manners: from whence is juſtly inferred *the neceſſity of a divine revelation*, to aſſure mankind of the truth of this important article. Ita quicquid eſt iſtud quod ſentit, quod ſapit, quod vivit, quod viget, cæleſte ac divinum eſt, ob eamque rem æternum ſit neceſſe eſt. *Whatſoever thing is in us, which perceives, which underſtands, which lives, which has a force and vigour of its own, is celeſtial and divine; and for that reaſon muſt neceſſarily be eternal.* See N. q.

(*p*) *Be not then afraid, when one is made rich, when the glory of his houſe is increaſed; for when he dieth, he ſhall carry nothing away with him; his glory ſhall not deſcend after him.* Pſ. xlix. 16. *Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked ſhall I return.* Job. i. 21. *For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.* i. Tim. 6. 7.

(*q*) Dies iſte quem tanquam extremum reformidas æterni natalis eſt. I have obſerved in N. o, that the belief of the immortality of the ſoul was much weakened by the diſputes of the philoſophers; when they who profeſſed to believe it, often ſpoke of it with great doubt and uncertainty, or argued for it upon inſufficient grounds. Thus *Seneca*, notwithſtanding the clear and ſublime ſentence before us, yet in this very Epiſtle repreſents it as a kind of pleaſing dream, and as an opinion embraced by great men, very agreeable indeed, but which they *promiſed rather than proved*. See alſo Epp. 69. 76. *Lipſ.* Phyſiol. iii. 11. *Leland*, vol. ii. p. 3. c. 3.

* *I myſelf am a mortal man, like to all, and the offſpring of him that was firſt made of the earth.—And when I was born, I drew in the common air and fell upon the earth, which is of like nature; and the firſt voice that I uttered was crying, as all others do; I was nurſed in ſwadling clothes, and that with cares. For there is no king that had any other beginning of birth.* Wiſd. viii. 1—5.

(*r*) Aliquid altius ſublimiuſque meditare] *Set your affections on things above.* Col. 3. 2. See Epp. 58. 65.

(*s*) So St. *John*, ſpeaking of the new *Jeruſalem*, *And the city had no need of the ſun, neither of the moon, to ſhine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it: and the nations of them that are ſaved ſhall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory into it: and the gates of it ſhall not be ſhut at all by day; for there ſhall be no night there.* Rev. 21. 23. 25.

(*t*) *For now we ſhall ſee as through a glaſs darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then ſhall I know even as alſo I am known.* i. Cor. 13. 12. See Epp. 79. 93.

(*u*) The almighty Agent that created the univerſe muſt neceſſarily know all things that are, and all the powers and faculties of them, and conſequently all that they can or ever will produce. He muſt thoroughly comprehend what is beſt and propereſt in every one of the infinitely poſſible caſes, and methods of diſpoſing things; how to order and direct the reſpective means, to bring about what is beſt and fitteſt to be done; and this is what we call *infinite knowledge*, or *omniſcience*.

——What

—— What can 'ſcape the eye
Of God all-ſeeing, or deceive his heart
Omniſcient? Milton, x. 5.

(*x*) *Set your affections on things above.* Col. 3. 2. See Ep. 79. 93. *Ye were ſome time darkneſs, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as the children of light*; proving what is acceptable to the Lord: *and have no fellowſhip with the unfruitful works of darkneſs.* Epheſ. v. 8. 11. *I beſeech you, brethren, for the mercies of the Lord, that you preſerve your bodies a living ſacrifice, holy,* acceptable unto God, *which is your reaſonable ſervice; and be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is the good, and acceptable and perfect will of God.* Rom. xii. 1. 2.

(*y*) *Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye ſhall fear. Fear him which after he hath killed hath power to caſt into hell.* Luk. 12. 5. Matth. 10. 28.

(*z*) *In the ſight of the unwiſe they ſeemed to die, and their departure is taken for miſery; and their going from us to be utter deſtruction; but they are in peace. For though they be periſhed in the ſight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality.* Wiſd. iii. 2.

EPISTLE CIII.*

The Duty of Man, with regard to Caution, and a Knowledge of the World.

WHY, *Lucilius,* with fear and trembling, do you regard thoſe things, that may poſſibly happen, and perhaps may never happen; I mean, fire, the fall of a houſe, and the like caſualties, which are incident to us, but await us not? Rather inſpect, and avoid, if poſſible, ſuch things as lie upon the catch, and ſeize us unawares. Caſualties are rare, though ſometimes grievous indeed; ſuch as ſhipwreck, or the being overturned in a chariot: but man is every day in danger from man his fellow-creature (*a*). Be prepared againſt this, and contemplate with open eyes; for no evil is more frequent, none more pertinacious, none more ſoothing: the tempeſt lours before it riſeth; our houſes crack before they fall; and ſmoke bewrays the kindling flame. But deſtruction from man comes on a ſudden, and is the more cloſely and diligently concealed, the nearer it approacheth. You will be deceived,

ceived, if you truſt to the countenances of all you meet: ſome have the appearance indeed of men, but the hearts of wild beaſts (*b*). Except that the onſet of theſe is more violent, and pernicious, being made without diſtinction on the firſt they meet, whom nature ſuffers them not to paſs by: for 'tis neceſſity alone that ſets them upon doing miſchief. They are compelled to fight, either through hunger or fear: whereas man, unprovoked, takes a pleaſure in deſtroying man.

But at the ſame time that you reflect upon what danger is to be expected from man, think alſo upon what is *the duty of man*. Conſider the former to avoid being hurt, and the latter that you may do no hurt. Rejoice at the ſucceſs of every one, and be grieved at their misfortunes: ever mindful of what you ought to do, and what to leave undone (*c*). And what will be the conſequence of living in this manner? Why, it will not indeed certainly prevent you from being injured, but it will certainly prevent you from being deceived. Make your retreat however as ſoon as poſſible into the courts of Philoſophy. She will protect you in her boſom. In her ſanctuary you will be ſafe; at leaſt much ſafer than at preſent. Men joſtle one another, only when walking together; and as to philoſophy, pride not yourſelf thereon: many have ſuffered from their inſolent and diſdainful behaviour in this reſpect. Let it expel your own vices, and not upbraid thoſe of other men. Nor be ſingularly averſe to the manners and faſhions of the public (*d*); nor ſo act as to ſeem to condemn every thing but what comes from yourſelf. A man may be wiſe without ſuch pomp and ſhew as to raiſe jealouſy and envy in others.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* Some have thought this epiſtle nothing more than an appendix to the foregoing: but *Lipſius* approves not of this opinion.

(*b*) Homo homini lupus. *Plaut. Anacharſis*, the *Scythian*, being aſked, τί ἐστι τὸ πολέμιον ἀνθρώποις, *what is hoſtile to man?* anſwered, Αυτὸς ἑαυτοῖς, *man himſelf.*

(*b*) As *David* ſaith, *they gather themſelves together, they hide themſelves and mark my ſteps, when they lay wait for my ſoul.* Pſ. 56. 6. *My ſoul is among lions, and I lie even among them that are ſet on fire, even among the ſons of men, whoſe teeth are ſpears and arrows, and their tongue a ſharp ſword.* Pſ. 57. 4. *Preſerve me, O Lord, from the violent man, who imagine miſchief in their hearts; they have*

have sharpened their tongues like a serpent; adders poison is under their lips. Ps. 140. 1. *There is no faithfulness in their mouth; their inward part is very wickedness, their throat is an open sepulchre, they flatter with their tongues.* Ps. 59. *They come to you in sheeps cloathing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.* Matth. vii. 15.

Hominum effigies habent, animos ferarum, nisi quod *illarum* perniciosior est *primus* incursus, quos transire non queunt. *Lipsius* (Elect. l. c. 16.) reads it, *primis.—Pincian.* quos transiere non querunt. *i. e. only the first assault of wild beasts is dangerous and destructive; they return not upon whom they have passed by. Gronovius,* nisi quod *illorum,* sc. hominum, i. e. *men differ from wild beasts but in this, that their first onset is generally more dangerous and destructive,* because it is made on those, who are not upon their guard, and who seek not to avoid them the first time, as they do the attack of wild beasts. Quos transire non quærunt, *nempe illi, qui obvios sunt habituri.* This defect of a nominative case, he shews to be frequent in his note on *Sen.* de ira l. 2. 12. Mentior nisi adhuc quærit ascendere. *Ovid.* Met. xi. 754. Et si descendere ad ipsum ordine perpetuo quæris. So that according to *Gronovius* we may render it thus; *except that the first attack of men is the more pernicious in that we seek not to avoid them.* But I have followed *Lipsius,* as I think the reading more plain and natural.

Epictetus Diss. i. c. 3. observes that *some men are like wolves, false, treacherous, hurtful; others like lions, wild, fierce, cruel: and most men like foxes, sly and fraudulent.*

Lycurgus, an antient poet, says,

Φεῦ πῶς πονηρόν ἐστιν ἀνθρώπων φύσις
Τὸ συνολοι· οὐ γὰρ ἂν ποτ' ἐδεηθη νόμου
Οἷοι τὶ τῶν ἄλλων διαφέρειν θηρίων
Ἄνθρωπον, οὐδὲ μικρὸν ἀλλὰ σχήματι·
Πλαγι' ἔστι τ' ἄλλα, τοῦτο δ' ὀρθὸν θήριον:
How great the sinfulness of man! the cause
Of such a vast variety of laws!
The difference 'tween man and beast; no more,
Than, that on two legs walks, and this on four.

(c) He that will love life, and see good days, let him eschew evil, and do good, let him seek peace, and ensue it. Who is he that will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good? But if you suffer for righteousness sake, happy are ye. i. Pet. 3. 8—17.

It is remarkable that the precepts here given by *Seneca* are the very same with those of St. *Paul* to the *Romans,* and follow almost in the same order: *Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one towards another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you live peaceably with all men.* Rom. xii. 15—18. See also Prov. iii. 7. xx. 22. Is. xii. 21. i. Thess. v. 15. Heb. xii. 14. which seems, in some measure, to confirm what I have elsewhere observed, that they were in some sort known to each other.

(d) So in a fragment of *Cicero's*; Philosophiæ quidem præcepta noscenda, vivendum autem civiliter. *'Tis necessary indeed to know the precepts of philosophy, though a man lives in the common way.*

(*e*) He that, &c.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE CIV.

On Travelling.

I HAVE fled, *Lucilius*, to my ſeat at *Nomentum (a)*: from what, think you? from the city? No; from a fever, that I found creeping upon me, nay that had actually laid hold upon me, as I thought; I therefore ordered my chariot to be got ready immediately, though my wife, *Paulina*, was againſt my moving. But the phyſicians aſſuring me that the ſymptoms were ſtrong upon me, as my pulſe kept not its due motion in the arteries, but was high and irregular, I inſiſted upon going, and repeated the words of my Lord *Gallio*; who being in *Achaia*, and finding a ſhivering come upon him, immediately took ſhip, ſaying, *it was not a natural diſeaſe of the body, but accidental from the bad air of the place.*

This I told my *Paulina*, who always wiſhes me to take care of my health; and as I know her life is wrapt up in mine, it is for her good I conſult my own. And though old age hath hardened and fortified me in many reſpects, I put it not to the trial: remembering that in this old perſon of mine there lives a much younger in participation of it, or for whom it is indulged; and therefore, as I cannot require or expect from her that ſhe ſhould love me, if poſſible, better than ſhe does (*b*); ſhe may well require this from me, that I ſhould love, and take better care of myſelf than uſual. It is reaſonable to indulge all juſt and pure affections: and ſometimes, if urgent cauſes require it, our breath, in honour to, and for the ſervice of our friends, muſt be retained, and kept in, as it were, with the teeth; becauſe a good man is bound to live, not only ſo long as it liketh him, but ſo long as he ought, and can poſſibly live, for the ſervice of others (*c*).

The man who thinks that his wife or his friend is not of ſuch conſequence that he ſhould wiſh to continue in life for their ſakes, and not

rather die when he pleaſes, is a coxcomb. Let the ſoul have ſo much command over herſelf, when the ſervice of a friend or relation requires it, as not only to be unwilling to depart, but, even when it is upon the wing, to return, if poſſible, to their aſſiſtance. It ſhews a nobleneſs of ſoul, thus to return again, as it were, to life, for the benefit of our relations; as many great men have done.

And this alſo I think a point of great humanity, for a man more induſtriouſly to keep up his old age; (the chief benefit whereof is the more prudent care of a man's ſelf, and a more orderly and manly uſe of life;) particularly if he knows it can be agreeable, uſeful, and deſirable to thoſe about him. This affair alſo carries with it no ſmall joy or recompence; for what can be more delightful than for a man to be ſo dear to his wife, as to make him more dear to himſelf? My *Paulina* therefore may think herſelf obliged not only to *her* fear and concern, but to mine alſo.—But to return:

Would you know what ſucceſs my determination of going into the country met with? No ſooner had I got out of the foggy air of the city, (and the ſtink of the ſmoke from ſo many kitchen fires, which being ſtirred ſend forth whatever poiſonous vapours were contained therein, ſo as almoſt to choak us,) than I found an alteration for the better: how much more then muſt you think my health reſtored, when I reached my delightful vineyards *(d)*? As let looſe into good paſture, I ruſhed upon my food with an eager appetite; and am perfectly recovered: the liſtleſſneſs that attends a weak and crazy conſtitution is gone off; and my whole mind is again intent upon ſtudy.

The place however that a man is in, contributes very little to the ſtudy of philoſophy, unleſs the mind aſſiſts itſelf; which can even give itſelf privacy in the midſt of buſineſs and company. But he that chuſeth his country-ſeat, only by way of idle retirement, will every where find enough to perplex and diſturb him. For it is ſaid that *Socrates*, when a perſon was complaining to him that he had received very little benefit from travelling, made this reply: *I do not wonder at it,*

*it, ſince you travelled with yourſelf**. O how happy would many a man be, if they could but throw off themſelves! The chief adverſaries that trouble, corrupt, and terrify them, are themſelves. What avails it to travel over the ſeas, or to travel from city to city? If you would avoid that which moſt torments you, it is not your going to another place that will do it, but your being another man. Suppoſe you were to come to *Athens* or to *Rhodes*; it is nothing to the purpoſe what the manners are of the inhabitants, you bring your own thither.

You will think riches the only thing that can make a man happy. Poverty then will be ſure to rack you, and (what is moſt miſerable) even falſe poverty. For though you poſſeſs much, yet becauſe another hath more, you will think you want at leaſt as much as that wherein he exceeds you. Or do you think that happineſs conſiſts in honours? How will it torment you to ſee ſuch a one made *Conſul*; and much more to ſee another rechoſen! It will ſting you to ſee another's name oftener than your own in the *faſti*, or *public regiſter*. Nay, ſo blind and mad will be your ambition, that if there is any one before you, you will think no one behind you. You will fancy death to be the greateſt of all evils, when it has no other evil in it than to be feared before it comes; not only danger will affright you, but even the ſuſpicion of danger. Vain ſhadows will ſcare thee.

For what will it profit you,

——— Evaſiſſe tot urbes
Argolicas, medioſque fugam tenuiſſe per hoſtes;
Pleas'd to have ſail'd ſo long before the wind,
And left ſo many Grecian towns behind; Dryden—

when peace itſelf, inſtead of comfort ſhall adminiſter fear? You will give no credit to, nor put your truſt in, things moſt ſafe and ſure; when once the mind is diſturbed, and having got an habit of heedleſs timidity, you are no longer able to provide for your own ſafety; for you will not ſhun, but fly from the ſtroke: and we are always moſt expoſed to danger, when we have turned our backs.

If you think it a moſt grievous affliction to loſe any one you love; know, that this is as ridiculous as to weep, that the leaves of fine ſha-

dowing trees that adorn your houſes are fallen. Whatever elſe you delight in, hath its time to flouriſh, and alike decays (*c.*) Time and Death ſhake off one thing after another. But as the loſs of the leaves is eaſy to be borne, becauſe they ſhall one day bud forth again; ſo likewiſe is the loſs even of thoſe whom you loved, and thought the delight of your life. Becauſe, though they themſelves return not again, yet the loſs of them may be repaired by aſſociating, ſuppoſe, with others. *But theſe are not the ſame.* True; neither will *you* be the ſame. Every day, every hour makes a change in you: but in others the alteration is more viſible: here indeed it is not perceivable, becauſe not ſo public and open: others are ſnatched away from us, but we ſteal as it were from ourſelves. You will not reflect on theſe things, nor apply a remedy to theſe wounds in time; but are continually ſowing the ſeeds of perplexity and trouble, by hoping ſome things, and deſpairing of others: If you are wiſe you will join theſe two together; and never hope, ſo as to think you cannot be diſappointed; nor ſo deſpair, as to leave no room for hope. But to return:

Wherein can travelling be of any ſervice merely as travelling! It will not of itſelf moderate pleaſures, refrain deſires, pacify anger, break the untameable power of love, root out any evil habit from the mind, endow it with ſound judgment, and diſpel error. In ſhort, men that go out fools, will return the ſame, if not worſe; on whom travelling hath no other effect, than for a while to amuſe them with ſome novelty; as children are apt to admire every thing which they never ſaw before. And as to inconſtancy of mind, this roving from place to place rather encreaſes it, which was bad enough before; and renders it more light and wavering. Hence you often ſee men paſſing from a place, at which they before moſt earneſtly deſired to arrive; and like birds of paſſage flock away faſter than they came.

But travel, you will ſay, furniſhes a man with the knowledge of nations; ſhews him mountains of different forms, deſert plains, valleys watered with everlaſting rills; rivers of an extraordinary nature, full worthy obſervation; as the *Nile* in *Egypt*, which flows higheſt in the ſummer

ſummer ſeaſon; or the *Tigris* in *Aſia*, which at certain places is loſt, and running far under ground, appears again, in its full magnitude; or the *Meander*, the ſportful theme of all the poets, with all its turnings and windings; when, ſeeming to leave its own channel, it approaches the bed of ſome neighbouring flood, but before it has joined it, returns back, forming as it were a circle.—It may be ſo: but how ſeldom does all this make a traveller the better or a wiſer man? We muſt be employed in ſtudy, and converſe with ſuch authors as are the maſters of wiſdom; that we may not only learn ſuch things as have been already found out, but find out other ourſelves of the like importance.

This it is that will raiſe our minds from miſerable ſervitude to a moſt happy ſtate of liberty. So long as you know not what is to be avoided, and what purſued; what is neceſſary, what ſuperfluous; and what is juſt, fit and decent; it will not be travelling, but wandering. Such an excurſion will prove but of little advantage to you; ſince you travel with the ſame affections attending you, and your vices conſequently follow you. Did I ſay *follow?* I wiſh they did, or that they were further from you. You do not lead, but carry them. Hence it is that go where you will they weigh you down, and wring you with the ſame diſtreſſes.

Medicine is requiſite for a ſick man, not a journey. Hath any one broke his leg, or put out his ſhoulder, he does not enquire after his chariot, or a ſhip, but looks out for a ſkilful ſurgeon, to ſet the broken bone, or reduce the diſlocated joint. Why then ſhould you think a mind, put out of frame, and ſo miſerably ſhattered, can be cured merely by change of place? No; this is too great an evil to be repaired by an airing.

Travelling, of itſelf, makes not either a phyſician, or an orator. No art is to be learned from the place only. How then can wiſdom, the chief of all, be picked up in travelling? Believe me, was there any ſort of journey that could ſet a man out of the reach of deſire, anger, fear;

fear; all mankind would travel, and flock to the happy place. So long will evils preſs upon and tear you, though wandering both by ſea and land, as you carry about you the cauſes of ſuch evils. Are you ſurprized then at finding no benefit? How can you find benefit, when thoſe very affections ſtill attend you, which you ſeek to fly from?— Firſt, amend thyſelf; throw off your burthen: at leaſt reduce your fond deſires within moderate bounds; root out all wickedneſs from thine heart; and if you would have a pleaſant journey, heal your inſeparable companion, Avarice will certainly not leave you, ſo long as you cohabit with an avaritious and ſordid temper: pride will not forſake you, ſo long as you converſe with one that is proud; nor will you lay aſide cruelty, while accompanied by an executioner; as fellowſhip with adulterers will blow up the luſtful flame. If you would be free from vice, depart as far as poſſible from all vicious examples.

The covetous, the debauchée, the cruel, the knaviſh, (enemies that will certainly wound you grievouſly, whenever they make their attack) are even now much nearer than you imagine, they are within thee. Addreſs yourſelf therefore to better examples *(f)*. Live with the *Cato's*, with *Lælius*, with *Tubero*; or if you chuſe to converſe with *Greeks*, live with *Socrates* or *Zeno*; the one will teach you how to die when neceſſity requires it; the other, before neceſſity compels you *(g)*: or live with *Chryſippus*, or *Poſidonius*; theſe will inſtruct you in affairs both human and divine. Theſe will command you to put this knowledge in practice, and not only to talk elegantly, and with a delicate flow of words pleaſe the ears of an audience, but ſtrengthen the mind, and fortify it againſt the frowns of the world. For the only quiet haven in this fluctuating and ſtormy life, is, for a man to contemn caſualties, to ſtand reſolutely fixed, to receive the arrows of fortune with an open breaſt, and not cowardly to hide himſelf, or turn his back.

Nature hath formed us great, and valiant. And as to ſome animals ſhe hath given a fierce and cruel diſpoſition; and to other, ſubtlety and cunning; and to other, cautious timidity; ſo hath ſhe given to man a glorious

glorious and lofty ſpirit, that puts him upon ſearching where he may live moſt juſtly and decently, not where moſt ſafely; reſembling the great world; which he follows, and emulates, as far as human ability will permit. He diſplays himſelf at all times; he offers himſelf as in a theatre, to be gazed at and applauded (*b*). He is lord of all, and above all, earthly things; and therefore he ſcorns to yield to any incident tamely; or to think it too heavy for him to bear; nor can any thing make him ſtoop, or give up the dignity of man; not even

Terribiles viſu formæ, letumque laboſque. Virg. 6. 277.

Things dreadful to behold, turmoil and death;

if he can but look on them with a ſteady eye, and pierce the gloomy darkneſs that ſurrounds them. Many things that ſtrike a terror by night, prove trifles, and a mere jeſt by day; even the before-mentioned

Terribiles viſu formæ, letumque, laboſque.

Thus excellently wrote our *Virgil:* he does not aſſert theſe to be dreadful *(re)* in reality, but *(viſu)* in aſpect, i. e. (videri) *to ſeem* (non eſſe) *not to be ſo* in fact. For what is there in theſe things ſo terrible as vulgar report makes them? What is there, I pray you, *Lucilius*, that ſhould make a hero dread *labour*, or a mortal man *death?*

'Tis true, I often meet with thoſe who think every thing impoſſible which they cannot do; and complain of our talking big, and requiring more than human nature can do: but I have a better opinion of them than they have of themſelves; I think they *can* do what is required, but they *will* not. In ſhort, who hath ever failed in his endeavours? Every thing is found much eaſier upon trial. Not becauſe they are difficult, we dare not attempt them; but becauſe we dare not attempt them they are ſo difficult; and if you deſire an example, I will give you one.

Look on *Socrates*, the moſt patient man in the world (*i*), amidſt a variety of ſufferings, and heavy laden with all manner of affliction; invincible by poverty, which was rendered much more grievous by domeſtic ills; invincible by the laborious taſk of the field, while a ſoldier; as well as by the many evils that exerciſed him at home; whether

whether you regard the ſavage temper, or petulant tongue of his wife; or his intractable children, who took after their mother, without the leaſt ſpice of the father in them.

Thus was he either engaged in war, or under the dominion of a tyrant; or if at liberty at home, it proved more ſevere than either war or tyrants. Twenty-ſeven years (*k*) he bore arms, and no ſooner were they laid down but the government became ſubject to thirty tyrants, moſt of whom were his profeſſed enemies. At laſt an accuſation is brought againſt him, of the moſt heinous crimes, (being indicted of the violation of the religious rites, and the corruption of youth) *(l)*, committed againſt the Gods, the Magiſtrates, and his Country: and the iſſue of this was, a priſon and poiſon. All theſe trials however moved not the firm mind of *Socrates*, ſo much as to make him change his countenance. This ſingular, wonderful, and moſt laudable ſpirit, did he keep up to the very laſt; nor could any one ſay that they ever ſaw him either more chearful, or more melancholy; ſuch an equal temper did he preſerve in all this inequality of fortune.

Would you have another example? Conſider the late *Marcus Cato*, whom fortune harraſſed, if poſſible, with more inveterate and ſtubborn rancour. He oppoſed her however in all places, and at all times, particularly in death: ſhewing, that a brave man can either live or die, in ſpite of fortune. His whole life was ſpent either in the actual broils of civil war, or in ſuch troublous times as are uſual before it breaks out. And therefore you may ſay, that *Cato* lived in a ſtate of ſervitude, as well as *Socrates*; unleſs you think *Pompey* and *Cæſar*, and *Craſſus*, were friends to, and confederates in the maintenance of, Liberty. No one ever ſaw any change in *Cato*, whatever change was in the government: in every ſtation and in all occurrences, he continued ſtill the ſame; in the prætorſhip; in a repulſe; under an accuſation; in the province; in the ſenate; in the army; in death.

Laſtly, in that tottering condition of the commonwealth; when there ſtood on one ſide *Cæſar*, ſupported with ten legions of the braveſt

veterans; and depending on his alliances with many foreign nations: *Pompey* on the other ſide, alone, and ſufficient to withſtand the oppoſition. And while ſome volunteers followed *Cæſar*, and others *Pompey*; *Cato* alone raiſed a party for the commonwealth. If you form in your mind a right conception of thoſe times, you will find on the one hand (for *Cæſar*) the buſy mob, and plebeians, always fond of novelty, and a change of government; and on the other (for *Pompey*) the Nobles and Knights, or whoever bore office ſacred or civil, in the ſtate; while between them, only two were left deſtitute, the *Commonwealth* and *Cato*. You will be amazed, I ſay, when you obſerve

Atridem, Priamumque, et ſævum ambobus Achillem,
Atrides, Priam, *and againſt them both,*
The fierce Achilles—

For he condemns them both; he diſarms them both; affirming this to be his determination, If *Cæſar* prevailed, he would die; if *Pompey*, he would depart, ſelf-baniſhed from *Rome*. What now had he to fear, who, whether he conquered, or was conqueror, had decreed to himſelf *that*, which the moſt exaſperated enemy could but inflict upon him? and accordingly he died by his own decree.

Hence you ſee, *what fatigue it is poſſible for man to bear: Cato* led his army on foot through the deſerts of *Africa: that he can endure thirſt*; when *Cato*, on the barren and ſun-burnt hills, (dragging along the remains of a conquered army, that had no need of any baggage to load them, nor indeed had they any) ſuffered the want of water, though ſweating in armour; and when by chance they met with a ſmall current, he was the laſt who drank (*m*). Or, *that honours and infamy are to be alike contemned*, when, on the ſame day that *Cato* was denied the conſulſhip, he diverted himſelf at tennis (*n*), in the *campus Martius (the field of* Mars). Or, *that the power of ſuperiors is not always to be dreaded. He* oppoſed and provoked at the ſame time both *Cæſar* and *Pompey*; when no one dared to offend the one, unleſs it were to ingratiate himſelf with the other. Or, *that death may as well be deſpiſed as baniſhment*; when he pronounced againſt himſelf baniſhment, and death, and was never diſengaged from war. It is poſſible therefore for

a man to attain ſuch ſtrength of mind, as to bear up againſt theſe and the like evils, ſo that it be free, and not voluntarily ſubmiſſive to the yoke.

But *firſt*, for this great purpoſe, all pleaſures muſt be renounced; they weaken and effeminate the mind; are always importunate, and ſo mean as to ſue to Fortune. *2dly*, Riches are likewiſe to be contemned; they are the chief inſtruments of ſlavery. Gold and ſilver, and whatever elſe adorns or loads the houſes of the happy great, is to be rejected. Mortifications muſt be undergone for the attainment of liberty; it is not to be purchaſed for nothing: if you have any real value for it, you will eſteem very thing elſe but in a low degree (*o*).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) Where he had a country-ſeat and vineyard. See Ep. cx. Columella, iii. 3.

(*b*) Ut me fortius amet—*Pincian*, ut ſe fortius amet, *becauſe otherwiſe*, ſays he, *the ſenſe would be deficient*. I cannot think ſo.

Seneca argues that becauſe *Paulina* cannot love him, better than ſhe does, he ought in juſtice to her, to love himſelf better. Beſides, ſhe ſhewed much greater love for *Seneca* than for herſelf, when ſome time after ſhe voluntarily ſubmitted to undergo the ſame fate with her huſband; and accordingly had her veins opened at the ſame inſtant that his were; but her death was prevented by an order from *Nero*. See Pref. *Tacit.* annal. 15.

(*c*) *Lipſius* here refers the reader to *Cicero* (de fin. iii.) Sæpe officium eſt ſapientis, deſciſcere a vita, cum ſit beatiſſimus, ſi id *opportunè* facere poſſit.—(Which is thus rendered by *Guthrie*)—*It is often the duty of a wiſe man to leave life, though poſſeſſed of perfect happineſs*, if it is proper for him to do it, *which propriety is to be meaſured by the opportunity he has of living agreeably to nature.* But what ſays *Seneca?*—Cùm bono viro vivendum ſit non quamdiu juvat, ſed quamdiu oportet.] This, I think, is another very remarkable paſſage againſt whatever *Seneca* hath elſewhere advanced in favour of ſuicide. *A good man*, ſays he, *thinks not his life at his own diſpoſal, but will live*; quamdiu oportet; i. e. *'till it pleaſe God to call him hence.*

(*d*) Which he took ſo much delight in as to manage them himſelf, and even to dig. *Natural Queſt.* iii. 7.

(*e*) Quicquid te delectat, æquè viget, ut videras, dum vireret. Utique aliud alio die caſus excutiet. *Lipſius.*—Which he thus explains: *As the trees though ſtripped of their foliage ſtill live, as much as when they were green and flouriſhing; ſo our friends, when abſent and inviſible to us, are ſtill alive.*—This *Gronovius* abſolutely rejects, and inſiſts upon, Quicquid te delectavit ac tenuit, ut videras, dum vixerat, ubique aliud——*ut* i. e. *ſimul*, vel *ſimul atque*; (*ut* vidi, ut perii. Virg.) i. e. *Whatever hath delighted, as ſoon as you have ſeen it, in its flouriſhing ſtate, ſome accident or other will deprive you of it.*—*Pincian:* Æque viret. Vivunt dum virent. Utique alium—much in the ſame ſenſe that I have tranſlated it.—al. Æquè videt, (al. vide) ut videras,——which it is impoſſible,

ble, I think, to make ſenſe of.——*Eraſmus*, Æquè viget, dum ut videras, dum viveret. *Sentit enim nobis vivere quiquid delectat.* At *delectat etiam memoria rerum bonarum.*——Tout ce qui te plaiſoit, eſt encore en la meme vigeur, qu' il eſtoit quand tu le voyois verdir. *Vet. Gall.*

(f) Muret. obſerves that this precept is taken from that when *Zeno* enquired of the oracle what were the means of living moſt worthily and happily, he received for anſwer, εἰ συγχρωτίζοιτο τοῖς νεκροις. *By converſing with the dead.* Whereupon he ſpent the reſt of his life in ſtudy, and reading antient authors.

(g) Zeno was ninety-eight years old, when, coming from the public ſchools, he ſtruck his foot againſt a ſtone, and tripping, fell upon the ground with one hand; whereupon he repeated theſe words of *Euripides*, ἔρχομαι τί μ' ἄνεις; *I am coming, why in ſuch haſte to call me?* and went home and deſtroyed himſelf.——May we not ſay, notwithſtanding the great encomiums beſtowed upon him, that he was in his dotage? See Ep. 107. and the Index.

(h) Laudari et aſpici *credit.*——*Pincian. geſtit.*——*Lipſius* and *Gruter.* quærit. Gronovius approves of *credit*, which he thus explains: *He acts as they do, who are animated by the preſence of thoſe whom they revere, and ſtudy to pleaſe. He thinks himſelf upon a ſtage, where the eyes of every one are upon him.* So *Cæſar*, (de Gall. l. 3.) reliquum erat certamen poſitum in virtute, qua noſtri milites facile ſuperſunt, atque eo magis, quod in conſpectu Cæſaris, atque omnis exercitus res gerebatur.——*The reſt of the engagement was carried on with great valour, in which our troops have eaſily the pre-eminence, and the more ſo, as the affair was tranſacted in the ſight of* Cæſar *and the whole army.* Curt. l. 9. Ubicumque pugnabo, in theatro terrarum orbis eſſe me credam. *I will behave myſelf as upon the theatre of the world.*

(i) Perpeſſicium ſenem; the ſame word is uſed in Ep. 53.

(k) And ſome months. For ſo long laſted the *Peloponeſian* war.

(l) So in *Tertullian's* Apology. Lego partem ſententiæ Atticæ in *Socratem* corruptorem adoleſcentium pronuntiatam. *Sen.* de Tranquill. c. 15. Cum pueris ludere Seneca non crubeſcebat. Vid. Sidon. l. 3. Ep. 3.

(m) Noviſſimus [illegible] bit] So *Lucan.* 9. 595.

Ultimus haurtor aquæ, cùm tandem fonte reporto
Indiga conater latices potare juventus,
Sit[illegible], dum lixa bibat.
Sparing of ſleep ſtill for the reſt he wakes,
And at the fountain, laſt, his thirſt he ſlakes:
Whene'er by chance ſome living ſpring is found,
He ſtands, and ſees the cooling draught go round.
Stays 'till the laſt and meaneſt drudge is paſt,
And 'till his ſlaves have drunk, diſdains to taſte. Rowe.

" Where ſhall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majeſtic in his griefs like *Cato?*
Heav'ns! with what ſtrength, what ſteadineſs of mind,
He triumphs in the midſt of all his ſufferings!
How does he riſe againſt a load of woes,
And thank the Gods that throw the weight upon him!——
Coarſe are his meals, the fortune of the chace;
Amidſt the running ſtream he ſlakes his thirſt,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
On the firſt friendly bank he throws him down,

Or reſts his head upon a rock 'till morn:
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repaſt, or an untaſted ſpring,
Bleſſes his ſtars, and thinks it luxury. *Cato.*

(*n*) See Ep. 71.

(*o*) And let me periſh but in *Cato's* judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage. *Cato.*

EPISTLE CV.

Certain Precepts, with regard to Happineſs and Security, in the Conduct of Life.

GIVE me leave, *Lucilius*, to point out a few things which, if duly obſerved, will render your life more ſecure, and I am ſure you will give the ſame attention, at leaſt to theſe precepts, as if I had directed you what to do, in order to preſerve your health in the bad air about *Ardea*.

Conſider what thoſe things are, which generally incite and provoke men to ruin one another; and you will find them to be, *Hope, Envy, Hatred, Fear, Contempt*. Of all theſe *contempt* is ſo much the lighteſt, that many have ſkulked beneath it by way of ſafeguard (*a*); for whom a man contemneth, he may kick at perhaps, but paſſeth him by. No man hurts a contemptible perſon frowardly, or purpoſely. In a battle, the man that is proſtrate is paſſed over; he only is attacked who ſtands his ground.

You will fruſtrate the *hope* of the wicked, if you have nothing to provoke their greedy and lawleſs appetite; if you have nothing, I ſay, that is very remarkable: for whatever is extraordinary, however little known, is moſtly coveted.

And

And thus may you prevent *envy*; if you live without pomp and parade; if you talk not of your wealth and endowments, but can enjoy them with ſelf-complacency.

You will prevent *hatred*, by giving no offence, by provoking no one deſignedly, or wantonly, and living peaceably with all men, as common ſenſe ſhall direct you. Many have been in great danger from *hatred*; though ſome have experienced it without a profeſt enemy.

Not to be feared, a moderate fortune and mildneſs of temper will prove the ſureſt means: when men ſhall know you to be one, when they may in ſome meaſure offend with impunity, being eaſily pacified, and moſt aſſuredly reconciled. But *to be feared*, is as dangerous and troubleſome at home as abroad; whether it be by ſervants or children. There is no one but who hath ſufficient power, if they pleaſe, to hurt you. Add therefore, that he who is *feared*, hath reaſon alſo to *fear*. No one who is dreaded can aſſure himſelf of ſecurity.

Laſtly, as to *contempt*, he hath the management of it in his own power, who hath brought it upon himſelf; who is deſpiſed becauſe he regarded it not, rather than becauſe he deſerved it. To prevent the inconvenience whereof, let a man ſtudy the *liberal ſciences*, and procure friendſhip with thoſe who have an intereſt with men in power: to whom it will be proper to make application; though not ſo to involve and engage yourſelf, as to make the remedy worſe than the diſeaſe. Yet nothing will be of more ſervice herein, than not to be over-buſy and talkative, converſing chiefly with yourſelf.

There is a certain pleaſure in talking, which ſteals upon a man, and flatters him; and often, like a cup too much, or love, is apt to diſcloſe the ſecrets of the heart. There is ſcarce any one but will tell again, what he hath heard, though but ſeldom the whole of what he heard. And who relates the matter, will likewiſe declare his author. All men have ſome one or other, whom they think they can truſt with what they themſelves have been entruſted. Hence pretending to ſet a watch upon

upon their lips, and to be contented with the attention of one only, they make the people privy to all they know (*b*); ſo that what before was a ſecret, is made a common report.

The beſt means however of ſecurity is to do no ill. Paſſionate men lead a confuſed and troubleſome ſort of life. They neceſſarily fear a return of what miſchief they do, and are at no time free therefrom. They tremble as ſoon as they have done it, and are ever after in ſuſpenſe (*c*). Conſcience will not ſuffer them to reſt; and often ſets them upon an enquiry into themſelves (*d*). He is puniſhed who only expects puniſhment; and he who hath deſerved puniſhment, expects it. An evil conſcience may ſometimes think itſelf ſafe, but never ſecure (*e*). For a criminal, though not immediately apprehended, muſt think himſelf liable thereto. Even his dreams diſturb him: and when he hears the crime mentioned accidentally, his own guilt ſtares him in the face: he never ſuppoſes it ſufficiently obliterated, or cloſely enough concealed from the world. Let the guilty then eſcape as they will for the preſent, they can put no confidence therein.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) As *Brutus* (in Livy) Neque in animo ſuo quidquam regi timendum, neque in fortuna concupiſcendum relinquere ſtatuit, contemptuque tutus eſſe, ubi in jure parum præſidii eſſet. *He was determined to leave nothing upon his mind that could affect the ſtate, or was ſubject to the caprice of fortune, chooſing to be ſafe, from contempt, where there was no dependence upon legal right*

(*b*) Or, *being contented to tell his ſtory but to one perſon, he will make the people that one.* Or, Ut garrulilatem ſuam cuſtodiat, et contentus ſit unius auribus, populum faciet. *He will ſuppoſe the people can help their prattling, and be contented with telling their ſtory, each to one perſon.* I know not what elſe to make of this paſſage, for I think *Pincian's* reading ſcarce admiſſible; *poculum*, inſtead of *populum*, i. e. *A man will prattle to one or more according to what he has drunk.*

(*c*) *The wicked are like the troubled ſea, when it cannot reſt, whoſe waters caſt up mire and dirt. There is no peace, ſaith my God, to the wicked.* Pſ. 57. 20.—The Heathens were ſenſible of theſe horrors of conſcience as well as Chriſtians. Dii deinque! quam malè eſt extra legem viventibus! quod ſemel meruerunt, ſemper expectant. *Petron.* in Claud. Ruffin. ii. *Good God! how miſerable it is to live uninfluenced by law! The puniſhment which they have deſerved they always dread.*

Quid demens manifeſta negas? en pectus inuſtæ
Deformant maculæ vitiiſque inolevit imago
Nec ſeſe commiſſa tegunt. *Claud.* ii. 504.
Wouldſt thou deny what is ſo manifeſt?
Thy guilty ſtains are openly impreſt,
And every ſecret vice ſtands full confeſt. Melampus, p. 197.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE CVI.

• *Whether* Good *be a Body* *.

I HAVE been more tardy, I confeſs, than uſual, *Lucilius*, in not anſwering your Epiſtle; not becauſe I was too buſily employed: I ſcorn ſuch an excuſe, for I have leiſure enough; as every one may have if they pleaſe. A man is not always engaged in buſineſs; but ſome create it to themſelves: nay, and place great part of their happineſs therein. Why then, you will ſay, did I not anſwer your requeſt ſooner (*a*)? Why to tell you the truth, it has ſome connexion with my preſent purpoſe; as you know I am determined to comprize the whole of *moral philoſophy*, and to explain every queſtion relating thereto. (*b*) Therefore I was ſome time in doubt, whether I ſhould put you off for the preſent, 'till this ſubject would have its proper place, or in the mean time give you ſomething extraordinary for your ſatisfaction. But it ſeemed more kind and humane not to detain one longer, who came ſo far. Therefore I have ſelected the following from the ſeries of thoſe queſtions, which depend upon one another, and will ſend you ſome other, of my own accord, to prevent your requeſt. Do you aſk what theſe queſtions are? Why, truly, ſuch as there is more pleaſure and curioſity in knowing, than profit, as in this before us—*Whether* Good *be a body*.

Now I affirm it to be a *body*; becauſe it acts. *Good* acts upon the mind or ſoul; and in ſome meaſure forms and governs it, which are the properties of *body*. Even the good of the body, is a body, and therefore ſo is that of the ſoul: for this likewiſe is a body. The good of man muſt neceſſarily be a body, foraſmuch as man is bodily, or hath a body. I am greatly miſtaken, if thoſe things which nouriſh the body, and either preſerve or reſtore health, are not alſo bodies, and therefore every *good* that is his, is body. I cannot think that you will doubt,

doubt, whether the *affections* (to throw in here another thing not contained in the queſtion) are bodies; ſuch as *anger*, *love*, *ſorrow*. If you doubt it, conſider whether they do not alter our countenances, contract and dilate the brow, raiſe a bluſh, or make us look pale. And do you think that ſuch viſible marks can be impreſſed upon the body by what is not a *body* itſelf? If the *affections* then are body, ſo are alſo the diſeaſes of the mind, as *avarice*, *cruelty*, *habitual vices*, or ſuch as are grown quite incurable; and alſo malice, or a wicked heart, with the ſeveral ſpecies of it, as malignity, envy, pride. As theſe then are bodies, ſo is *good*. Firſt, becauſe it is contrary to theſe; and, ſecondly, becauſe it exhibits the like ſigns, and has the ſame effect. See you not what fierceneſs fortitude gives the eye? How intent is prudence! how modeſt and ſtill is reverence and devotion! how ſerene is joy! how rigorous is ſeverity! how careleſs and remiſs is mirth (*c*)! Therefore they are bodies, I ſay, which alter the colour and habit of bodies, and exerciſe dominion over them.

Now all theſe virtues I have mentioned are good, and whatever proceedeth from them. Can you doubt, whether that, by which a thing is touched, is body?

Tangere enim, et tangi, niſi corpus, nulla poteſt res.
——*now whatſoe'er does touch,*
Or tend to touch, is body,——

as *Lucretius* ſaith. But all theſe things could not have ſuch an effect upon the body, did they not touch it; therefore they are bodies.

Further, what hath power of compelling, of forcing, of reſtraining, of commanding, is body. And doth not fear reſtrain? boldneſs impell? fortitude incite, and give vehemence? Does not moderation recall, and curb in? Does not joy elate, and ſorrow caſt down? In ſhort, whatever we do, we do by command of virtue or vice. And what commands the body, muſt be a *body*; ſo likewiſe what gives ſtrength and force to body, muſt be *body*. Good of the body is bodily, or hath a body; the good of man is alſo the good of a body, therefore it hath a body.

Thus far then in anſwer to your queſtion. And now I will ſay to myſelf what I ſuppoſe will be your reply: this is mere playing at tables; our ſubtlety is ſpent in mere trifles. Theſe things make not a man good, however learned they may make him. Wiſdom is more plain and open; nay, more ſimple. There needs not much learning, to form a good underſtanding and a ſound conſcience. But as we waſte other things, in vanities and ſuperfluities, ſo do we philoſophy itſelf. There is exceſs and intemperance in literature, as well as in other articles. We learn not what belongs to life, but what belongs to the ſchools.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

• Many opinions of the Stoics, as *Eraſmus* obſerves, were ſolid and of great moment, (as is manifeſt from theſe Epiſtles) but ſome remarkably vain and ridiculous. Of the latter ſort is the queſtion before us, which *Seneca* touches, as they ſay, *with a light finger*. From this queſtion however, as from falſe premiſes follow falſe concluſions, they proceed ſo far as to affirm, that not only virtues and vices, and all the affections of the mind were *bodies*; but that they were *living animals*, and reverenced as ſuch. Of which folly and abſurdity, ſee more in Ep. 113.

(*a*) Quare non reſcriberem *tibi*, de quo quærebas] *Muret.* al. *ei*, de quo—which *Gronovius* abides by, ſaying he ſees no reaſon why we ſhould not as well ſay, reſcribere *rei*, as *ad rem*. Sen. Pref. 3 Excerpt.—Illius orationes non legunt, niſi cas *quibus Ceſtius* reſcripſerit.

(*b*) *Lactantius* mentions theſe books, but alas! they are not extant—an irreparable loſs!

(*c*) What vigour is given to the eye by fortitude? what ſteadineſs by wiſdom? What modeſty, what ſtillneſs, it puts on in the expreſſion of aweful reſpect! How is it brightened by joy! how fixed by ſeverity! how relaxed by mirth! *Webb* on painting, p. 136.

EPISTLE CVII.

On Patience in all the Accidents of Life.

WHY, *Lucilius*, what is become of your prudence? where is your wonted ſubtlety of diſcernment? where thy magnanimity? Can ſuch trifles move thee? Your ſervants, it ſeems, took the opportunity while you was buſy, to run away. If theſe your *friends* (for ſo our *Epicurus*

was pleaſed to call them) have deceived you, the damage is but ſmall. They are gone, who often interrupted you in your buſineſs; and being troubleſome to *you*, made *you* ſo to others. Nothing of this kind is unuſual, or not to be expected. It is as ridiculous to be offended and troubled at ſuch an accident, as it would be to complain of being beſprinkled, or beſpattered with dirt as you walk the ſtreets.

'The condition of life is the ſame with being in a public bath, in a crowd, or on a journey. Some one will intrude upon us, and accidents will happen. To *live*, a man muſt not be over-nice or delicate. You are entered upon a long journey; you muſt neceſſarily ſometimes ſlip, joſtle, fall, be weary, 'till you cry out, *O death!* that is, you muſt finiſh your journey (*b*). In ſome place perhaps you will leave a companion, bury another, and be afraid of another: ſuch continual inconveniences will you meet with in the road of life. But the mind muſt be prepared againſt theſe things; it ſhould know, that it is come to a place where

Luctus, et ultrices poſuêre cubilia curæ,
Pallenteſque habitant morbi, triſtiſque ſenectus. *Virg.* 6. 275.
Revengeful cares and ſullen ſorrows dwell
And pale diſeaſes, and repining age,
Want, fear, and famine unreſiſted rage. Dryden.

Theſe are the attendants on life: you cannot eſcape them, though you may deſpiſe them: you certainly will deſpiſe them, if you often reflect upon them, and preſuppoſe their certain attack. There is no one but who receives, more courageouſly, ſuch things, to which he hath long reconciled his mind; and who oppoſeth more boldly thoſe adverſities which he made familiar to him by reflection. But on the contrary, when a man is unprepared the lighteſt accidents ſurpriſe and terrify him: we muſt therefore take care that none may happen to us unexpectedly; and as all things are the more grievous on the account of novelty, the ſerious meditation here recommended, will cauſe that nothing ſhall happen to you, as to a mere novice.

Have

Have your ſervants left you? and is that all? Some have robbed their maſter; others have vilified him; others have betrayed him; others have trampled upon him; ſome have made an attempt on their maſter's life by poiſon; others by a falſe accuſation; others have murdered him. Theſe, and all other miſchiefs you can imagine, have happened to many, and will happen again. Many and various are the arrows that are aimed at us; ſome are ſticking in us; others, upon the wing, will ſoon reach us; others, about to pierce our neighbours, will lay us under ſome uneaſineſs, as if they were levelled at ourſelves; yet let us not wonder at theſe things, to which we were born incident; and of which no one therefore has reaſon to complain: becauſe all men have their ſhare; yes, I ſay, an equal ſhare: for what a man hath eſcaped, he was as liable to ſuffer, as they that ſuffered. A law is equal and juſt that is made for all, though all meet not with the ſame treatment.

Let equity then be the ruling principles of our mind; and let us pay the tribute of mortality without murmur and complaint. Winter brings on the cold, and we ſhiver: ſummer reſtores the heat, and we ſweat. The inclemency of the weather, and a bad air try the conſtitution; and we are ſick. A wild beaſt by chance may meet us; or man, more dangerous than wild beaſts, fall upon us. Some are loſt by water; ſome by fire: and this ſtate of things it is not in the power of man to alter.

But this we can do; we can aſſume a mind that is great and good, which will enable us patiently to bear all caſualties, and go hand in hand with Nature; by whoſe command it is that ſo many changes and revolutions happen in this her kingdom. Clear weather ſucceeds the clouds; and when the ſeas have awhile been calm, freſh ſtorms ariſe: different winds blow in their turns: day ſucceeds night: part of the heavens riſe above, and part ſink beneath the horizon (*c*). The eternity of things is made up of contraries. Let us apply our mind to their law (*d*). Let us for ever follow and obey it; concluding, that *whatever is, is right (e)*. So that we ought by no means to cenſure and chide Nature.

The beſt way is to endure what we cannot prevent, or amend; and without murmuring hold communion with God; by whoſe providence all things are directed. He is but a bad ſoldier who follows his captain grumbling and ſighing. Wherefore let us receive his commands with earneſtneſs and alacrity; nor think of deſerting our courſe in this beautiful round of things, the work of God; though whatever we ſuffer be interwoven in it. And thus let us addreſs the Almighty, *who guides and directs this vaſt machine*; as our *Cleanthes* teacheth us in thoſe elegant verſes, which, after the manner of the moſt eloquent *Cicero*, I have endeavoured to tranſlate, in the Latin language: if they pleaſe you, well; if not, let it ſuffice for me to have followed the great *Cicero*.

Duc me, parens, celſique dominator poli,
Quocunque placuit: nulla parendi mora eſt.
Aſſum integer: fac nolle: comitabor gemens.
Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt.
Maluſque patiar, quod pati licuit bono *(f)*.

Father of heav'n, and ruler of the ſkies!
(Thy works all glorious, and thy thoughts all wiſe!)
Lead me where'er you pleaſe; without delay,
Prompt, and alert, thy ſummons I obey.
Were I unwilling, ſtill I muſt go on,
And follow thee, with many a ſigh and groan.
With gentle hand Fate leads the willing mind,
But drags along the ſtubborn, and the blind.
Thus more ſeverely ſhall I feel the load,
That preſſeth lightly on the juſt and good.

Thus let us live; thus let us pray, that death may ever find us willing and alert to go. This is true magnanimity, which reſigns itſelf to God. On the contrary, he is of a low and degenerate mind, who is reluctant, who is ſo vain, as to find fault with the diſpenſations of Providence; and preſumes rather to cenſure and amend the *Gods*, than himſelf.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

• See *Bolingbroke* on Exile, ad fin —*Melmoth's* Cato, p. 263.

(*a*) The Stoics did not allow any one qualified to be a *friend* but their wiſe man: the reſt were only *companions*, united for advantage ſake: ſicut et terram ſerimus ob fructus, *as we ſow land for the ſake of the crop.* See Epp. ix. lxxxi. II. *Our* Epicurus, becauſe *Lucilius* was an Epicurean.

(*b*) Iter metiaris] *Pincian*, emetiaris, *al.* idem mentiaris, *al.* id eſt, mentiaris: *that is, you muſt lie*; in what? in calling upon death, yet not deſiring his preſence.—The word, *mentiri*, here puts me in mind of *Sir Henry Wotton's* definition of an ambaſſador: *He is one who is ſent* ad mentiendum foris, to *lie* abroad.

(*c*) This is according to the *Ptolemaic* ſyſtem, but we, who more juſtly follow the *Copernican*, know it to be in appearance only.

(*d*) This is a capital dogma of the Stoics, ſequi naturam, i. e. Deum; *to follow Nature*; that is, *God.* Ep. 4, &c. *Lipſ.* Manud. iii. 19.

(*e*) Et quæcunque fiunt debuiſſe fieri putet.] *Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?* Gen. xviii. 25.

(*f*) Theſe verſes are from the *Greek* in the *Enchiordion* of *Epictetus*. *Lipſius* therefore rejects the fourth of the *Latin* as ſpurious, or taken from ſome other place.

Ἄγε δὲ μεθ' Ζεῦ, καὶ σύ γ' ἡ πεπρωμένη,
Ὅποι ποθ' ὑμῖν εἰμι διατεταγμένος
Ὡς ἕψομαί γ' ἄοκνος. ἢν δὲ μὴ θέλω,
Κακὸς γενόμενος οὐδὲν ἧσσον ἕψομαι.

See Ep. 96. (N. a.)

EPISTLE CVIII.

The right Uſe of reading or hearing the Philoſophers *.

WHAT you enquire after, *Lucilius*, is one of thoſe things which it is requiſite to know, merely for knowledge-ſake: and ſince it is ſo requiſite, and you ſeem ſo earneſtly to inſiſt upon it, nor will wait a little while, 'till I have finiſhed thoſe books which will contain the whole of moral philoſophy regularly digeſted, I will oblige you; but give me leave firſt to premiſe a few things, in order to inform you, after what manner the commendable thirſt of learning, with which you ſeem thus

thus tranſported, may be ſo ordered, as not to hinder you in your reſpective progreſs.

All ſciences are not to be received at random, nor ruſhed upon at once. From particulars we muſt learn the whole. Every one muſt ſuit their burthen to their ſtrength †: nor muſt we involve ourſelves in more buſineſs than we know how to go through with. You muſt not drink of this ſtream as much as you pleaſe, but as much as you can hold. Yet never fear; you ſhall hold as much as you can deſire. The more the mind receives, the more it expands itſelf. This is what our maſter *Attalus* taught us, when we beſieged, as it were, his ſchool, coming firſt, and going away the laſt: nay, teaſing and provoking him to ſome diſpute, as we walked along, when he was not prepared for us, but met us accidentally. *Both he that teacheth*, ſaith he, *and he that learneth ſhould have the ſame point in view*, ut ille prodeſſe velit, hic proficere: *they muſt both intend profit; the one by giving good inſtruction, the other by receiving it.*

He that attends the ſchools of philoſophers ſhould daily carry away with him ſome improvement. He ſhould return home more wiſe, or better diſpoſed to wiſdom. And ſo indeed will he return; for ſuch is the power of philoſophy, that ſhe not only improves the ſtudent, but the converſant. He that walketh in the ſun will be tanned, though he did not walk there for that purpoſe. A man who hath ſet ſome time in a perfumer's ſhop, will carry away with him the ſcent of the place; ſo they who attend philoſophers, muſt certainly reap ſome benefit, let them be as negligent as they pleaſe: but obſerve, I ſay negligent, not repugnant. What then? have we not known ſome who for many years attended on philoſophy, without being in the leaſt tinged therewith? Certainly; and even ſuch as ſeemed ſo very conſtant and induſtrious, that we might call them not the diſciples, but the inmates, of philoſophy. But the misfortune is, ſome come only to *hear*, not to learn, as they attend the theatre for pleaſure's ſake; to delight the ear with ſome ſpeech, or a ſweet tone of voice, or a diverting ſtory, exhibited in comedy. Such you will find great part of an audience, who make the philoſophical ſchools but a place of idle reſort: they come not thither

in order to diſpoſſeſs themſelves of any vice, or to receive any law for the better regulation of manners, or better conduct of life: but to pleaſe the ear with the twang of eloquence. Some too bring their tables with them, not to ſet down and remark *things*, but *words*; which they may deliver again occaſionally with as little profit to their hearers, as they had received from them themſelves. Others are rouſed at the ſound of ſome big words, and ſeem as much affected as the ſpeaker himſelf; alert both in mind and countenance; throwing themſelves into ſuch attitudes as the eunuchs, and thoſe who were mad by command, were wont to do, at the ſound of the *Phrygian* pipe (*b*).

Theſe however are ſmitten with the beauty of things, and not with the empty ſound of words. If any thing is ſmartly ſaid againſt death, or fortune is boldly inſulted, they immediately reſolve to act upon theſe principles: they are really affected, and would be all you could wiſh them, were the ſame impreſſions to remain upon their minds; and if the people, ever diſſuaſive of what is right, were not immediately to check this remarkable impulſe. Few have been able to carry home the reſolutions they at firſt conceived (*c*). It is no difficult matter to ſtir up an audience to a deſire at leaſt of what is right and good. Nature hath laid the foundation in our ſouls, having ſowed therein the ſeeds of virtue (*d*). We are all of us born with theſe endowments and to this purpoſe. When a proper perſon inſtructs or teacheth, then are thoſe good qualities rouſed that before lay dormant.

Hear you not how the theatres reſound, when a ſentence is uttered, which we cannot but acknowledge to be juſt, and give teſtimony to the truth of it by our applauſe! as,

Deſunt inopiæ multa, avaritiæ omnia.
Poverty wants many things, avarice all.
In nullum avarus bonus eſt, in ſe peſſimus.
Worſt to themſelves are miſers, good to none.

Even the moſt ſordid and avaritious perſon applauds theſe lines, and rejoiceth in his own conviction. How much more effectually do ſuch ſentiments come from the mouth of a philoſopher? When ſalutary precepts

precepts are thus agreeably expreſſed in verſe, they deſcend the readier into the hearts even of the unſkilful. For (according to *Cleanthes*) as our breath gives a more clear and ſhrill ſound when driven through the paſſage of a trumpet, it finds a large vent at the end: ſo our underſtandings are rendered more clear, when confined to the ſtrict laws of a verſe. The ſame things are heard with leſs attention, and affect us leſs, when delivered in proſe or common diſcourſe, than when decorated with poetical numbers; and good ſenſe, pointed, and contracted within certain feet or meaſure, is darted, as it were an arrow from a ſtrong arm.

Many things have been ſaid with regard to the contempt of money, and in long harangues are we taught, that men ſhould think true riches to conſiſt in the virtues of the mind, not in patrimony;—that he is wealthy who adapts his diſpoſition to his circumſtances; and with a little makes himſelf rich by content:—yet our minds, I ſay, are more affected when we hear ſuch admonitions in verſe, as,

Is minimo eget mortalis, qui minimum cupit.
He wants but little, who but little covets.
Quod vult habet, qui velle quod ſatis eſt poteſt. *Publ. Syrus.*
He hath his wiſh, who wiſheth but enough.

When we hear theſe and the like ſentences we are brought to the confeſſion of truth. For they who think nothing enough, admire them, and will even exclaim againſt money.

Now, whenever you perceive this affection, urge it, preſs it home; perſecute your audience with this topic; laying aſide all ambiguities and ſyllogiſms, and cavils, and other whimſies of an idle brain (*e*). Speak boldly againſt avarice, againſt luxury: and when you perceive that you have in ſome meaſure prevailed, and moved their hearts, proſecute the ſubject with more vehemence: it is almoſt incredible what good effect ſuch a diſcourſe will have, being intended as a remedy, and wholly deſigned for the good of the hearers. For, tender minds are ſoon worked up to a ſenſe, and the love, of what is good and right.

Truth

Truth lays her hand upon the docil, and ſuch as are but ſlightly corrupted, when ſhe meets with an able advocate.

For my own part, when I have heard *Attalus*, inveighing againſt the vices, the errors and the evils of life, I could not help pitying the errors of mankind, and looking upon *Attalus* as a man ſublime, and far exalted above the common pitch of mortals. He ſaid indeed of himſelf *that he was a king (f)*. But to me he ſeemed ſomewhat more, who dared, and juſtly too, even cenſure kings. But when he began to recommend poverty, and to ſhew, whatever exceeded neceſſary uſe, was all a mere ſuperfluous load, and an heavy weight upon the bearer; I many times wiſhed to depart from the ſchools a poor man. When he began to traduce our pleaſures, to praiſe chaſtity of body, a ſober table, a pure mind, untainted, not only by unlawful pleaſures, but by unneceſſary and vain amuſements, I required nothing more to ſet bounds to gluttony and every irregular appetite. Some of theſe inſtructions made a deep impreſſion upon me, for I aimed at every thing with great earneſtneſs: but being drawn off from theſe lectures, to lead the life of a citizen, rather than a philoſopher's, I preſerved but a few extracts from ſo fair and good a beginning.

From hence however I took my leave of oyſters and muſhrooms; for theſe are not food, but only ſerve to provoke the appetite of thoſe, who are full, to eat more; they are things which ſlip down eaſily and are as eaſily returned; which is an acceptable pleaſure to gluttony, and ſuch as love to cram themſelves with more than they can hold. Hence too I abſtained from all manner of ointments and perfumes, becauſe the beſt ſmell of the body is none at all *(g)*. And hence my ſtomach is never indulged with wine; and all my life-time I have diſdained warm bathing, ſuppoſing it to be a too delicate and uſeleſs cuſtom to ſeeth the body, and weaken the ſolids by extravagant ſweating. Some other reſolutions indeed I have been obliged to break; yet ſo as ſtill to preſerve moderation in thoſe things wherein I propoſed abſtinence; and indeed ſuch moderation as is next to abſtinence, if not more difficult:

becauſe ſome things are more eaſily expelled totally from the inclination, than kept in due meaſure.

But ſince I have begun to tell you with how much more earneſtneſs I applied myſelf to philoſophy, when a young man, than now when I am old, I ſhall not be aſhamed to confeſs to you, what affection for *Pythagoras Sotion* (*b*) inſpired me with. He taught me, why *Pythagoras* abſtained from animal food (*i*), and why after him *Sextius:* their reaſons were different, but, of both, very great. *Sextius* thought, that there was food enough for man in the world without ſhedding blood; and that the taking pleaſure in butchering helpleſs animals, only inſpired men with cruelty: he added hereunto, that luxury was not to be encouraged; and ſuppoſed that variety of meats, and particularly ſuch as are foreign to our conſtitutions, are by no means a preſervative of health, but the contrary. Whereas *Pythagoras* held that there was a ſort of relationſhip among all animals, and a certain intercourſe, whereby they paſſed out of one form into another. No ſoul either of man or beaſt (if you believe him) periſheth; nor indeed ceaſeth any longer than while it is tranſmigrating into another body. And that after many revolutions and changes from one ſort of body to another, it returns again to man. In the mean while this opinion had no ſmall effect, in making men dread wickedneſs, and eſpecially parricide: ſince it is poſſible they might unknowingly light upon the ſoul of a parent, and with knife and teeth violate the body wherein was lodged ſome kindred ſpirit.

When *Sotion* had explained to me theſe things, and confirmed them by his arguments; *Do you not think*, ſaid he, *that ſouls are diſtributed from one body to another; and that it is only this tranſmigration which we call* death? *Do you not believe that in thoſe animals, wild or tame, or that dwell in the great deep, the ſouls, that were once in man, ſtill ſurvive? Do you not believe, that nothing in this world periſheth, but only changeth its place and form? and that not only the celeſtial bodies make their ſeveral circuits, but that animals, and their ſouls likewiſe, have their revolutions? Many great men have believed theſe things. Suſpend therefore for a while*

your judgment; and weigh every thing diligently. If theſe things be true, to abſtain from ſhedding of blood is innocence; if falſe, frugality. And as ſome check to cruelty, I only aſk you to abſtain from what is the food of lions and vultures.—Prevailed upon by theſe inſtructions, I began to abſtain from eating fleſh, and at the year's end, ſuch abſtinence became not only eaſy to me, but pleaſant (*k*): I fancied my ſpirit more alert and free than it was before; nor to this day can I pretend either to affirm or deny it.

But you will aſk, perhaps, how I came to diſcontinue this way of life? My youth fell out in the reign of *Tiberius Cæſar*, at what time the ſacreds of ſome foreign nations were baniſhed *Rome (l)*; and among other ſuperſtitions, this was alledged as one, *the abſtaining from the fleſh of certain animals* (*m*). At requeſt therefore of my father, who was no great admirer of philoſophy (*n*), but hated reproach, I returned to the eating fleſh as uſual: nor had he much difficulty in perſuading me to eat better ſuppers. And as *Attalus* was wont to recommend a hard bed, which ſunk not with the weight of the body, ſuch I uſe to this day; in which, when I riſe you cannot ſee the leaſt impreſſion.

Theſe things I have related to you, *Lucilius*, to ſhew you, how readily and earneſtly youth attend to the knowledge and practice of what is good; if there is any one to inſtruct them, any one to puſh them on: but on the one hand, there is generally a great defect or fault in the inſtructor, who teaches them rather how to diſpute, than how to live; (*o*) and, on the other, in the ſcholars, who bring with them to their maſter the deſign of having their tongue or wit poliſhed, and not the mind. From whence, what before was philoſophy, is now become philology.

Now, it is of great moment to examine what end we purſue, or with what deſign we engage in any buſineſs. He that ſets up for a Grammarian, and examines *Virgil*, does not read that excellent hemiſtich,——fugit irreparabile tempus. G. iii. 284.

Time flies irrevocable,

with an intention to make the following reflection; *we muſt watch (p), unleſs we mend our ſpeed we ſhall be left behind: the ſwift day drives us on, and is driven itſelf: we are imperceptibly hurried away (q): we poſtpone every thing, and are ſlow and lazy, while every thing about us is poſting away with great rapidity:* but that he may obſerve, when *Virgil* is ſpeaking of the ſwiftneſs of time he always uſeth the word, fugit, *he flies*; ſo

Optima quæque dies miſeris mortalibus ævi
Prima *fugit*; ſubeunt morbi, *triſtiſque* ſenectus,
Et labor, et duræ rapit inclementia mortis.
In youth alone unhappy mortals live;
But, ah! the beſt of days *are fugitive:*
Diſcolour'd ſickneſs, anxious labours come,
Diſconſolate age, and death's inexorable doom.

He who applies himſelf to philoſophy, makes ſuch remarks too on theſe words, as beſt ſuit his profeſſion. *Virgil*, he obſerves, never ſaith, dies ire, *the day paſſeth*, but, fugere, *it flies*; which is the ſwifteſt kind of ſpeed: *and that our beſt days* (or prime of life) *are firſt torn from us. Why ceaſe we then to incite and ſpur ourſelves on, that if poſſible we may equal the velocity of the ſwifteſt thing in the world (r)?* Our better days fly off, the worſe ſucceed. As the contents of a veſſel, when poured out, flow pureſt at firſt, while the more heavy and turbid particles ſubſide, and thicken at the bottom; ſo is it in our life; the beſt of it comes firſt; and this we generally permit others to draw off, while we reſerve the dregs for our own uſe ‡. But let this be fixed in our mind, and received with as much ſatisfaction as if it came from an oracle,

Optima quæque dies miſeris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit.——

Why the beſt (of days?) becauſe the remainder is uncertain. *Why the beſt?* becauſe, when young, we are more apt to learn; we can apply the eaſy, and as yet tractable, mind, to the knowledge of good: and becauſe this time of life is fitteſt for labour, to exerciſe either the faculties of the ſoul in ſtudy, or the ſtrength of the body in uſeful toil. The remainder is more ſluggiſh and feeble, as being nearer the end. We muſt therefore bend our whole mind thereto; and, omiting *almoſt* all diverſion, labour this one point: leſt, too late, to our confuſion, we come to underſtand

derſtand the celerity of fleeting time, which it is not in the power of man to keep back.

Let every firſt, as undoubtedly the beſt, day, give us ſatisfaction and be made our own. Let us ſeize it as it flies (*s*). This is what he does not think of, who reads theſe lines of *Virgil* with a Grammarian's eye, that therefore every firſt day is the beſt, becauſe *diſeaſes ſuccced*, becauſe *old age preſſeth hard upon us*, and percheth over the head of ſuch as ſtill think themſelves young (*t*). He only obſerves, *that* Virgil *always joins together diſeaſes and old age*; and well he may; for old age is itſelf an incurable diſeaſe. Moreover, he obſerves, that *Virgil* gives old age the epithet, triſtis, *diſconſolate*,

—— Subeunt morbi, triſtiſque ſenectus.

Nor need you wonder, that every one collects from the ſame materials what is moſt ſuitable to his particular inclination. In the ſame meadow the ox ſeeks graſs, the dog a hare, and the ſtork a lizard. When the Philologiſt, the Grammarian, and the Philoſopher take in hand the books of *Cicero*, de Republica, *of a Republic*, each one hath a different purſuit. The Philoſopher wonders that ſo much could be ſaid *againſt ſtrict juſtice*. The Philologiſt remarks, that among the *Roman* kings, there were two, for the one of whom there is no father to be found, nor for the other any mother. For it is ſtill doubted who was the mother of *Servius*; nor is there any mention made of the father of *Ancus*, who is always ſtyled *Numa's* grandſon (*u*). He likewiſe obſerves that the perſon we call *Dictator*, and read of him in hiſtory under this title, was antiently called Magiſter Populi, *the People's Magiſtrate*; as it ſtands at this day in the books of the *Augurs*; and as a further proof, he obſerves, that from hence comes the title of Magiſter Equitum, *the Maſter of the Horſe*, (or, *Premier Knight*). With the like ſagacity he obſerves that at the death of *Romulus*, there was an eclipſe (*x*): and that an appeal even from Kings has been made to the people (*y*): and this ſome think may be proved from the *pontifical* books, and the hiſtorian *Feneſtella*. The Grammarian in explaining the ſame books obſerves, in his Commentaries, that *Cicero* firſt uſed the word *reapſe*, i. e. reipſa; and alſo *ſepſe*, i. e. ſe ipſe. And then he paſſeth on to thoſe things, wherein

wherein the cuſtom of the age hath made any alteration; as when *Cicero* ſaith, Quoniam ſumus ab ipſa *calce* ejus interpellatione revocati, *(becauſe by his importunity we are called back again from the very goal)* what the antients called, *calcem*, in the *Circus*, we now call *cretam* (*z*), (*the chalk*). And then he collects ſome verſes from old *Ennius*, and particularly thoſe relating to *Africanus*,

—— Cui nemo civis neque hoſtis
Quivit pro factis reddere opræpretium (*aa*).

Wherein he remarks that *Ennius* uſeth the word *opera* for *auxilium*, ſaying, *that neither friend nor enemy could give any* aſſiſtance *to* Scipio. And he thinks himſelf extremely happy in having found out from whence *Virgil* took———Quem ſuper ingens
Porta tonat cœli. G. iii. 261.
When o'er his head the rattling thunder roll'd.

This, ſaith he, *Virgil* ſtole from *Ennius*, and *Ennius* from *Homer* (*bb*): for this epigram is preſerved in the ſame books of *Cicero*:

Si fas endo plagas cœleſtum aſcendere cuiquam,
Mi ſoli *cœli* maxima *porta* patet;
If to aſcend the ſkies to me were giv'n,
I might expect the wideſt gate of heav'n.

But leſt I ſhould fall myſelf into pedantry, or prattling philoſophy, while I have greater things in view, let me conclude with this caution, that both the reading and the hearing philoſophers muſt be made ſubſervient to the purpoſes of an happy life; that we are not to catch at old or new-coined words, or extravagant metaphors, and rhetorical flouriſhes of ſpeech; but to obſerve ſuch precepts as may prove of uſe, and remark ſuch noble and manly ſentences as may be afterwards transferred to things. Let us ſo learn, that words may become works.

But I think none deſerve worſe at the hands of all mankind, than thoſe who teach philoſophy merely as a venal trade (*cc*): who live not, as they inſtruct other people to live, but exhibit ſad examples of the unprofitableneſs of their doctrine, being guilty themſelves of every vice, they ſo ſeverely inveigh againſt in others. Such a preceptor ſeems to me

me of no greater uſe to mankind, than a pilot, who is ſea-ſick or drunk in a ſtorm. The rudder muſt be held with a ſtrict hand, the waves beating ſo ſtrongly againſt it; we muſt hale in the ſail, and wreſtle, as it were, with the ſea itſelf. Of what ſervice can a pilot be at ſuch a time, who is ſo ſick, as ſcarce to be in his ſenſes? With how much ſtronger a tempeſt, alas! is our life toſſed, than any ſhip can be! there is no time to prattle, but to direct and manage wiſely.

Beſides, all that theſe mén can pretend to ſay, and proudly boaſt among their *profound* audience, the people, is not their own. *Plato*, *Zeno*, *Chryſippus*, *Poſidonius*, and many other the like learned men, have ſaid and reſaid the ſame things before. But I will ſhew you how they prove what they ſay to be their own: *let them live up to what they preach (dd)*.

Having now ſaid all that I intended, I ſhould apply myſelf, *Lucilius*, to anſwer your requeſt, but that I think proper to refer you to another Epiſtle, wherein you may expect the diſcuſſion of all you aſk; leſt at preſent you ſhould apply an ear already tired, to what will require the moſt curious and attentive.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* Vid. *Plutarch.* Mor. *Fol.* p. 22. Epp. 51. 83.

† Sumite materiam, veſtris, qui ſcribitis, æquam
Viribus, et verſate diu, quid ferre recuſent
Quid valeant humeri—Hor. A. P. 39.
Ye writers, try the vigour of your muſe,
And what her ſtrength will bear, and what refuſe,
And after that, an equal ſubject chuſe——Creech.

(a) They ſpeak one to another, every one to his brother, ſaying, Come, I pray, and hear the Prophet. And they come unto thee, according to the coming of the people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them. For with their mouth they ſhew much love, but their heart goeth after their covetouſneſs. And lo! they are to them as a very lovely ſong of one that hath a pleaſant voice, and can play well on an inſtrument; for they hear thy words, but do them not. Ezek. xxxi. 11. 30.

(*b*) The ſtatue of *Rhea* called likewiſe *Ops*, *Cybele*, *the mother of the Gods*, &c. was brought from *Peſſinus*, on the borders of *Phrygia*, to *Rome*, by *Scipio Naſica*; and was there highly honoured, and worſhipped, with the ſound of the drum, pipe, and cymbals; at what time, the prieſts, and others hired

hired for the purpoſe, threw themſelves into all manner of antic poſtures. Ὥσπερ γὰρ οἱ τῶν φρυγίων αὐλῶν ἀκούοντες κ. τ. λ. *Lucian* in Nigrino. Vid. Brodæ, Miſcell. l. v. c. 13.

(c) See the parable of the Sower, Matth. 13.

(d) Ep. 95. Omnibus Natura dedit fundamenta ſemenque virtutum, &c. *Cic.* de Fin. v. 15. Eſt enim natura ſic generata vis hominis, ut ad omnem virtutem percipiendam facta videatur, &c. *The ſtrength of reaſon in man is ſo formed, as to be fitted for* the perception of every virtue; *therefore young children, without any inſtruction, are affected by the reſemblance of thoſe virtues,* which they had the ſeeds of within themſelves, *becauſe theſe are* the elements of their nature; *and as they increaſe, virtue proceeds to its perfection.* Vid. Lipſ. Manud. ii. 10.

(e) So St. *Paul* to *Timothy, Preach the word, be inſtant, in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon, reprove, rebuke, and exhort, with all long-ſuffering, and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure ſound doctrine, but after their own luſts, ſhall they heap to themſelves teachers, having itching ears: and they ſhall turn away their ears from the truth, and ſhall be turned unto fables.* ii. Tim. iv. 2——5.

(f) This is a noted paradox of the Stoics. *Cic.* de Fin. l. 3. Quam magnifica, quam conſtans conficitur perſona ſapientis! &c. *How magnificent, how uniform, is the whole character of a wiſe man! who after reaſon has told him, that what is* virtuous *can alone be* good, *is neceſſarily happy, and in reality poſſeſſes all thoſe qualifications which are ſcoffed by the fooliſh: ſuch a one has a better right to the title of* king, *than* Tarquin *had, who could neither govern himſelf nor others.* And thus *Seneca* the tragedian of one, that is free from vice, nor ſubject to the dread of caſualties, or of death itſelf.

Rex eſt qui poſuit metus,
Et diri mala pectoris;
Qui tuto poſitus loco
Infra ſe videt omnia;
Occurritque ſuo libens
Fato, nec queritur mori.
He is a King, whoſe mind is clear
From every ill, and knows not fear;
Who ſeated high, as on a throne,
Upon the buſy world looks down;
Nor dreads a change of mortal ſtate,
But willingly ſubmits to fate. M.

Which however does not eſcape the ridicule of *Horace,* as an *Epicurean.*

Ad ſummam ſapiens uno minor eſt Jove, dives,
Liber, honoratus, pulcher, *rex* denique *regum,*
Præcipue ſanus, niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt. Ep. i. i. 106.
In fine, the ſage, we ſee, is far above
All earthly Kings, and only leſs than Jove;
Is bleſt with honour, freedom, beauty, wealth,
And (from the phthyſic *free) with perfect health.* Shard.

Vid. *Lipſ.* Manud. iii. 13.

(g) Ecaſtor, mulier rectè olet ubi nihil olet. *Plaut.* Moſtell.

Eſſe quid hoc dicam, quòd olent tua Baſia Myrrham,
Quodque tibi eſt nunquam non alienus odor:
Hoc mihi ſuſpectum eſt, quod oles bene, poſthume, ſemper,
Poſthume, non bene olet, qui bene ſemper olet. *Mart.* ii. 12.

——Rides

—— Rides nos, Coracine, nil olentes,
Malo quàm bene olere, nil olere. Ib. vi. 55.

(*b*) *Sotion, Seneca's* preceptor. Ep. 49. *Lipſ.* Manud. i. 12.

(*i*) " It is plain from *Revelation*, that *animal food* was *permitted*, and fermented liquors not *for-*
" *bidden*; and conſequently that there is neither *virtue* nor *vice* in the uſe of them abſolutely, but
" in the order, time, quantity, and other circumſtances of their uſage. Alſo, that in our preſent
" ſituation, and under our preſent circumſtances, for ſome perſons and for ſome purpoſes a reaſon-
" able quantity of *animal food*, and fermented liquors, may be abſolutely neceſſary, &c." *Cheyne's* Philoſophical Conjectures, p. 87. See *Oſborne's* Paradoxes, p. 535.

(*k*) *Lipſius* freely joins with *Seneca* herein; and condemns the *Europeans* for indulging themſelves ſo groſsly in *animal food*.

(*l*) " Meaſures were alſo taken for exterminating the ſolemnities of the *Jews* and *Egyptians*, and
" by decree of ſenate, four thouſand deſcendants of franchiſed ſlaves, all defiled with that ſuperſti-
" tion, but of proper ſtrength and age, were to be tranſported to *Sardinia*, to reſtrain the *Sardi-*
" *nian* robbers; and if through the malignity of the climate they periſhed, deſpicable would be the
" loſs: the reſt were doomed to depart *Italy*, unleſs by a ſtated day they renounced their profane
" rites." *Tacit.* Ann. ii.

Hence it is manifeſt, as *Muret.* obſerves, that it was not the ſame *Seneca*, who wrote theſe Epiſtles and the Declamations, ſince he who wrote the Declamations ſays of himſelf, *that he might have heard* Cicero; and is therefore concluded to be the father of our Author.

(*m*) Particularly, *ſwine's* fleſh. And as to the doctrine of *Pythagoras* in general, he taught that the human ſoul is a part of the divine ſubſtance, and therefore it is immortal. And that after its departure from the body it is reſolved into the univerſal ſoul. Yet he maintained the doctrine of the tranſmigration of ſouls, which he learned from the *Egyptians*. He ſuppoſed it to be phyſical, and neceſſary, but endeavoured to apply it to moral purpoſes. He excepted ſome eminent ſouls, which he ſuppoſed to go immediately to the Gods. The doctrine however of the immortality of ſouls, as he taught it, was of little advantage to mankind. He held periodical revolutions of the world, and that the ſame courſe of things ſhall return, and come over again. But, *Leland* obſerves that we cannot be ſure of his real ſentiments, as he made no ſcruple to impoſe upon his hearers. Vol. ii. p. 305.

(*n*) Qui non calumniam timebat, ſed philoſophiam oderat] But *Lipſius* thinks it not quite ſo decent in *Seneca* to ſpeak thus of his father. (Though he ſeems to ſpeak much in the ſame ſtrain, *Conſol.* ad Helv. c. 16.) and therefore reads, Qui non philoſophiam oderat, ſed calumniam timebat. And indeed his father, *(in Controv.* l. ii.) exhorts his ſon *Mela*, *Seneca's* brother, to the ſtudy of philoſophy, and likewiſe recommends retirement.

(*o*) Qu. Whether this may not be laid to the charge of moſt ſchools to this day? I would fain except *Eton*.

(*p*) Vigilandum eſt] So our Lord to his Diſciples, *And what I ſay unto you I ſay unto all*, watch. Mark, xiii. 37. Matth. xxiv. 12. xxv. 13. Luk. xxiv. 36. Act. xx. 31. i. Cor. xvi. 13. ii. Tim. iv. 5.

(*q*) Inſcii rapimur] " The cunning fugitive is ſwift by ſtealth,
" Too ſubtle is the moment to be ſeen:
" Yet ſoon man's hour is up, and we are gone. *Young.*

(*r*) " So prone our hearts to whiſper what we wiſh,
" Tis later with the wiſe than he's aware;
" *Prudence itſelf* goes ſlower than the ſun;
" And all mankind miſtake their time of day;
" Ev'n in old age.

" Thus at life's lateſt eve we keep in ſtore
" One diſappointment ſure, to crown the reſt,
" The diſappointment of a promis'd hour." *Young.*

‡ See Ep. i.

(*s*) " To-day is yeſterday return'd; return'd
" Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raiſe, adorn;
" And reinſtate us on the rock of peace.
" Let it not ſhare its predeceſſor's fate. *Id.*

(*t*) " ——— Freſh hopes are hourly ſown
" In furrow'd brows. So gentle life's deſcent,
" We ſhut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
" We take fair days in winter for the ſpring;
" And turn our bleſſings into bane.—Since oft
" Man muſt compute that age he cannot feel,
" He ſcarce believes he's older for his years. *Id.*

(*u*) The ſon of *Numa* was ſo eclipſed in the ſplendor of his father, that his name is loſt.

(*x*) Olim deficere ſol hominibus extinguique vitus eſt, cum Romuli animus, &c. *Cic.* Fragm. vid. Patric. p. 19.

(*y*) As *M. Fabius* ſaid to his ſon, videro, ceſſuruſne provocationi ſis, cui rex Romanus Tullus Hoſtilius ceſſit; *I ſhall then ſee whether you ſubmit to an appeal from the people, as did the Roman king* Tullus Hoſtilius. Liv. viii. 33.

(*z*) Cretam] So *Muret.* Eſt et viliſſima, (de *Creta* loquitur) qua circum præducere ad victoriæ notam, pedeſque venalium trans mare advectorum denotare inſtituerunt majores. *Plin.* xxxv. 17. *al.* Metam. *Vid.* Patric. in Fragm. *Cic.* p. 14. Septem ſtadia quadrigæ currunt quorum finis eſt creta. *Iſidor.* 18. 34.

(*aa*) Sic f. *Ennius.* Hic eſt ille ſitus, cui nemo civis nec hoſtis——*Scipio* ſays of himſelf,

Ab ſole exoriente ſupra Mæotis paludes
Nemo eſt, qui factis me exuperare queat.
Si fas cædendo cœleſtia ſcandere cuiquam eſt,
Mi ſoli———

Vid. *Lactant.* i. 1. Patric. in Fragm. Cic. Turneb. in *Cic.* de Leg. ii. 22. Ib. Opræpretium, i. e. operæ. Opera, for auxilium, as is frequent in the comedies. Da mihi hanc operam. *Do me this favour.*

(*bb*) Πρωτησιν δὲ πυλησι πολυπτυχου Ὀυλυμποιο. ϑ. 411.

Through the firſt gates of the wide-ſpreading heav'ns.

(*cc*) Hear ye this, ye Chriſtian preachers! yes, let us hear it and bluſh at this too juſt reproof from an Heathen. Ever mindful of *our Homer's* deſcription of a *good parſon.*

But Chryſtys love, and his Apoſtles twelve,
He taught, but firſt he follow'd it himſelve. Chaucer.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE CIX.

No one ſo wiſe but he may be improved.

YOU deſire to know, *Lucilius, whether the wiſdom of a wiſe man is improveable:* we ſay, a wiſe man is replete with all good, and hath attained to fullneſs of perfection: *how then,* it is aſked, *can any one be ſerviceable to him, who hath already attained every good?* I will tell you. Good men edify one another in the exerciſe of their virtues, and in maintaining the dignity of wiſdom. And herein one man requires the aſſiſtance of another, with whom he may converſe in friendly debate. As practice improves the ſtrength and ſkill of the wreſtler, and keeps in the hand of the muſician, who is maſter of the chords; ſo muſt the wiſe man be exerciſed in the practice of virtues: and after the ſame manner that he excites himſelf to action, is he excited by another wiſe man. But

Wherein, you ſay, *can a wiſe man profit a wiſe man?* Why, he will animate him, and give him an opportunity of diſplaying his virtues. Beſides, he will expreſs his own thoughts, and probably inform him of ſome new diſcoveries; for there will be always ſomething remaining for a wiſe man to find out, and in the ſearching whereof he may employ his mind. A bad man generally hurts his companion; in that he makes him worſe, by raiſing his paſſions, inſtilling falſe fears, flattering his chagrin, and commending his pleaſures. And *then* take evil men moſt pains, when they communicate their vices to one another, and enter into combinations of miſchief. On the contrary, the good will ever benefit the good, in that his converſation will inſpire joy, and ſtrengthen his confidence; and from the ſight of mutual complacency the pleaſure of both will be heightened. Moreover, as before obſerved, he will ſtill communicate the knowledge of ſomething new; for a wiſe man is not ſuppoſed to know all things; and though he knew them, yet perhaps ſome one may find out a ſhorter way, and point out a more compendious method of compaſſing the whole work.

A wiſe man will be of ſervice to a wiſe man, not only by his own ſtrength and powers, but even by thoſe of him whom he aſſiſts. He indeed being left to himſelf is able to maintain his own part, and diſcharge his duty: he will exert his own ſpeed: yet nevertheleſs he that only encourageth another in running, aſſiſts him. Nor does a wiſe man only benefit another, but likewiſe himſelf. You will ſay perhaps, *let a man ſuſpend his own natural powers, and he does nothing.* You might as well ſay there is no ſweetneſs in honey. For he that eateth it, muſt be ſo qualified in tongue and palate, as to reliſh, and not be offended at, the taſte of it. For to the ſick, ſuch may be the nature of the diſeaſe, as to make honey ſeem bitter. Each of them therefore muſt be ſuch, as that the one is qualified to inſtruct, and the other to receive inſtruction.

But you reply, *As it is in vain to heat a thing that is extremely hot, ſo is it to pretend to add goodneſs to one who is ſuperlatively good. Does the huſbandman who thoroughly underſtands his buſineſs go to another for inſtruction? Or does a ſoldier, when ſufficiently equipped for battle, require more arms? Therefore neither does the wiſe man aſk any thing, for he is already ſufficiently inſtructed, and ſufficiently armed againſt the perils of life. He that is exceſſively hot, need not any thing more to warm him: the heat is ſufficient for itſelf.* Now to this I anſwer,

Firſt, the things here compared by no means agree. For heat is ſimply one thing; but there are various ways of benefiting one another. And then heat, as heat, is not neceſſarily aſſiſted by any acceſſion of heat: but the wiſe man cannot maintain and keep up the ſpirit of his mind, unleſs he admits ſome friends like himſelf, with whom he may communicate his virtues. Add now, that there is a certain friendſhip and connection between all virtues; he therefore is of ſervice, who loves the virtues of other men that are like his own; and in his turn exhibits his own to be eſteemed and beloved by them. Like things give delight; eſpecially if they are juſt; and men know how both to approve and be approved. None but a wiſe man can ſkilfully move the mind of a wiſe man; as nothing but man can rationally move man.

As

As there is need therefore of reaſon to move and incite reaſon, ſo is there of perfect reaſon to incite perfect reaſon.

They are ſaid to profit a man, who give or procure for him money, favour, ſafety, and the like things, that are eſtimable and neceſſary for the uſes of life; and herein even a fool may profit a wiſe man: but to be of real benefit, is for a man to move the mind of another according to the nature and fitneſs of things; either by his own virtue, or by the virtue of the perſon moved; and this cannot be done without the good even of the perſon who confers the benefit; for it is neceſſary that in exerciſing another's virtue, he muſt exerciſe his own.

But waving theſe things which are undoubtedly the *chief good*, or efficients of the ſame, a wiſe man may nevertheleſs profit a wiſe man in other reſpects; for only to meet with a wiſe man is of itſelf a deſirable thing to another; becauſe good naturally delighteth itſelf in good (*a*), and conſequently every good man is as pleaſed with a good man as with himſelf.

But I muſt neceſſarily, for argument's ſake, paſs from this to another queſtion; for it is aſked, *whether a wiſe man will deliberate upon aſking the opinion of another concerning his duty in civil and domeſtic* (if I may ſo ſay) *mortal affairs?* Undoubtedly, as, in this reſpect, there is as much need of the counſel of another, as there is occaſionally of a phyſician, of a pilot, of an advocate or proctor: therefore a wiſe man may be of ſervice to a wiſe man, in that he will counſel and perſuade him; but it is in thoſe great and divine things before ſpoken of, wherein he will particularly aſſiſt him, by conferring on the *reaſon of things*, and by communicating their minds and thoughts to each other.

Moreover, it is agreeable to Nature or the fitneſs of things, to embrace our friends with ſincerity, and to rejoice as much in *their* good actions as in our own; or elſe we ſhould be wanting in that virtue, which in exerciſing itſelf grows ſplendid by uſe. Now, virtue perſuades us to ſettle and diſpoſe well of things preſent; to conſult and

pro-

vide for the future; to deliberate and apply the mind to ſtudy, with care and diligence: but much eaſier will a man do all this, and unfold his faculties, who hath taken to himſelf a proper friend: he therefore looks out for one that is perfect; or at leaſt who hath made ſuch proficiency as to be almoſt perfect; and herein will ſuch a one aſſiſt him, by the rules of common prudence.

It is ſaid, that *men generally ſee more in other men's affairs than in their own*; and this certainly happens to thoſe who are blinded by *ſelf-love*, and who, through a ſuſpicion of danger, ſee not their own intereſt: when a man is more ſecure and fearleſs he will become wiſer. But yet there are ſome things, which even wiſe men can ſee better in others than in themſelves. Beſides, a wiſe man will cauſe another to will, or not will the ſame thing (*b*), which is ever of the greateſt conſequence, moſt delightful, juſt and proper. In the diſcharge of duty an excellent work! they will always draw together.

Thus then, I hope, I have fully anſwered your requeſt, though this matter is diſcuſſed in its proper place; and comprized in thoſe books wherein I have conſidered the whole of moral philoſophy. But after all, *Lucilius*, think upon what I have often ſaid to you, that in theſe matters we do nothing more than exerciſe our ingenuity. For I muſt repeat it again, and ſuppoſe you here to ſay, "Of what real ſervice are "theſe dry ſubjects? Will they make a man ſtronger, more juſt, or "more temperate? I am not at leiſure to be exerciſed in theſe ſuper-"ficial matters; I as yet want a phyſician. Why do you teach me "an unprofitable ſcience? You promiſed me great things, but enter-"tain me with trifles. You undertook to make me intrepid, though "ſwords were flouriſhed over my head; nay, though a dagger was "pointed to my throat. You ſaid I ſhould be ſecure, though fire "raged around me; and my little bark were by a ſudden whirlwind "hurried into the wide and boiſterous ocean: make good your pro-"miſe; teach me to contemn pleaſure, to deſpiſe glory; and then, "afterwards, if you pleaſe, inſtruct me, to ſolve the moſt intricate "queſtions; to diſtinguiſh ambiguities, to inveſtigate things dark and "obſcure; at preſent, I ſhall be content with learning what is neceſſary."

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Ὡς ἀιεὶ τὸν ὁμοιον ἀγει θεὸς ὡι τὸν ὁμοιον. Od. ρ. 218.
Heav'n with a ſecret principle endu'd
Mankind to ſeek their own ſimilitude. Pope.
Τετ|ιξ μὲν τεττιγι φιλος, μυρμαχι δὲ μυρμαξ. Theocr. 9.
To graſshoppers the graſshoppers are friends,
And ant on ant for mutual aid depends.
Αεὶ κολοιὸς πρὸς κολοιὸν ἱζάνει. Prov.
Γερων γεροντι γλῶτ|αν ἡδιστην ἔχει
Παῖς παιδί, καὶ γυναικι προσοφορον γυνὴ,
Νοσῶν τ' ἀνὴρ νοσοῦντι. κ. α. λ. ap. Plut.

Lat. Pares cum paribus. Æqualis æqualem delectat. *Eraſm.* l. ii. 20.
Simile gaudet ſimili. Ib. 21. Caſcus caſcum ducit, &c.
Indica Tigris agit rabida cum tygride pacem
Perpetuam. Sævis inter ſe convenit urſis. Juv. xv. 263.
Tyger with tyger, bear with bear you'll find,
In leagues offenſive and defenſive join'd. Tate.

And yet, ſays *Martial*,
Uxor peſſima peſſimus maritus!
Miror non bene convenire vobis.
Bad huſband and bad wife! 'tis ſtrange to me,
That two, ſo much alike, cannot agree.

The *Italians* ſay, Ogni ſimile appetiſee il ſuo ſimile. The *French*, Cheſcun cherche ſon ſemblable, *or*, demande ſa ſorte. The *Engliſh*, Like will to like, (as the devil ſaid to the collier.)—King *Harry* (V.) loved a man, &c.

(b) *Minutius* in Octavio, ut et in ludicris et ſeriis pari mecum voluntate concineret, *eadem velles et nollet* crederes unam mentem in duobus fuiſſe diviſam. Vid. *Sidon. Apoll.* v. 9.

EPISTLE CX.

On the Contempt of Riches.

I SALUTE thee, *Lucilius*, from my country-ſeat at *Nomentum*; and charge thee to keep thy mind ever pure; i. e. to have the Gods propitious to you; as they are ever kind to thoſe, who are kind to themſelves.

ſelves. Set aſide however that opinion at preſent, which many are ſo fond of, *that every one hath his guardian God attending him (a)*, not indeed any principal God, but one of inferior note, from among thoſe, whom *Ovid* ſtyles de plebe Deos, *plebeian Gods*. But nevertheleſs remember, that our anceſtors, who were of this opinion, were *Stoics*. For to every perſon, male and female, they allotted (his) *Genius* or (her) *Juno*. We ſhall hereafter ſee, whether the Gods are ſo much at leiſure as to attend on the affairs of every individual; in the mean time, know, that whether we are aſſigned to a ſeveral *Genius*, or quite neglected and given up to *Fortune*, you can wiſh no one a greater miſchief than for him to be his own enemy: nor is there any need of execrating a man, whom you juſtly think deſerving a puniſhment; or wiſhing the Gods incenſed againſt him; for they certainly are ſo, though he ſeems promoted by their favour.

Apply your uſual diligence, and conſider well what things *really* are, and not what they are called; and you will find that more evils come upon us to which we have been acceſſary ourſelves (*b*), than what happen merely by accident. For how often hath that which was called a calamity proved the cauſe and ſource of happineſs *? How often hath what hath been received with congratulation and joy, built its ſeat on a precipice! and hath raiſed one, who was eminent before, ſtill higher, as if he was to abide there, from whence he need dread no fall? But ſuppoſe he were to fall; ſuch fall, if you conſider the end, beyond which Nature hath no further power to caſt us down, hath no evil in it. The end of all things is at hand (*c*): the time, I ſay, is near; even that which ſhall eject the happy, and deliver the wretched. And both theſe we are apt to ſtretch in fancy, and lengthen out, either through hope or fear. But if you are wiſe, *Lucilius*, meaſure all things by the condition of human life. Contract into a narrow ſphere, both that which gives you joy and that which creates fear (*d*). It is of conſequence to rejoice in nothing long, that you may fear nothing long.

But why do I throw out ſuch hard ſtrictures on this evil? There is no reaſon you ſhould think any thing to be feared; they are all vain

things that move and ſurprize us; none of us have examined into what is truth. But we teach one another to fear. No one has the courage to ſet about a thing that gives him perturbation; or to examine well into the grounds of his fear. Therefore things falſe and vain, gain credit; becauſe they are not diſproved, nor their vanity diſcovered. Whereas were we to open our eyes, and take a diligent view of things, we ſhould ſee how tranſitory, how uncertain, how harmleſs, thoſe are, we are ſo much afraid of. Such is the confuſion of our minds, as is deſcribed by *Lucretius*:

Nam veluti pueri trepidant, atque omnia cæcis
In tenebris metuunt, ſic nos in luce timenus. II. 53.

——— *as children are ſurpriz'd with dread,*
And tremble in the dark; ſo riper years
Ev'n in broad day-light are ſurpriz'd with fears;
And ſhake at ſhadows, fanciful and vain,
As thoſe that in the breaſt of children reign. Dryden.

Well then, are we not more fooliſh than children, *we, who are afraid even in the light?* But it is falſe, *Lucilius*, we are not afraid in the light; we have ourſelves ſpread darkneſs around us (*e*); we can ſee nothing; either what is hurtful or what is expedient for us. All our life-time we are continually ſtumbling; ye we ſtop not for this, nor walk more circumſpectly (*f*). Now, you ſee what a mad thing it is to run headlong in the dark; yet truly this is what we do, that we may be ſtill further off when we are recalled: and know not whither we are carried; yet we perſevere with ſpeed in our reſpective journey.

However, if we pleaſe, we may obtain light; and there is but one way to be happy in this bleſſing: which is, by the ſtudy of philoſophy, i. e. *of things human and divine*;—ſo that a man be not ſprinkled only therewith, but is dipped in and ſeaſoned;—and if, knowing theſe things, he reflects often upon them, and reminds himſelf of them;—if he enquires into, and can rightly diſtinguiſh, good and evil; to which often is aſcribed a falſe title;—if he ſeeks to know what is right and fit, and what the contrary;—but particularly, what is *providence*. Not that the ſagacity of human underſtanding reſts here: it is deſirous

to look beyond this world; to know its ſeveral motions; from whence it firſt ſprung, and to what period this vaſt velocity is haſtening. But alas! we have drawn off our minds from this divine contemplation; to ſet them upon things low and mean; to be ſlaves to avarice; and having thrown aſide all uſeful reflections on the works of creation, their boundaries, and the almighty rulers and governors of the univerſe; we pry into the bowels of the earth, to learn what evils we may dig from thence, not contented with ſuch things as are offered to our view. For whatever was for our good, our God and Father hath graciouſly ſet before us (*b*). He hath not expected our laborious ſearch after it; having been pleaſed to offer it freely: but what might hurt us, he hath buried very deep. We cannot complain therefore of any thing but ourſelves. Thoſe things, which Nature had hid from us and forbidden, as tending to our deſtruction, we have brought into light ourſelves. We have devoted the mind to pleaſure: the indulgence whereof is the foundation and ſource of all evils. We have given ourſelves up to ambition, and fame, and other affections as vain and fruitleſs.

What then do I exhort you to do? nothing new or ſtrange. Our evils are not ſo new as to require new remedies. All that I aſk of you, is, that you would conſider, and weigh well what is neceſſary and what is ſuperfluous: neceſſary things are every where obvious (*i*); but ſuperfluities require the conſtant labours of our whole mind and body. *But you deſire not*, you ſay, *rich beds trimmed with gold, or furniture adorned with jewels.* It may be ſo; there is no reaſon you ſhould commend yourſelf for this: for what virtue is there in contemning ſuch things as are not neceſſary? Then it is that you may command yourſelf, when you can deſpiſe even neceſſaries: it is no great thing that you can live contented without a noble and royal equipage; that you deſire no wild boars of a thouſand weight on the ſide-table; nor a diſh of the tongues of redwings, and other prodigies of luxury, that diſdains whole animals, and only ſelects the nicer bits.

Then it is I ſhall admire you, when you diſdain not the coarſeſt bread; when you are perſuaded, that herbs and vegetables, in caſe of neceſſity,

neceſſity, were not provided only for the beaſts of the field, but for the nouriſhment of man; when you ſhall know, that the young ſhoots, or top twigs of trees can fill the belly; which we now ſtore with ſo many precious things, as if it were a treaſure-houſe to preſerve them. Whereas we need not be over-nice in filling it, it being nothing to the purpoſe what it receives, ſince whatever it be, it cannot long keep it. And yet you take pleaſure in ſeeing a courſe of many diſhes, to ſupply which both ſea and land have been ranſacked: ſome animals are the more grateful, if brought young and freſh to the table; others that have been long fed and crammed, ſo as to melt as it were in their own fat; nay, the artificial ſavour of them delights thee. But verily theſe meats, ſo anxiouſly ſought after, and ſo variouſly and highly ſeaſoned, when ſwallowed down, turn all to the ſame filth. Would you deſpiſe the pleaſure of dainty eating, only view it in its laſt ſtage.

I remember to have heard my tutor, *Attalus*, make the following harangue with great applauſe: "Riches, ſaid he, have a long while "impoſed upon me. I was amazed, when, in one place, or another, "I ſaw their glittering ſplendor. I concluded, what I did not ſee "was alike rich and beautiful with what was exhibited to view. But "in a late pageant I ſaw the whole wealth of the city, gold and ſilver, "finely emboſſed; jewels of various dies and of an exquiſite water; "and the richeſt apparel, brought not only from beyond our own "territories, but from beyond the confines of our moſt diſtant enemies. "On one hand, a tribe of boys, fair and comely, both in ſhape and "dreſs; on the other, a range of beautiful women; with many other "things, which the fortune of the greateſt empire diſplayed, as recon- "noitring at once all her treaſures. *And what is all this*, ſaid I to "myſelf, *but to provoke the ſenſual appetites of man, forward enough of "themſelves? What means all this pomp of money? We are ſurely "aſſembled here to learn covetouſneſs.* But, in truth, I carried away "with me leſs deſire for it, than I had entertained before. I deſpiſed "riches, not becauſe they are ſuperfluous; but becauſe they are trifles. "Saw you not, that in a few hours time, the whole train, though "marching ſlow and in orderly ranks, paſſed by? And ſhall that

" take up our whole life, which we ſhould have thought long and te-
" dious if it had taken up the whole day?"——*He likewiſe added,*
" Riches really ſeem to me as ſuperfluous to the poſſeſſors as to the
" ſpectators. This then is what I ſay to myſelf, whenever ſuch a
" gaudy ſcene dazzles mine eyes; when I behold a fine houſe, a ſpruce
" train of ſervants, or a litter ſupported by handſome ſtrong-back'd
" lacqueys (*l*): *what do you wonder at? why are you amazed? it is all*
" *pomp: theſe things are made a ſhew of, they are not poſſeſſed, they pleaſe*
" *a moment, and paſs by.* Turn yourſelf rather to true riches; learn
" to be content with a little, and with a truly great and noble ſpirit
" cry out, *Give me water, give me a barley cake, and I will not envy*
" Jupiter *his happineſs.* No; even if theſe things are wanting. It is
" ſcandalous to place the happineſs of life in gold and ſilver; it is no
" leſs ſo to place it in water and barley-bread. *But what ſhall I do if*
" *I have not theſe? Is there any remedy againſt extreme want and*
" *penury?* Yes, hunger will ſoon put an end to hunger (*m*). Other-
" wiſe where would be the difference between being a ſlave to great or
" little things? It is no matter how great the thing is, that fortune
" hath denied us; if we muſt depend upon the pleaſure of another for
" even this our water and barley-bread (*n*). He only is free; not over
" whom Fortune hath the leaſt power, but over whom ſhe hath no
" power at all. Thus it is then: you muſt covet nothing, if you
" would rival *Jupiter*, who hath nothing to aſk."

Thus ſpake *Attalus* to us; and Nature ſaith the ſame to all mankind. Which words if you frequently revolve in your mind, you will certainly make yourſelf not ſeemingly, but really, happy: and in effect you will think yourſelf ſo; let others think as they pleaſe.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) See Epp. 25. 93. The antients called them *Δεύτεροι Δαίμονες, Gods of an inferior claſs*; nay, they even ſuppoſed them mortal. But the general opinion was, that the beings they called *Genii* or *Dæmons* were certain ſpirits that adminiſtered, under the Supreme Being, the affairs of men, taking care of the virtuous, and puniſhing the bad, and ſometimes communicating with the beſt; as particularly, the genius of *Socrates* always warned him of approaching dangers, and taught him to avoid them. *Plutarch.*

Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat aſtrum
Naturæ Deus humanæ mortalis in unum——
Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus et ater.
That Genius only knows, who's pleas'd to wait
On each man's natal ſtar, and guide his fate:
An arbitrary God, whoſe ſmile or frown
Makes This a Gentleman, and That a Clown.

They rather, ſays *Muret.* aſſigned a *Genius* to a man, and a *Juno* to a woman; as in *Tibullus* one ſwears to her lover,

Perque tuos oculos, per *Geniumque* rogo.

And he again to her;

Hæc per ſancta tuæ *Junonis* numina juro.

As in *Petronius*—*Quirtilla* curſing herſelf, ſays,

Junonem meam iratam habeam.

" And the tame demon that ſhould guard my throne,
" Shrinks at a *Genius* greater than his own." *Shakeſpear.*

So *Macbeth*, ſpeaking of *Macduff*,

—— There is none but he
Whoſe being I do fear: and under him
My *Genius* is rebuk'd; as it is ſaid
Antony's was by *Cæſar.* Id.

Vid. *Eraſm.* Adagi i. 1. 72. *Lipſ.* Manud. 11. 19.

(*b*) This reminds me of an epitaph which I wrote many years ago upon a young gentleman; but it was thought too true for an epitaph, and therefore not accepted.

Here lies friend ——, whoſe death this truth confeſs'd,
That mortals ſeldom know when they are bleſs'd;
Becauſe he had no enemies, he tried
To be his own: ſo drank, fell ſick, and died.

This likewiſe puts me in mind of what I have heard or read of a poor man, who, in Queen *Mary's* days, as he was drawn upon a ſledge to execution on account of his religion, the ſledge broke and fractured his leg; upon which he was compaſſionately carried into an houſe, and within a few days Queen *Mary* died, and his life was ſaved.

(*c*) *The end of all things is at hand, be ye ſober therefore, and watch unto prayer.* i. Pet. 4. 7.

(*d*) Let us turn our endeavours towards ſuch remedies, as prudence and philoſophy are found

to

to preſerve to us. And according to their advice, *pack up our hopes and fears into as narrow a room as we can poſſibly, by which we ſhall render the laſt more portable, and the firſt leſs tedious.*

Oſborne. Advice to his Son.

(*e*) Omnia nobis tenebras fecimus.] Nothing is more frequent than the uſe of this metaphor in Scripture, but full to our purpoſe is, *Ye were ſome time darkneſs, but now are ye light in the Lord. All things that are reproved are made manifeſt by the light; for whatſoever doth make manifeſt, is light. Wherefore he ſaith (Iſ.* 60. 1.*) Awake thou that ſleepeth, and ariſe from the dead, and Chriſt ſhall give thee light.* Epheſ. v. 8. 14. *I ſend thee,* (Paul) *to the Gentiles, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkneſs to light.* Act. 26. 18. Rom. 13. 12. i. Tim. 5. 5. i. John, 2. 8.

(*f*) Nec-circumſpectius pedem ponimus] *See then that ye walk more circumſpectly, not as fools, but as wiſe, redeeming the time.* Epheſ. v. 15. *Walk in wiſdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time.* Col. iv. 5,

(*g*) See *Fitzoſborne,* Letter 48.

(*h*) So *Moſes,* in the name of the Lord, *I have ſet before thee this day life and good. It is not hidden from thee; neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou ſhouldſt ſay, who ſhall go up for us into heaven, and bring it us? Neither is it beyond the ſea, that thou ſhouldſt ſay, who ſhall go over the ſea, and bring it unto us? But the word is very nigh thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayeſt do it.* Deut. 30. 11---15. See alſo *Rom.* x. 6---8.

(*i*) See Ep. 18.

(*k*) Linguas phænicopterorum] Whatever bird it was, *Muret.* obſerves, that *Apicius* (that maſter of gluttony and diſſoluteneſs) recommended the tongue of it as a moſt dainty morſel. *Sueton.* in *Vitell.* c. 13.

Dat mihi penna rubens nomen: ſed lingua guloſis
Noſtra ſapit, quid ſi garrula lingua foret!
Gluttons have borrow'd this my name from Greek;
My tongue a dainty bit! oh, could I ſpeak!

(*l*) It is obſervable that litters were not uſed by way of ſtate, before the time of *Julius Cæſar,* but only for travelling. *Suetonius* mentions it as a particular privilege granted to one *Harpocras,* the being carried about the city in a litter, in the time of *Claudius Cæſar:* he alſo obſerves that they were not allowed to ladies *of an eaſy fame,* in the time of *Domitian.* See *Lipſ.* Flect. i 19.

(*m*) This, with *Attalus'* leave, ſeems a very hard leſſon, and ſomewhat like what the old nurſe ſaid to her child: *lie ſtill, child, you will die preſently.* But his argument is, that we ſhould not be over-anxious even for neceſſaries; and much leſs purchaſe them at the expence of liberty.

(*n*) See Ep. xxv. (N. d. e.) *Ælian* Var. Hiſt. iv. 13.

EPISTLE CXI.

On idle Cavils.

YOU desire to know, *Lucilius*, by what word we expreſs in *Latin*, what the *Greeks* called σοφισματ, *ſophiſms*. I know of none who have expreſſed it properly, though ſome have attempted it; and the reaſon of this is, being averſe to, and not uſing the thing itſelf, we made no account of the name. Yet that ſeems to me the moſt expreſſive which is made by *Cicero (a)*. He calls them cavillationes, *cavils*; which whoever applies himſelf to, he forgeth indeed ſubtle queſtions; but makes no advance in the better conduct of life: nor is made thereby more ſtrong, more temperate, or more elate. Whereas he, who hath ſought his remedy againſt the evils of life in philoſophy, becomes magnanimous, full of confidence, inſuperable; and ſeems the greater, the nearer you approach him: like a mountain, the height whereof is not very apparent when viewed at a diſtance, but when you come near it ſeems to reach the ſkies.

Such, my *Lucilius*, is a philoſopher, when a philoſopher indeed; according to the truth of things, and not a counterfeit by art. He ſtands on an eminence, is admirable, upright and truly great. He does not ſtrut, and walk on tiptoe, like thoſe who help their height by ſome ſhift, and would fain ſeem taller than they are; but is contented with his natural ſtature. And why ſhould he not be content; ſince he is too tall for Fortune to lay her hand upon him; and is therefore above all worldly affairs? In every ſtate or condition he is conſiſtent with himſelf, and the ſame man; whether his life runs ſmoothly on with a proſperous gale, or whether it be toſſed by the boiſterous waves of adverſity.

Now ſuch conſtancy can never be procured by the *cavils* beforementioned. The mind plays with theſe things, without receiving any

benefit from them. It is to dethrone philoſophy, and reduce her to the common level. However you may ſometimes amuſe yourſelf with them, but it muſt be, when you intend to trifle and do nothing. But let me give you this caution; they have one bad quality attending them; they are too apt to allure the mind with a certain delight, and induce it, by a ſpecious appearance of ſubtlety, to fix itſelf upon them; when we have ſo much buſineſs of the greateſt importance upon our hands; when ſcarce our whole life is ſufficient to learn this one thing, *a contempt of life*. But *what of governing it*, you ſay? This, *Lucilius*, is the ſecond work we have to do; for no one can manage, or govern it well, who hath not firſt deſpiſed it.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Cavillationes*, the word indeed is uſed by *Cicero*, but not in this ſenſe, rather ſignifying *quirps*, *witticiſms*, and the like.

EPISTLE CXII.

Old Sinners very difficult to be reformed.

INDEED, *Lucilius*, I deſire, as much as you, to inſtruct our old friend. But he is too tough and ſtubborn for me, or rather, I ſhould ſay, what is more troubleſome, he is too tender and delicate, his conſtitution having been broke by a conſtant and evil habit. I will give you an example from my own experience. Every vine is not fit for grafting: if it be old and worm-eaten; or if it be weak and ſlender, it will not receive the ſcyon, or not nouriſh it; it will not take with it, and communicate its nature and quality. We are uſed therefore to cut it off juſt above ground, in order that if it fails, a ſecond experiment may

may be made by ſetting it again in the earth. The perſon you write about, and are concerned for, hath not ſtrength; he hath ſo long indulged himſelf in vice, that at the ſame time he both withers away, and hardens. He cannot cloſe with reaſon, nor indeed give it entertainment.

But he is deſirous, you ſay. Do not think ſo. I will not ſay that he tells you a lie; he only thinks he is deſirous. He is at preſent ſick of luxury; but he will ſoon return to it again. He ſays indeed *he is offended at his own life*. I do not deny it; for who is not offended at it? There are men, who have both hated and loved their life at the ſame time *(a)*. We will therefore *then* give you our opinion, *when* he hath given us full aſſurance, that he really deteſts luxury and all manner of exceſs; at preſent we are not clear in this point.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Dr. *Young* hath beautifully expreſſed this but on another occaſion.

" Life we think long and ſhort; Death ſeek and ſhun;
Body and ſoul, like peeviſh man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part." N. T. 11.

EPISTLE CXIII.

A trifling Queſtion, Whether Virtues and Vices are Animals *.

YOU deſire me, *Lucilius*, to give you my opinion of that queſtion, ſo bandied about among the Stoics: *whether juſtice, fortitude, prudence, and other virtues, are animals*. It is from ſuch queſtions as theſe, my dear friend, that we are thought to exerciſe our wits to very little purpoſe; and to waſte our time in idle and uſeleſs diſquiſitions. However, I will endeavour to oblige you with an anſwer, and explain what ſome

among the *Greeks* (*a*) have underſtood of this affair; though I muſt own myſelf not of their opinion. The reaſons that induced the antients to receive it, are the following:

It is manifeſt, ſay they, that (animus) *the ſoul* is an animal, ſeeing that it is the efficient cauſe of life in us; and that animals borrow their name from it (*b*). And virtue is nothing elſe but the *ſoul*, under ſuch a modification, and therefore it is an animal. Beſides virtue acts, but nothing can act without impulſe or motion; and if it hath motion, which indeed properly belongs to animals, it is therefore an animal. If virtue, it is likewiſe ſaid, is an animal, it is an animal through virtue; for why? it contains itſelf. As a wiſe man does all things by, or thro' virtue; ſo does virtue all things by itſelf: and therefore it is urged, that all arts are animals, all the objects of thought, and whatever is comprehended in the mind. From whence it follows, that millions of animals dwell in the narrow compaſs of the human breaſt; and all of us are ſo many animals, or contain ſo many animals.

In anſwer to this, let me obſerve, *though every one of the things alledged be an animal, they are not many animals.* And this I will explain to you, if you will hear me, with your uſual attention and acuteneſs.

Every particular animal muſt have a particular ſubſtance: but all theſe ſuppoſed animals have one ſoul, or are contained in one ſoul, therefore they can be but one; they cannot be many. I am an animal; I am alſo a man; yet you will not ſay that I am *two*. And why? becauſe they muſt be ſeparable: the one, I ſay, muſt be deducible from the other, or elſe they cannot be two. *Every unit, however multiplied in itſelf, hath ſtill but one nature, and is therefore one (c).* My ſoul is an animal, and I am an animal; yet we are not two; becauſe, my ſoul is a part of myſelf. A thing is to be numbered by itſelf, when it ſubſiſts by itſelf; but when it is part of another, it cannot ſeem a different thing from that: becauſe a different, or another thing, muſt be what is, properly, wholly and abſolutely within itſelf.

I told

I told you, that I profeſſed myſelf of a different opinion from thoſe who held this queſtion in the affirmative. My reaſon is, becauſe, according to this opinion, not only all *virtues* will be animals, but all other affections, and even the *vices* of the mind, as *anger*, *fear*, *grief*, *jealouſy*; nay, further, all *opinions* and all *thoughts* will be animals: which by no means is to be admitted. For, not every thing that is done by, or belongs to, man, is a man.

What is juſtice? they ſay. *It is the ſoul, conſidered in ſuch a reſpect, and if the ſoul is an animal, ſo is juſtice.* No; for juſtice is but a mode, or certain power of the ſoul. One and the ſame ſoul is convertible into various forms; but it is not ſo often another animal, as it was pleaſed to act differently; nor is whatever it does, an animal. If *juſtice* be an animal; if *fortitude*, and the other virtues be animals; do they ſometimes ceaſe to be animals that they may begin again? or are they always animals? They can never ceaſe to be virtues; therefore there are many: nay, numberleſs animals in the one ſoul. *No*, ſay they, *they are not many, becauſe they are connected in one; and are parts or members of one. We ſuppoſe therefore the ſoul to reſemble the* hydra, *that hath many heads, each of which fights, and does miſchief of itſelf.* What then? none of theſe heads is of itſelf an animal: but the *hydra* itſelf is one animal. No one will ſay that the lion in the *chimæra*† is an animal; nor the dragon an animal: theſe are but parts of her, and parts are not animals.

But from whence do you conclude *juſtice* to be an animal? *Becauſe it acts and does good; and what acts and does good, muſt have power and motion, and what hath power and motion is an animal.* True, if this was its own power and motion, but it is not its own; it is the power and motion of tho ſoul. Every animal, 'till it dies, is what it was at firſt; man, 'till he dies, is man; ſo an horſe or a dog; for theſe cannot be any thing elſe than what they are. Let us then, for argument ſake, ſuppoſe *juſtice*, i. e. the *ſoul* under ſuch a modification, to be an animal; *fortitude* then is likewiſe an animal, it being the ſoul under ſuch a modification. *But what ſoul?* That which before was *juſtice:* it is con-

tained in the former animal: it cannot paſs into, or belong to, another: it muſt continue there where it began firſt to be.

Moreover, it cannot be one ſoul of two animals, much leſs of more than two. If then juſtice, fortitude, temperance, and other virtues, are all animals, how will they have but one ſoul? They muſt each have a ſeparate ſoul or they will not be animals. One body cannot be the body of many animals: this they themſelves allow. Let us aſk then, what is the body of juſtice? *The ſoul.* And what is the body of fortitude? the ſame ſoul. But two bodies cannot have the ſame ſoul. *But the ſame ſoul,* they ſay, *puts on the habit of juſtice, or of fortitude or of temperance.* This might be, if at the time it was juſtice, it was not fortitude; or when fortitude, not temperance: but all the virtues happen to dwell together: yet how ſhould theſe be different animals, when there is but one ſoul, which can conſtitute but one animal?

Moreover, no animal can be part of another animal; but juſtice is part of the ſoul, therefore it is not an animal. But, methinks, I am waſting time and labour, in proving a thing ſo manifeſt to all. We ought rather to be angry, than diſpute with a man who will not allow, that *no part of an animal can be part of another.* Look around; view the ſeveral bodies of men; there is not one of them but hath its own peculiar colour, form, and proportion. And this among other things always ſtrikes me with admiration, at the infinite wiſdom of our great Creator, that in ſuch a vaſt variety of beings, he hath made no two exactly alike (*d*). Even in thoſe things which ſeem moſt alike, when compared, and curiouſly inſpected, there will be found a difference. What a great and beautiful variety is there in leaves and flowers, every one diſtinguiſhed by its own marks and qualities! So likewiſe in the different ſorts of animals, in none of which there is an exact likeneſs, not even in thoſe of the ſame kind. So hath the great Maker of all things ordered it, that, as being different beings, they ſhould be diſſimilar in form and proportion.

But

But the virtues, you ſay, *are alike*. Yes; and therefore they are not animals. Every animal acts of itſelf; but virtue does nothing of itſelf, but in communion with man. Again, all animals are either rational, as man, and the Gods; or irrational, as the beaſts: ſuppoſe then the virtues were rational, yet they are neither men nor gods; therefore they are not animals. Every rational animal does nothing but when incited by ſome ſpecious view; from this impulſe it contracts a power; and this power is confirmed by *aſſent:* (I will explain what I mean by *aſſent*. It behoves me to walk; accordingly I walk; having firſt conſulted with myſelf, and approved my own opinion: or it behoves me to ſit, accordingly I ſit.) But this *aſſent* or ſelf-will is not in virtue. For take prudence by way of example (*e*); it behoves me, I ſay, to walk; now this belongs not to its nature: for prudence looks not out for itſelf, but for him whoſe it is: it can neither walk nor ſit; therefore hath not in itſelf the power of aſſent; and what hath not aſſent is not an animal.

If virtue be an animal, it is a rational animal, but it is not rational, therefore not an animal. If every virtue be an animal and every virtue is good, then every good is an animal. This our Stoics avow. To ſave a father is good; to ſpeak wiſely in the ſenate is good, and to decree juſtly, is good: therefore to ſave a father, is an animal; a wiſe ſpeech is an animal; and ſo far will this matter go, that it is impoſſible to refrain from laughing. Prudently to be ſilent, and to ſup well, is good; therefore to be ſilent, or to eat a good ſupper, is an animal.

I muſt divert myſelf a little more with theſe fooleries, theſe ſubtle triflings. If juſtice and fortitude be animals, they are certainly terreſtrial. Now every terreſtrial animal is ſubject to cold, hunger, thirſt; therefore juſtice is cold, fortitude is hungry, and clemency thirſteth. Why ſhould I not aſk them further, what is the ſhape of theſe animals? Is it that of a man, or of an horſe, or of a wild beaſt? If they ſuppoſe it *round*, as they ſuppoſe God (*f*), I would aſk whether avarice, luxury, and madneſs, are equally round? for theſe likewiſe they ſuppoſe to be animals. Having given them this rotundity, I would further aſk them whether

whether prudent walking be an animal or not; but on their principle they cannot deny it: they muſt acknowledge that walking is an animal, and indeed round and complete *(g)*.

But that you may not think me a deſerter, and here ſpeak without book and authority, know, that there was a diſpute between *Cleanthes* and *Chryſippus* upon this very point of walking: they could by no means agree. *Cleanthes* ſaith, that there is a ſpirit that acts from the *principal*, or ſuperior and governing part of the ſoul, quite down to the feet. *Chryſippus*, that it is this very principal itſelf that acts *(h)*. Why may not every one therefore after the example of *Chryſippus* maintain his own opinion, and laugh, if he pleaſes, at the ſuppoſed infinity of animals, which the whole world could not contain?

But the virtues, they ſay, *are not many animals, but yet are animals; for as a man may be both an orator and a poet and yet be but one man; ſo theſe virtues are animals though not many animals: the ſame mind is juſt, and prudent, and brave, as it reſpectively bears itſelf with regard to each virtue.* Here then let us end the diſpute: I join iſſue with them; for at preſent I allow the ſoul to be an animal, referring what I have to ſay on this matter to another opportunity: but I deny that every *action of it is an animal:* for otherwiſe all words will be animals, and all verſes; for if a prudent ſpeech be good, and every good an animal, then is ſpeech an animal. So a prudent verſe is good: but every good is an animal, therefore every verſe is an animal: therefore

Arna virumque cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris (Virg. l. 1.)

is an animal, which they cannot ſay is round; becauſe it hath ſix feet. Really this is ſuch fine ſpinning, that the more I conſider it the more I laugh: eſpecially when I fancy a ſoleciſm, a barbariſm, and a ſyllogiſm, are animals; and, painter like, aſſign to each of them a ſeveral face, which I think beſt ſuits them. Yet theſe are the things, *Lucilius*, which we ſo earneſtly diſpute upon with knitted brows, and a wrinkled forehead. I cannot here ſay with *Cæcilius*, O triſtes ineptiæ *(i)*, *wretched trifling!* ridiculæ ſunt; *it is rather ridiculous.*

Let

Let us therefore treat of ſomething uſeful and ſalutary, and inveſtigate the way that leads to virtue: teach me not that fortitude is an animal, but that no animal (at leaſt man) can be happy without fortitude; i. e. unleſs he be ſtrong and reſolute againſt all caſualties, and by ſerious meditation hath, in ſome meaſure, quelled all accidents, before they reach him. What is *fortitude?* the impregnable fortreſs of human imbecility: ſo that whoſoever is ſurrounded by it, he ſtands ſecure in the ſiege of life: for he makes uſe of, and depends upon, his own ſtrength and weapons. I will here tranſcribe an excellent ſentence from our *Poſidonius*; Non eſt quod unquam fortunæ armis putes te eſſe tutum, tuis pugna contra ipſam, fortuita non arment; *Never truſt to, or think yourſelf ſafe, in the defenſive arms of Fortune, but oppoſe her with your own; Chance provides us none.* Therefore, however armed we may be againſt our enemies, we are ſtill unarmed againſt Fortune.

Alexander indeed ſpoiled and put to flight the *Perſians*, the *Hyrcanians*, the *Indians*, and every nation eaſtward to the great ocean. But he himſelf having ſlain one friend *(Clitus)* and loſt another *(Hephæſtion)* lay in darkneſs; at one time deteſting his cruel and wicked action, at another time his loſs. The conqueror of many nations was overcome himſelf by anger, and ſorrow. For ſuch was his ambition, he had rather have all things under his command than his paſſions. O, how blind, how erroneous are men, who deſire to extend their dominion beyond the ſeas, and think themſelves happy, if, by the aſſiſtance of their ſoldiery, they can be maſters of many provinces; and add continually thereto; ignorant at the ſame time of what is truly a great and godlike kingdom. *To command ourſelves*, is the greateſt empire in the world.

Teach me, what a ſacred thing is *juſtice*; which always regards the good of another, aſking nothing for herſelf, but ſelf-exerciſe. She muſt have no connection with ambition and glory; but reſt ſatisfied with ſelf-complacency. Let a man perſuade himſelf above all things, that it behoves him to be juſt, without hope or deſire of a recompence. Nor is this enough; let him further perſuade himſelf, that he muſt

voluntarily incline to this the faireſt of all virtues; ſo that all his thoughts be as averſe as poſſible, from any private advantage (*k*). You muſt not think that the reward of any juſt action is greater than the action itſelf. This too, be ſure to fix in your mind, what I before hinted, that it is nothing to the purpoſe, how many are privy to, or witneſſes of, your juſt and righteous dealing. They who are deſirous to have their virtues blazoned abroad, labour not for virtue, but *fame*. You would fain have the honour of being thought a juſt man; but indeed it may ſo happen, that juſtice may be attended with infamy; and then, if you are wiſe, you will take delight in triumphing over unjuſt diſgrace.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* Unleſs we had manifeſt teſtimonies of it, (as *Muret.* obſerves) we could ſcarce think it credible, that any ſo ridiculous an opinion ſhould have been ſtarted as that which here *Seneca* laughs at, and confutes. For what can be more abſurd than to ſuppoſe that not only the *ſoul* is an *animal*; (if ſo, it muſt then have another ſoul to animate it, and that another, and ſo on for ever) but that all virtues, vices, thoughts, and affections, are *animals*. Yet this opinion, ridiculous and abſurd as it is, was held and maintained for truth, by the principal maſters among the *Stoics*, thoſe ſevere cenſors, thoſe long-bearded doctors, thoſe props and ſupporters of wiſdom. Nor did they ſtop here, but ſuppoſed that *quality*, *quantity*, *figure*, and the like were all *animals*. This then is the folly which *Seneca* endeavours to confute in this Epiſtle: and concludes admirably in praiſe of *juſtice*; and with cautioning his reader againſt waſting his time in the foregoing trifles. There is alſo extant a ſhort commentary among the *νοθευομενα* of *Galen*, wherein this very opinion is ridiculed and condemned. The title of it is, Ὅτι οἱ ποιότητες ἀσώματοι.

(*a*) Phæcaſiatam palliatumque; *wearing white ſhoes and a cloak*, particularly the *Greek* philoſophers, as diſtinguiſhed from the *Roman* ſandals and gown. Phæcaſianorum vetera ornamenta deorum. Juv. iii. 218.

(*b*) The word *animalis* comes from *anima*; and that from *animus*; as *agna* from *agnus*. The difference between *animus* and *anima*, though not always obſerved, ſeems to be that by *anima* they underſtood that power of the ſoul which giveth *life* and *ſenſibility*: and by *animus*, that which giveth *underſtanding*, *wiſdom*, and the like.

(*c*) This, I think, may, in ſome meaſure, be applied to the great myſtery that *faith* requires us to believe in the Chriſtian ſcheme, *I and my father are one*. John, x. 30.

† The *Hydra* and *Chimæra*, two poetical monſters; the former, a ſerpent in the garden of the Heſperides:

Mighty in bulk, and terrible in look:
That arm'd with ſcales, and in a dreadful fold,
Twin'd round the tree, and watch'd the growing gold. Creech *Lucretius*, 5. 35.

The

The latter was ſuppoſed to have,

——— *A lion's head, a ſerpent's tail,*
A goat, the middle of the fancied frame,
And ſtill with ſcorching noſtrils breathing flame. Ib. 5. 960.

(d) This indeed is (as *Lipſius* obſerves, mirandum, ſtupendum, divinum) *wonderful, amazing, divine.* The late ingenious Mr. *Hogarth,* in his *Analyſis of Beauty* hath applied the like obſervation to the *human face*; which he calls *a compoſed variety*; for a variety uncompoſed and without deſign is confuſion and deformity. p. 17.

(e) Puta enim prudentiam animal eſſe. *Muret.* Puta animal prudentiam eſſe; but this is to ſuppoſe the thing in queſtion: *Gronovius* therefore reads with the MSS. puta prudentiam eſſe, i. e. faciamus periculum in prudentia.

(f) Seneca here ſeems to be witty upon his brethren the *Stoics,* with whom the *world* was both an *animal* and *God.* Concerning which *Varro* ſaith, Quomodo poteſt *rotundus* eſſe, ſine capite, ſine præputio. But *Plato* likewiſe was of this opinion; yet in *Timæus* he writes, *that it wants ears and eyes and feet, becauſe God wanteth not any inſtruments of this kind, as compelling and continuing all things in himſelf.* And to this both *Varro* and *Seneca* ſeem to allude. *Gentil.* l. 2. Parerg.

(g) In the ſenſe of *Horace*; totus, teres, atque *rotundus.* S. 11. 7.

(h) This *principal* or governing part of the ſoul, ſome *(Ariſtotle, Plato, Pythagoras, Hippocratus)* place, ἐν τῷ ἡγεμονικῷ σφαίρᾳ τῇ κεφαλῇ, *in the head*; but the Stoics *(Empedocles, Parmenides,* and *Democritus)* place it *in the heart.*—Thus *Auſonius*;

Mens quæ cœleſti ſenſu rigat emeritum cor:
Cor vegetum, mundi inſtar habens, animæ vigor ac vis.

So the *Epicureans,* Lucret. iii. 139.

Sed caput eſſe quaſi et dominari in corpore toto
Conſilium quod nos *animum* mentemque vocamus;
Idque ſitum mediâ regione in pectoris hæret.
——— *I muſt affirm the* ſoul *and* mind
Make up one ſingle nature cloſely join'd:
But yet the mind's *the head, and ruling part,*
Call'd Reaſon, *and 'tis ſeated in the heart.* Creech.

(i) O triſtes ineptias] Turpe eſt difficiles habere nugas,
Et ſtultus labor eſt ineptiarum. *Martial.*

(k) Like the ſummary of all Chriſtian virtues, *Charity, it ſeeketh not her own.* 1. Cor. 13.

EPISTLE CXIV.

On Language, Style, and Compoſition.

YOU are pleaſed to aſk me, *Lucilius,* how it comes to paſs that at certain times the public language becomes corrupt; and whence it is that the minds of men are ſo fickle, and inclined to error; as at one

time to delight in pompous, ſwelling expreſſions, and at another, the ſpeech is ſo frittered into quavers, that when they talk, you would rather think they were ſinging: why, at one time, bold and extravagant periods have been in vogue; and, at another, broken ſentences, ſo very conciſe, that much more is underſtood than expreſſed; and why, in another age the uſe of metaphors, and other figures of ſpeech, by too frequent uſe, have been moſt immoderately abuſed. The reaſon is this, which you have often heard, and which is become proverbial among the *Greeks*, Talis hominibus fuit oratio, qualis vita, *as is the life of a man, ſuch is his diſcourſe* (*a*). As then the behaviour and actions of a man are, for the moſt part, anſwerable to their diſcourſe, ſo the common dialect is oftentimes an imitation, or the reſult of public manners. ——When a government hath loſt all regard to diſcipline, and given itſelf up to delicacies, it betrays its luxurious diſpoſition by ribaldry and wantonneſs of ſpeech; I mean not of one or two particulars, but as it is received and approved in general.

The ſoul and the underſtanding are ſeldom of two different colours: if that be ſound, ſedate, grave, and temperate; this likewiſe will be moderate and ſober: but where that is corrupt and vitiated, this alſo is affected. See you not, when the ſoul languiſheth, how liſtleſs the body is? the limbs become feeble, and the feet drag heavily along: that, if it be effeminate, the little mincing ſtep diſcovers the infirmity; whereas when it is vigorous and active, the ſtep is more free and bold: or, if it be mad, or what is akin to madneſs, if it be paſſionate, how turbulent is every motion! Men in ſuch a ſtate, never walk, but are hurried along; ſo affected is the underſtanding by the diſpoſition of the ſoul: nor can it be otherwiſe; ſince it wholly depends upon, and is blended with it; it is entirely formed by this, ever obeys it, and ſeeks no other law of action, but what this commands.

The manner of *Mecænas'* living is too notorious than, at this time, to need a deſcription. How prettily he walk'd! how delicate he was! how deſirous to be gaped upon! how unwilling to conceal any of his foibles! Well then; and was not his diſcourſe as diſſolute as his life? Yes;

Yes; he had as much affectation and vanity in his ſpeech, as in his dreſs, his equipage, his houſe, and his wife. He was indeed a man of great abilities (*b*), had he properly applied them; had he not ſtudied an obſcurity of ſtyle, though at the ſame time it ſeemed to flow with an air of elocution. You will find him therefore talking like a drunken man, intricate, and roving from one idea to another, and taking amazing liberties. I will give you a ſpecimen, (from his book *de cultu ſuo.*)

—— Quid purius (*c*)
Amne, ſylviſque ripa comantibus,
Vides ut alveum lintribus arent (*d*)
Verſoque vado remi iciant hortos!
Quid ſi quis fœminæ cirro criſpatæ
Labris columbatur incipitque
Suſpirans, cervice et lapſæ fanatur.——
More tyranni irremediabilis
Rimantur factio, epulis lagenâque
Tentant domos, et ſæpe mortem exigunt,
Geniumque feſto vix ſuo teſtem.
Tenuis cerei fila et crepacem molam
Focum mater aut uxor inveſtiunt.

What can be purer than the running ſtream
Whoſe banks with a leafy coverture are ſkreen'd?
See how they plough the channel with their ſkiffs,
And row o'er the reflected gardens!——
What if ſome pretty damſel, twiſts and curls
Her jetty locks, and with her pouting lips
Bills like a dove, and now begins to ſigh,
That none are ſmitten with her beauteous bloom!—
Tyrants implacable, and their fell faction
Pry into ev'ry corner of the houſe,
For ſome rich flaggon, or ſuch delicates
As they can find; and oftentimes exact
Death of the owners——
The Genius *ſcarce is witneſs to his own feaſt,*

When by the glimmering of a ſlender taper,
The mother, or the wife, inveſt the hearth,
Loud-cracking with the ſalt-beſprinkled meal.—

When you read ſuch affected and hyperbolical ſtuff, do you not immediately conclude, that it muſt come *from one*, who always goes about the city in a looſe robe (*e*)? For even when he was *Regent* in the abſence of *Auguſtus*, he gave orders in a diſhabille: *from one*, who in the palace, in the forum, in the tribunal, and in every public aſſembly, appeared with his face muffled, ſo that nothing could be ſeen but his ears. Like a runaway, as repreſented in a comedy (*f*): *from one*, who, (during the tumult of a civil war, when the whole city was alarmed, and even in arms) walked careleſsly about the ſtreets, attended with only two eunuchs, better men however than himſelf: from one, who a thouſand times married his wife (*g*).—The foregoing expreſſions, ſo wretchedly conſtructed, ſo ungrammatical, and negligently thrown out, repugnant to every manner of writing, ſhew that his morals were not leſs ſtrange, depraved, and ſingular.

He was remarkable indeed and highly commended for his tenderneſs and good-nature. He made no uſe of the ſword, and abſtained from ſhedding blood: nor in any other reſpect did he take an unpermitted liberty. And yet this eſteem and praiſe he himſelf entirely ſpoiled by that monſtrous affectation of delicacy in his diſcourſe. For he appeared from hence to be a meer *Fribble*, rather than mild. Such obſcurities in expreſſion, ſuch uncouth words; the meaning of them ſometimes great and ſublime, but quite enervated in the delivery, plainly ſhew to any one that obſerves them, that the man's head was certainly turned by too great a flow of happineſs; which indeed is ſometimes the fault of the man, and not ſeldom of the times.

Where the happineſs of a ſtate hath univerſally ſpread around the principles of luxury; men firſt begin to be more curious in dreſs and outward ornament; next, extravagant expence and care are beſtowed upon their houſes, in order to make them as airy as their country-

ſeats;

ſeats; that their walls may ſhine with the richeſt marble from foreign countries; that the roofs may be embelliſhed with gold; and the ſplendor of the pavement be anſwerable to that of their ceilings: after this they are exceeding nice in their furniture. From hence they proceed to ſet out their tables magnificently with the moſt coſtly diſhes; and commendation is ſought from novelties, and the changing of antient cuſtoms, that ſuch things as were uſed to be ſerved up firſt, ſhould now come in the laſt courſe (*b*): and ſuch as were preſented to the gueſts at coming in, are now reſerved for their going away.

When the mind has got an habit of diſdaining things in common uſe, and looking upon them as mean and vile, it then ſeeks out for new language alſo; and brings into play again ſuch words as are antique and obſolete; or coining new ones, introduceth ſtrange uncouth terms, or wreſt ſuch as are known, to another meaning. Any word newly come in vogue is eſteemed elegant, and metaphors every day grow more bold and frequent. Some are very conciſe in their expreſſions, and expect to be admired for leaving the hearer in ſuſpenſe: others are as much too prolix, ſpinning out their meaning to an intolerable length. Some men are cautious of falling into vice, (as they generally do, who intend any thing great) but at the ſame time love the vice itſelf. Whenever therefore you find men delight in looſe diſcourſe, you may be aſſured they are not ſound in their morals. As the luxury of entertainment, and expenſive dreſs, are a certain ſign that the ſtate is decaying; ſo a licentiouſneſs of ſpeech, if frequent, ſhews alſo, that the minds of the people, that delight in ſuch converſation, are in a bad way.

You ought not to wonder, that this corruption of language is received as well by the great vulgar as the ſmall; for they differ not in judgment but in dreſs and fortune. This is rather what you ſhould wonder at, that they not only praiſe what is vicious, but the vices themſelves. For this is uſual: there was no wit paſſing, however looſe and ſarcaſtical, but what eaſily obtained pardon (*i*). Point me out any man you pleaſe, of note and reputation, and I will tell you, wherein, the age he lived in, winked at his foibles, or knowingly diſſembled them. I will give you

you ſome, I ſay, of the greateſt renown, who have been reputed moſt excellent men, and propoſed as admirable examples; whom yet if a man preſumes to examine and cenſure, he will quite demoliſh them; for ſo many vices are blended with their virtues, that it will be difficult to ſeparate them.

Add now, that *language hath no certain criterion:* the cuſtom and faſhions of the place, which are perpetually changing, make likewiſe a change in the language: many affect to borrow words from another age; they ſpeak in the antient ſtyle of the *twelve tables*. *Gracchus*, and *Craſſus*, and *Curio* of a later date, are too polite and modern for them. They go back as far as *Appius* and *Coruncanus* (*k*). Some, on the other hand, while they approve of nothing but what is trivial and in common uſe, fall into meanneſs: both of them faulty, in a different way; as much indeed as if they were to uſe in their diſcourſe, the moſt pompous, high-ſounding, and poetical expreſſions, in order to avoid the more neceſſary and common words; the one I ſay is as faulty as the other. The one dreſſeth himſelf like a coxcomb; the other like a ſlave: the one picks the hair from the legs; the other not ſo much as from the arm-pits.

Let us paſs on now to compoſition. What a number of faults could I here point out to you? Some approve of a rough and crabbed ſtyle; whatever ſentence flows in a ſmooth and more pleaſing ſtrain, they purpoſely fling it out. They would have no period without its ruggedneſs. They think it manly and ſtrong, when it ſtrikes the ear with an unequal ſound. Of others, it cannot be called compoſition but modulation, ſo ſoft and ſoothing is the ſtrain. And why need I mention that ſort of compoſition, in which ſome principal words are poſtponed, and come creeping in at the end of a ſentence? Or that which is ſmooth throughout, and clear in the cloſe, like *Cicero's* ending with a gentle cadence, and anſwering his uſual manner and meaſure? Sentences in general are not only faulty, when they are either weak and puerile, or ſo bold and luſcious as not to preſerve decency and modeſty; but if they are too florid,

florid, or too ſoft and ſweet, without any point or deſign, they are nothing more than mere ſound.

Now theſe are the faults which are introduced by ſome one who is reputed eloquent: whereupon others imitate him, and ſo on, from one to another. Hence, *Salluſt* being in vogue, curt ſentences, unexpected cadences, and obſcure brevity, were reckoned beauties. *Arruntius*, a man of uncommon frugality, who wrote the hiſtory of the *Punic* wars, was a follower of *Salluſt*, and became eminent in that mode of writing. *Salluſt* hath ſomewhere this expreſſion, exercitum argento facit, *by ſilver* he made *an army*, i. e. he raiſed an army by bounty-money. *Arruntius* began to be fond of this expreſſion; and therefore uſed it in almoſt every page. He ſays in one place, Fugam noſtri *fecere*, *Our men* made *a flight:* in another, Hiero rex Syracuſanorum bellum *fecit*, Hiero, *king of* Syracuſe, *made war*. In another, Quæ audita Panormitanos dedere Romanis *fecere*, *Which things being heard*, made *the* Panormitans *ſurrender to the* Romans. I had a mind to give you this taſte of him; but his whole book is compoſed in this manner.

Such words as are very rare in *Salluſt* are frequent in *Arruntius*, and uſed perpetually, even when there is not the leaſt occaſion for them. *Salluſt* fell upon them accidentally, but *Arruntius* ſought them. And you ſee the conſequence, when any one takes an error for his model. *Salluſt* had ſaid, Aquis hiemantibus, *the waters* being wintry; upon this, *Arrunteus*, in his firſt book of the *Punic* war, is pleaſed to ſay, Repente tempeſtas hiemavit, *on a ſudden the ſtorm* wintered: and in another place when he would tell you that it was a cold year, he ſaith, totus *hiemavit* annus, *the whole year* was winter. And again, Inde ſexaginta onerarias, leves præter militem, et neceſſarios nautarum, *hiemante* Aquilone, miſit, *From thence, beſide the ſoldiery, and neceſſary mariners, he ſent away ſixty merchantmen*, during the winter *of the north wind*. In ſhort, he thruſts this word in, where-ever he has an opportunity. *Salluſt* ſomewhere ſays, Inter arma civilia æqui boni *famas* petit, *Even amid civil broils he ſeeks* the glories *of a good and juſt man*. *Arruntius* could not refrain from laying hold of theſe words, and forthwith

inſerts in his firſt book, ingentes eſſe *famas* de Regulo, *great were the* glories *of* Regulus.

Theſe however and the like quaint expreſſions, that are picked up by imitation, are not ſigns of a luxurious fancy, or a corrupt mind; for they muſt be proper, and naturally his own, from whence to judge of an author's affections. The ſpeech of a paſſionate man is paſſionate, and the more violent according as he is irritated: as the ſpeech of a fribble is delicate and flowing: as you may obſerve in thoſe, who pluck out what beard they have with knippers, or here and there a hair; or who ſhave the lip cloſe, and let the reſt grow as it can; who chuſe their cloaks of ſome odd colour, and are very conſpicuous for the richneſs of their gowns; and who deſire that nothing they do ſhould paſs unſeen; they invite and provoke every one to turn their eyes upon them, and care not how much you cenſure or laugh at them, if you vouchſafe to ſee them.

Such then is *Mecænas*, and ſuch his ſtyle, as it is of all thoſe who err not accidentally, but knowingly and willingly. Now this ariſes from a great defect of the mind. As in drunkenneſs the tongue falters not, 'till ſuch time as the mind is overpowered by its load, and reaſon is overſet or quite loſt: ſo this manner of ſpeech (what is it elſe but drunkenneſs?) is never impertinent, 'till the mind fails. This therefore muſt firſt be cured; as it is from this that ſenſe and words flow; and from this the habit, the countenance, the gait: ſo long as the mind continues ſound, the ſpeech is robuſt, ſtrong, and manly; if this be dejected, all its dependents ſink at once.

——— Rege incolumi mens omnibus una eſt,
Amiſſo rupêre fidem.—*Virg.* G. iv. 212. (Speaking of bees)
While he (the King) *ſurvives, in concord and content,*
The commons live, by no diviſions rent;
But the great monarch, Death, diſſolves the government. Dryden.

The mind, or ſoul, is our king within, while he is ſafe and well, the reſt continue dutiful: they ſubmit, and obey: when he wavers ever ſo little, the reſt fluctuate in doubt; and when he gives himſelf up to pleaſure,

pleaſure, his every art and action are enfeebled, and all his efforts looſe and languid.

To go on with the metaphor——Our ſoul is ſometimes a king, and ſometimes a tyrant: a king, when he obſerves what is right and fit; takes due care of the body committed to his charge, and commands nothing that is baſe, nothing that is mean: but when he is paſſionate, covetous, or over-nice, he aſſumes a dire and deteſtable name, even that of tyrant. Then do the unruly paſſions ſeize him, and ſollicit him inceſſantly; rejoicing at firſt in their triumph; as a people are apt to do, when they think themſelves happy in ſome largeſs from a tyrant, deſigning to enſlave them; and, being already full, accept of more than they can digeſt. But when the diſeaſe hath more and more conſumed his ſtrength, and a reliſh for pleaſure hath ſunk deep into his marrow and nerves; elevated at the ſight of thoſe things, which his over-eagerneſs, and too fond deſires render him unfit for, inſtead of enjoying them himſelf, he is contented with ſeeing others enjoy them; he ſtands pimp to the luſt of others; and is only a witneſs of thoſe delights, amid which he is ſtarved by too great plenty. Nor is it ſo grateful to abound in worldly pleaſure, as irkſome, that he is not able to ſwallow down ſo great a preparation of dainties, or wallow with his troop of bawds and harlots: it grieves him to be deprived of the greateſt part of his ſuppoſed felicity by the narrow receptacle of the body.

But is not this madneſs, my *Lucilius*, that not a man of us thinks himſelf mortal, or reflects on his infirmities. Nay, that he does not know, he is but *one*. Behold our ſmoking kitchens, and the ſweating cooks running from fire to fire: could you imagine that it was for one belly, that proviſions are making with ſo great a buſtle? Behold our cellars and ſtore-houſes, full of the vintages of many years! Would you think that it was for one paunch that the wines of ſo many conſuls reigns, and of ſo many different climates, are ſtored up for the ſame purpoſe? Behold in how many places the earth is broken up! how many thouſand huſbandmen are employed in digging and ploughing! Would you think that it is for one belly that men ſow both in *Africa*

and *Syria?* Believe me, we ſhould be more healthful, and keep our deſires within proper bounds, were each of us to reckon himſelf but *one*; and at the ſame time to take dimenſions of his body; and learn that it cannot receive much, or retain it long. Nothing however can contribute more to temperance and moderation in all things, than frequent reflection on the brevity and uncertainty of life. Whatſoever you do, think on mortality.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) So, *Plato*, Ὅιος ὁ λογος τοιοῦτος ὑ τροπος. And *Solon*, τὸν λογον εἰδωλον εἶναι τῶν ἔργοω. And yet *Eraſmus* ſays he knows not what this proverb is in *Greek*, unleſs it be

Ανδρὸς χαρακτὴρ ἐκ λόγου γνωρίζεται

Euripides, much to the ſame purpoſe, μωρὰ γὰρ μωρὸς λεκει. *Solomon* frequently, *the tongue of the wiſe uſeth knowledge aright, but the mouth of fools poureth out fooliſhneſs.* Prov. 15. 2. *The heart of fools proclaimeth fooliſhneſs.* xii. 23.

(*b*) Sen. Ep. 19. *Fitzoſborne's* Lett.

(*c*) I have given you the words as they ſtand in *Muretus*'s edition; but to extract a ſeeming meaning from ſuch nonſenſe, I have tranſlated them from conjecture and the various readings—al. quid turpius.—Remittant hortos, al. remigant.—Colubratur—laxâ feratur al. ferantur.—Nemo tyranni al. nemore, ne more.——They are ſuppoſed to be (imperfect) hendecaſyllables: and the ſenſe, relating to ſome tyrant's behaviour.——

(*d*) As in *Virgil*, viii. 96.——Virideſque ſecat placido æquore ſilvas,

—— *and cut reflected foreſts on the waves.* Lauderdale.

Alike bold, Αλιμενον ἀνθέρος ἀυλακα τεμναν. *Ariſtoph.* Av. 1400.

Cutting the ſhoreleſs furrows *of the air.*

(*e*) Improbe, quid tandem tunicæ nocuere ſolutæ?

Aut tibi ventoſi quid nocuère ſinus?

(*f*) As it was uſual for the fribbles of that age to cover their heads with their gown to keep off the ſun.

Ut iſti Græci palliati capite operto qui ambulant. *Plaut.* Curc.

And *Plutarch* cenſuring the freed man of *Pompey*, ſays, Domino ſtante accumbebat εχων δι' ὠτων κατὰ τῆς κεφαλῆς τὸ ἱμάτιον. And *Petronius* deſcribing *Trimalchio*; Pallio coccino adraſum incluſerat caput, *we could not refrain from laughing, when we ſaw his bald pate peeping out of a ſcarlet mantle.* See *Lipſ.* Amphitheat. xx.

(*g*) *Terentia*—Somewhat hyperbolical; from their perpetual quarrels and divorces.

(*h*) This *Martial* obſerves with regard to lettice, or a ſalad:

Clundere quæ menſas lactuca ſolebat avorum,

Dic mihi, cur noſtras inchoat illa dapes?

The ſallad now comes firſt; in ages paſt,

Our anceſtors reſerv'd it to the laſt.

Plutarch, (Sympol. viii. 9.) recounting the cauſes of new diſeaſes alledges this as one; the cuſtoms

toms of the antients being more wholeſome. Τὴν τάξιν κ. τ. λ. *The change of order in our feeding has a great influence on the alteration of our bodies; the cold courſes, as they were called, formerly conſiſting of oyſters, lobſters, ſallad, and the like, now make the firſt courſe, whereas they were formerly the laſt.* I know not but that I may obſerve the reverſe of our Engliſh pudding.

(*i*) See *Webb*, on painting, p. 66.

(*k*) *Appius Claudius*, Conſul. U. C. 489.——*Coruncanus*, the firſt who from a Plebeian was made *Pontifex Max.* U. C. 489. Liv. Id.

Si tibi vetu atis tantus eſt amor, pari ſtudio in verba priſca redeamus, quibus *Salii* canunt, et auguras aves conſulunt, et Decemviri tabulas condiderunt. Jamdudum his renuntiatum eſt, et ſucceſſio temporum placita priora mutavit. Symmach. iii. 44. *If you have ſuch an affection for antiquity, let us return to the old language, in which the* Salii *ſung their hymns, the Augurs conſulted the birds, and the* Decemviri *formed the twelve tables. Theſe have long ſince been renounced; and a ſucceſſion of ages hath changed the old decrees.*

(*l*) Atque ita hircum olet. *Lipſius.*

EPISTLE CXV.

On the ſame. And the Beauty of Virtue.

I WOULD not have you, my *Lucilius*, too curious and ſollicitous concerning ſtyle and compoſition. Many things of much greater importance call for your attention. Conſider rather the *matter* than the manner of your writing. I could wiſh that you were more employed in thinking than in ſcribbling; eſpecially if you ſo think, that you may apply your thoughts more and more to your own good; and ſeal, as it were, the ſubſtance of them on your heart (*a*).

Know that when you ſee or hear a laboured and over-nice diſcourſe, that the mind of the author is taken up with trifles and vanity. The truly great man is more remiſs and free; in whatever he is pleaſed to utter you will find more of confidence and ſolidity, than careful curioſity. You have ſeen and you know, many ſmart fellows, whoſe beards and locks are dreſſed with the niceſt art, as if juſt taken out of a band-box (*b*). From ſuch, you can expect nothing that is manly, nothing ſolid. Speech is the image of the mind (*c*): if it be clipped and

trimmed (*d*) very ſpruce, depend upon it the mind is not ſincere and ſound. Spruceneſs and affectation are not manly accompliſhments. Could we inſpect the ſoul of a good man, how fair, how beautiful, holy, magnificent, and pleaſing would it appear! Juſtice ſhining here, and there Fortitude! here Temperance, and there Prudence! Beſides theſe, Frugality, Continence, Forbearance, and Liberty, and Courteouſneſs, and (who would think it?) Humanity, *that* ſo rare and the choiceſt good in man, would then ſhine in their full luſtre. And then, O ye Gods! what grace, what weight and authority, would diſcretion and elegance, that moſt eminent qualification! add unto the reſt? No one would think him amiable, but who at the ſame time thought him venerable.

And was any one to view this image, in yet an higher and more brilliant light than all worldly glories can give, would he not ſtand aghaſt and ſurprized, as at the ſight of ſome deity, and tacitly pray, that he might behold him with impunity (*e*)? And then invited by the benignity of her *(virtue's)* aſpect, kneel down and adore her; and having contemplated, and for ſome time conſidered the ſame, as riſing far above the meaſure of ſuch things as the ſight of mortals is uſed to; her eyes ſparkling with a mild indeed, but yet a living flame, would he not with awe and reverence break out, in thoſe words of *Virgil.*

O quàm te memorem, Virgo! namque haud tibi vultus
Mortalis, nec vox hominem ſonat.——
Sis felix, noſtrumque leves quæcunque laborem.——
O virgin, or what other name you bear
Above that ſtyle; O more than mortal fair!
Your voice and mien celeſtial birth betray!—
Let not in vain an humble ſuppliant pray.—

She will be propitious and aſſiſt us, if we duly honour her. But ſhe is not honoured by the ſlaughtering of bulls *(f)*, nor by the richeſt offering of gold and ſilver, or by gifts caſts into the treaſury; but by a pious will, and integrity of heart. Every one I ſay would be tranſported with the love of her, were they to behold her in her genuine beauty. But alas! many things now ſtand in our way, and either dazzle

dazzle our eyes with too great ſplendor, or retain them ſtill in darkneſs. But as the ſight is wont to be cleared and ſharpened by certain medicines; ſo were we to clear from the ſight of the mind all impediments, we ſhould be able to behold *naked virtue* in all her charms; though tabernacled in the body; nay, though poverty, meanneſs of condition, and even infamy, ſtood between us: we ſhould behold, I ſay, her incomparable beauty, though cloathed in rags. As on the contrary, we ſhould ſee iniquity, and the foul ruſt of a cankered mind *(g)*; though beaming around with the ſplendid rays of wealth, and though our eyes are dazzled with the falſe light of power and honours.

Then ſhall we underſtand on what contemptible things we beſtow our admiration; like children, who think glaring trifles of great value, and prefer their penny bracelets and toys to the love of either fathers or brothers. What difference is there, as *Ariſto* ſays, between them and us, unleſs that we are more expenſively ſilly, in being mad after pictures and ſtatues? *They* are pleaſed with the ſhells and little ſtones of various colours that are found on the ſea-ſhore; and *we* with the variegated marble pillars, whether brought from *Sandy Egypt* or the deſerts of *Africa*, they form a grand portico, or ſupport a capacious room for banqueting. But herein ſurely we are the more ridiculous; ſince when we ſo greatly admire the walls inlaid with plates of marble, we know what is behind them, and what they ſerve to hide; and thus it is that we impoſe upon our eyes: for when we ſpread the leafy gold upon our houſes, what is it but a mere counterfeit that ſo delights us; ſince we know that beneath this ſhew of gold is concealed vile and worm-eaten wood? Nor are our walls and cielings only thus thinly ornamented; but all that ſtate in which you ſee the great and noble ſo proudly ſtrut, is nothing more than *gilded happineſs* (*h*). Look within, and you will learn that miſery and vileneſs lie concealed beneath this gawdy ſhew of dignity (*i*).

It is this very thing, gold, that firſt raiſed ſo many judges and magiſtrates; and ſtill governs them with its bewitching charms: this, which from the time it firſt grew into requeſt, hath baniſhed all true worth

and

and honour. Both as buyers and ſellers, we regard not how good a thing is, but what it will fetch upon ſale. Profit is all; incited by this we are both pious and impious; we follow what is right and fit, ſo long as there are any hopes of gaining thereby, but are eaſily drawn into vice, when it promiſeth a greater advantage. Our parents originally inſtilled into us a veneration for gold and ſilver. And this principle, being ſowed in our minds when young, ſtrikes a deep root, and grows up with us: and then, all the world, in other reſpects of different opinions, agree herein: this they are ever gaping after themſelves; this they wiſh for to all their relatives; and this, as the greateſt of all human things, when they would appear grateful, they conſecrate and offer up to the Gods. In ſhort, the manners of men are ſuch, that poverty is a curſed diſgrace, and conſequently deſpiſed by the rich, and hateful to the poor.

To this beſides are added the ingenious labours of the poets, who are for ever inflaming this affection in us, by recommending riches as the only ornament and honour of life. According to them it ſeems, that the immortal Gods cannot beſtow greater bleſſings, nor have greater themſelves:

Regia ſolis erat ſublimibus alta columnis
Clara micante auro.---(*Ov. Met.* ii. 1.)
The ſun's bright palace on high columns rais'd,
With burniſh'd gold, and flaming rubies blaz'd.

And behold his chariot,

Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea ſummæ
Curvatura rotæ, radiorum argenteus ordo. (107.)
A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold:
The ſpokes in rows of ſilver.---Sewell.

Laſtly, the age they would have thought to be the beſt and happieſt, is ſtyled *the Golden*. Nor are there wanting thoſe among the tragic poets, who barter innocence, health and reputation, for gold.

(*k*) Sine me vocari peſſimum, ut dives vocer.
An dives omnes quærimus; nemo an bonus.

Non

Non quare, et unde; quid habeat, tantum rogant.
Ubique tanti quiſque, quantum habuit, fuit.
Quid habere nobis turpe ſit, quæris? nihil.
Aut dives opto vivere, aut pauper mori.
Bene moritur, qui dum moritur, lucrum facit.
Pecunia ingens generis humani bonum.
Cui non voluptas matris, aut blandæ poteſt
Par eſſe prolis, non ſacer meritis parens.
Tam dulce ſi quid Veneris in vultu micat
Meritò illa amores cœlitum atque hominum movet.
Let me be rich, and call me what you pleaſe.--
But is he rich? all cry. Not, is he good?
They aſk not, why? or whence? but what *he has.*
Eſteem in all, is meaſur'd by the purſe.
Say, what 'tis ſcandalous to have? why, nothing.
If rich, I wiſh to live; if poor, to die.
'Tis he dies well, who can enrich his heir.
Money's the greateſt bleſſing man can have.
Not the ſweet pleaſure that a mother feels,
Or children give, or a deſerving ſire;
Nor ev'n the ſparkling beauty of the fair,
Can rival this delight of gods and men.

When the latter part of theſe verſes were recited in a tragedy of *Euripides*, the whole audience roſe up tumultuouſly; and with great reſentment condemned the actor, author, and poetry. But *Euripides* ſprung upon the ſtage, and humbly begged their patience, 'till they ſhould ſee the cataſtrophe of the wretch who had made this extraordinary ſpeech. It was *Bellerophons* (V.) (*l*), who here, from poetical juſtice, met with that condign puniſhment, which every guilty wretch feels in his own breaſt. For avarice never eſcapes with impunity.———O what floods of tears, what inceſſant toil does ſhe exact from her devotees! How miſerable does ſhe make thoſe who only live in expectation! How much more miſerable thoſe, who have obtained their fondeſt wiſhes? For behold! what anxieties and daily cares attend on men, according to their ſeveral poſſeſſions! Money is often poſſeſſed with greater torment

than that by which it was acquired, What bitter ſighs do their loſſes create? which heavy as they fell upon them, ſtill feel heavier. Laſtly, though fortune ſhould take nothing from them, whatever ſhe denies them further, is deemed a loſs.

But all men think ſuch a one happy, they call him rich, and wiſh themſelves in his condition. It may be ſo. What then? Do you think any one can be in a worſe condition, than the man who is envied by others, and wretched in himſelf? I only wiſh that all who are greedy of wealth, would ſeriouſly and honeſtly confer with the rich themſelves. I wiſh that all who gape after titles and honours would conſult the ambitious; and ſuch as have reached the firſt ſtate of dignity! Truly, I believe, they would change their minds; as the great themſelves do, who are ſtill hunting after ſomething, and condemning what they before admired. For no one is contented with his own happineſs, tho' it flows in upon him to his wiſh. Still do they complain of their wrong deſigns, and unhappy ſucceſs, and had much rather be what they were before.

Therefore it is philoſophy alone that can give this truly valuable bleſſing; *to do nothing that requires repentance.* And this ſolid happineſs, which no tempeſt can ſhake, is not to be conferred, by the ſtudy of apt and well-choſen words, or a ſweet fluency of diſcourſe: let it flow as it will, ſo that the mind be calm and compoſed; ſo long as this continues truly great, and firm in its own conſequence, neglectful of the opinion of others; and enjoys complacency in thoſe very things, that to others are diſpleaſing. Such a one eſtimates his proficiency in life by his conduct; and rightly judgeth that his knowledge is to be valued according to his not knowing, either how to covet, or how to fear.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) Et veluti ſignes] So the Greeks, ἐνσημαίνειν.—τὰ μαθήματα δι' ἁπλότητα τῶν ψυχῶν ὡς ζάθος ἐνσημαινόμενα. *Baſil.* The *Latins* ſay *ponere ſigna.*

—— Non eſt mihi tempus aventi
Ponere ſigna novis præceptis.—*Hor.* S. ii. 4. 1.
I have not leiſure now, to mark new rules.

(*b*) De capſulâ totos] *Lipſius.* al. tortos. *Scaliger* reads it, Deſcapulatos, and applies it to thoſe who affect a looſe robe, or *undreſs.*

Effluit effuſo queis toga laxa ſinu. *Tibull.* 1.
Malthinus tunicis demiſſis ambulat. Hor. S. i. 2. 25.
—— *Walks with his gown below his heels.*

(*c*) Oratio vultus eſt animi.] Much the ſame with what he had ſaid in the foregoing Epiſtle, Talis eſt oratio, qualis vita. So *Democritus* ap. Laert. calls, *ſpeech*, ὀ'δωλον τῦ ζῆν, than which ſays *Eraſmus* nothing can be more juſt. *Man is known by his ſpeech as brazen veſſels by their ringing.* And to this *Perſius* alludes,

—— Sonat vitium percuſſa malignè
Reſpondet viridi non cocta fidelia limo. iii. 21.
A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd veſſel found,
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring ſound. Dryden.

There is another ſentence in *Latin* to the ſame purpoſe.

Tale ingenium, qualis oratio. *See* Eraſm. p. 1456.

To which *Terence* alludes.—Nam mihi quale ingenium habeas, fuit indicium oratio. *Heauton.* We ſay in Engliſh, *ſpeech is the picture of the mind.*

(*d*) Si circumtonſa eſt] *Varro* in Fragm. Alii ſunt circumtonſi et torti atque unctuli, ut mangonis videantur eſſe ſervi; *others are ſo trimmed and curled, that you would take them for the ſlaves upon ſale.*

(*e*) Ut fas ſit vidiſſe] So in *Livy*, l. 1. *Proculus*, at the ſight of *Romulus*, (ſuppoſed to have been made a God) venerebundus adſtitit, precibus petens, ut contra intueri fas eſſet. It was the general opinion of all nations that no one can ſee God; according to that of the Evangeliſt—*No man hath ſeen God at any time.*

In a Note (in my tranſlation) of *Vida's* hymns, (publiſhed in 1725) I have obſerved, That when the *Shechinah*, or divine glory filled the tabernacle, *Moſes* could not enter therein but upon peril of his life. *Exod.* xl. 35. Nor could the Prieſts afterwards enter the temple that was built by *Solomon*, *when the glory of the Lord had filled that houſe.* ii. Chron. vii. 1. We underſtand therefore by his appearance to *Jacob*, *Moſes*, &c. *Gen.* xxxii. 30. *Exod.* xxiv. 20, &c. that ſomewhat was obvious to their ſenſes that plainly diſcovered the more immediate preſence of God; ſo that they could no more doubt of it, than of one talking with them *face to face*; not that there was any ſimilitude, whereby idolatry might pretend to repreſent him. Deut. iv. 15. Job, iv. 16. i. John, iv. 12.

(f) So the Prophet *Iſaiah*, *To what purpoſe is the multitude of your ſacrifices unto me?* ſaith the Lord; *I am full of the burnt-offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beaſts; I delight not in the blood of bullocks or of lambs, or of he goats, &c. Waſh ye, make ye clean, put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; ceaſe to do evil; learn to do well; ſeek judgment, relieve the oppreſſed; judge the*

fatherleſs, plead for the widow.—Come now, let us reaſon together, ſaith the Lord; though your ſins be as ſcarlet, they ſhall be white as ſnow; though they be red like crimſon, they ſhall be as wool. Iſ. i. 11—20. In burnt-offerings and ſacrifices thou haſt had no pleaſure. Heb. x. 6. See i. Sam. xv. 22. Pſ. xl. 6. li. 16. Iſ. lxvi. 3. Heb. xv. 6. Matth. xii. 7.

(g) Æruginoſi animi veternum] al. ærumnoſi. But *Gronovius* aſks what connection there can be between malitiam, and ærumnoſi, *iniquity*, and *the being unfortunate?* They are ærumnoſi, who undergo great hardſhips, which they did not deſerve, as *Hercules*, *Ulyſſes*, *Regulus*; let the paradoxical *Stoics* diſpute what they pleaſe, concerning the laſt. This word, *ærumnoſus*, belongs to Fortune, not to any fault or vice in the man. He therefore reads *æruginoſi*, and ſupports it from the following:

—— Hic nigræ ſuccus loliginis, hæc eſt
Ærugo mera.——Hor. S. l. 4. 100.

——— *Envy's weed*
Thus ſhoots unſeen, and choaks fair friendſhip's ſeed. Duncomb.

—— Hæc animos ærugo——
Cum ſemel imbuerit——Hor. A. P. 331.
When this baſe ruſt hath cruſted o'er their ſouls. Creech.

——— miſeråque ærugine captus
Adlatras nomen———*Mart.* ii. 61.

(h) Bracteata felicitas] *Vett. Gloſſ.* Bratteam, *ſeu* Bracteam, tenuem auri argentique laminam; *a thin plate of gold or ſilver.* Bracteatum lacunar. *Sidon.* i. 10. Mentis aureæ dictum bracteatum. *Plin.* Paneg —Vid. Juret, ad Symm. l. i. Ep. 16.

(i) Alluding to what King *Antigonus* ſaid to a certain woman admiring his felicity, O mulier ſi ſcias quantum mali ſub faſcia iſta *(diademate)* lateat, nec humi jacentem tollas: *O woman, if thou didſt know what afflictions lie under this diadem, you would not ſtoop to take it off the ground.*

(k) Sine me vocari.]———*Gronovius* reads it, *ſine me*, as

— Populus me ſibilat, at mihi plaudo
Ipſe domi. Hor. S. i. 1. 66.
Let the poor fools hiſs me, where'er I come,
I bleſs myſelf, to ſee my bags at home. Creech.

Theſe verſes are ſaid to be taken from different places, the latter from the Greek of *Euripides*: ap. Stob. Serm. 89.

——Ὦ χρυσὲ, δεξίωμα κάλλιστον βροτοῖς,
Ὡς ἡδὺ μητρὶ ἡδονὰς τοιὰς ἔχει
Οὐ παῖδες ἀνθρώποισιν, ὦ φίλος πατὴρ,
Εἰ δ' ἡ Κυπρὶς τοῦτον ὀφθαλμοῖς ὁρᾷ
Οὐ δαῦμ ἐρωτος μυριὰς αὐτὴν τρέφειν.
Pecunia, &c.

(l) *Lipſius* obſerves, that if *Seneca* means here the poet's *Bellerophon*, (Hor. Od. iii. 7. 15.) he cannot ſee what *gold* has to do in the caſe. *Bellerophon* was puniſhed for his pride and ambition.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE CXVI.

On the Affections and Paſſions.

IT hath often been diſputed, whether it were better to have moderate affections, or none at all. We *Stoics* are for diſcarding them entirely: the *Peripatetics* are ſatisfied with moderating or governing them. But for my part I cannot conceive how any degree of a diſeaſe can be thought healthful or beneficial. Be not afraid, *Lucilius*, I am not for depriving you of any of thoſe things you are unwilling to be denied. I will grant, nay, indulge you in thoſe which you ſeek after and think neceſſary to life, as being both profitable and pleaſant. I will detract only the vicious part. For when I forbid you to *covet*, I permit you to *will (a)*: that you may make the ſame efforts with better courage and reſolution, and better reliſh ſuch pleaſures. Why not? they will ſooner attend you when you command, than when you ſerve them.

But it is natural, you ſay, *to be troubled at the loſs of a friend: forgive a while the tears that ſo juſtly flow.* It is natural *to be concerned at the opinion of mankind; and be made ſorrowful by adverſity. Why will you not allow ſo juſt a dread, as is that of men's having a bad opinion of you?* There is no vice but what meets with an advocate; and which in the beginning is not ſoftened and palliated by ſome excuſe or other: but on this very account it ſpreads the more. You will find it difficult to put an end to it, when once you have permitted a beginning. Every affection is but weak and feeble in its firſt riſe: but ſelf-inſtigated it gathers ſtrength as it proceeds. It is much eaſier therefore excluded at firſt than expelled afterwards.

Who can deny but that every affection flows as it were (b) from a certain natural principle? Nature hath committed us to the care and charge of ourſelves. True; but when we are too indulgent herein, we become faulty. Nature hath annexed pleaſure even to things neceſſary; not

that we ſhould affect the ſame for pleaſure's ſake, but only that this acceſſion might render ſuch things as we cannot poſſibly live without, more grateful and acceptable to us. But when pleaſure challengeth reception in her own right (*c*), it is then luxury. Therefore let us reſiſt the affections at their firſt intruſion (*d*); for, as I before obſerved, they are much eaſier rejected at firſt than when left to themſelves to depart. *Permit me,* you ſay, *to grieve in ſome meaſure, and in ſome meaſure* to fear. But ſuch meaſure ſoon becomes unreaſonable: nor can you check it when you pleaſe. It may be ſafe indeed for a *wiſe* man not to ſet a guard upon himſelf: he can reſtrain both his tears and his joy when he pleaſes: but becauſe it is not ſo eaſy for us to return when we will, it is much better not to ſet forward.

Panætius (*e*), I think, gave an elegant and juſt anſwer to a young man, who enquired of him, *whether it was proper for a wiſe man* to be in love. "As concerning a wiſe man, ſaid he, we will conſider that "another time; but as for you and me, who are very far from deſerv- "ing that title, I think it would be better for us, as yet, not to ven- "ture upon an affair ſo turbulent, ſo unmanageable, ſo liable to enſlave "us to the will of another, and deſpicable to itſelf. If the beloved "object ſhews us a particular regard, we are immediately more in- "flamed with her tenderneſs and good-nature; if ſhe deſpiſes us, we "are fired with indignation and pride. The love that is too gracious "is as hurtful as that which is too rigid and ſevere. We are entangled "by favour; and muſt have a ſtrong contention with diſdain. Con- "ſcious therefore of our own weakneſs, let us deſiſt a while, and be "quiet, nor truſt our infirm mind to wine, or beauty, or flattery, or "any the like attractive charm." What *Panætius* here ſaith with regard to *love*, I think applicable to all other affections. Let us avoid, as much as we can, walking on ſlippery ground: we ſtand not over-ſteady on the more firm and dry.

I know, *Lucilius*, you will here again retort upon us the common outcry againſt the *Stoics*. *You promiſe us too great things which are unattainable: you command impoſſibilities. We are at beſt but poor and infirm mortals.*

mortals. This ſelf-denial therefore is too hard a leſſon for us (f). We will, we muſt, grieve a little: we muſt covet, but it ſhall be moderately: we muſt be ſometime angry, but we will be appeaſed again. But do you know why the things commanded ſeem impoſſible? I will tell you. It is becauſe we think them ſo: but truly, they are not ſo in fact. We defend our vices, becauſe we love them. And we had rather find out ſome excuſe for them than ſhake them off. Nature hath given us ſufficient ſtrength, if we would exert ourſelves in the uſe of it (g): if we would collect our forces, and employ them wholly *for* ourſelves, at leaſt not, as uſual, *againſt* ourſelves. We pretend *we cannot*, but the truth is, *we will not*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *The will*, according to the *Stoics*, is good, and reckoned among their ευπαθειας, *pleaſurable habits*.

(*b*) *Quaſi* naturali principio] *Seneca* ſays, quaſi, *as it were*, for if it was *truly* natural, it would be *good*.

(*c*) Not as acceſſary, but principal; not as a ſervant, but as miſtreſs.

(*d*) Intrantibus reſiſtamas] Sen. de Ira. i. 7. 8. Optimum itaque quidam putant temperare iram, non tollere. Optimum eſt primum irritamentum protinus ſpernere, ipſiſque repugnare feminibus, et dare operam ne incidamus in iram, nam ſi cœperit ferre tranſverſos difficilis ad ſalutem recurſus eſt.—In primis, inquam, finibus hoſtis arcendus eſt, nam cum intravit et portis ſe intulit, modum a captivis non accipit. *An enemy is to be driven from the gates as ſoon as poſſible, for when they are once entered, they will make their own terms with the captives.* Vid. Stobæ. Serm. i. Agell. xix. 12. Ariſtot. Ethic. ii. iii.

(*e*) A moſt eminent and reſpectable profeſſor of Stoiciſm at *Athens*, to whoſe writings *Cicero* acknowledges himſelf much indebted, in compoſing his admirable treatiſe of *Moral Duties*. Melm. *Bæl.* p. 107. See Ep. 33. N. a.

(*f*) Hard as it is, this undoubtedly is the Chriſtian's leſſon. *Then ſaid* Jeſus *to his diſciples, if any man will come after me, let him deny himſelf, and take up his croſs and follow me.* Matt. xvi. 24. Mark viii, 34. Luke ix. 23.

(*g*) *Not that we are ſufficient of ourſelves to think any thing as of ourſelves, but our ſufficiency is of God. Who is able to make all grace abound towards you; that ye always having a ſufficiency in all things, may abound in every good work.* ii. Cor. iii. 5. ix. 8. *And the Lord ſaid unto me*, ſaith the ſame Apoſtle, *my grace is ſufficient for thee: for my ſtrength is made perfect in weakneſs.* ii. Cor. xii. 9.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE CXVII.

A trifling Queſtion; whether, ſince Wiſdom is good, it is good to be wiſe?

YOU certainly, *Lucilius*, will create much trouble both to yourſelf and me; and, while you do not intend it, draw me into ſtrife and debate; by poſing me with ſuch queſtions, as I cannot anſwer in the negative, without diſobliging ſome of our own ſect; nor in the affirmative with a ſafe conſcience.

You deſire to know my opinion concerning that decree of the *Stoics*, *that* wiſdom *is a good, but* to be wiſe *is not*. I will firſt explain to you what the Stoics mean by this aſſertion, and then freely give you my opinion. It is maintained by ſome of us, that *good* is a *body*; becauſe what is good, muſt act in ſome ſort; and what acts is a *body*. Good profiteth, but in order to profit, ſomething muſt be done, and conſequently whatever doth it is ſomewhat, i. e. a *body*. Now wiſdom they ſay is good; it neceſſarily follows therefore that we muſt alſo call it *bodily*, or ſuch thing as hath a *body*. But *to be wiſe*, they range not under the ſame predicament. It is incorporeal, and merely accidental to ſomething elſe, i. e. to wiſdom; therefore of itſelf it doth nothing, nor profiteth. *Why then*, ſay they, *do we not affirm, that it is good* to be wiſe? We do affirm as much, only we refer it to that whereon it depends, i. e. to wiſdom itſelf.

Hear then what is ſaid by ſome in anſwer to this; before I begin to ſecede (*a*), and enliſt myſelf in the oppoſite party. *By the ſame means*, ſay they, *neither to live happily is good*; for whether they will or no, they muſt anſwer upon their own principles, *that an happy life* is good, *but to live happily, is not*, It is further urged by ſome in this manner. *Would you be wiſe? if ſo, to be wiſe is a deſirable thing, and nothing can be deſirable but what is good.* Here then they are obliged to change their terms, and to fling in a ſyllable which our language will not admit: *what*

what is good, ſay they, *is deſirable, but what is only contingent to good, is* to deſirable; *which, when we have attained good, is not required merely as good, but as an acceſſion to the good required.* I am not of the ſame opinion, and cannot but think the abettors of it in the wrong; foraſmuch as they are tied down to their firſt point, and it is not lawful in diſputations to change the terms.

It is uſual to allow a *preſumptive argument,* and to look upon that as truth, which ſeems ſo to all men: as for inſtance; *that there are gods. (b)* This we eſteem as ſuch; as it is a general opinion, implanted in the minds of all men; nor is there any nation ſo abandoned, as not to believe it. When we diſpute likewiſe concerning *the immortality of the ſoul*; it is no ſmall argument with us, that all men agree in fearing, or reverencing the *infernal deities.* Here then I make uſe of the ſame common perſuaſion; you will find no one who does not think that *both wiſdom and to be wiſe are good.* I will not however do, as the cuſtom is of thoſe gladiators, who being overcome, in their laſt extremity appeal to the people. We will begin again to fight with our own weapons.

What is accidental to man is *without* the man, to whom it is accidental, or *within:* if within him, it is then a body, as much as that is, to which it is accidental; for nothing can happen to a man without touching him, and what toucheth, is body. If what happens be *without,* after it hath happened, it retires, and what retires, hath motion; and what hath motion, is body. You perhaps may expect me to ſay, that the courſe is not one thing, and the running another; nor heat one thing, and to be hot another: nor light one thing, and to be illumined another. I grant that theſe things are not ſtrictly the ſame; yet neither are they of a different claſs. If health be a thing indifferent, ſo is likewiſe to be well: if beauty be indifferent, ſo is it to be beautiful. If juſtice be good, it is alſo good to be juſt. If villainy be bad, it is alſo bad to be villainous; as truly, as if blear eyes are a misfortune, it is alſo a misfortune to be blear-eyed. This is plain, foraſmuch as the one thing cannot be without the other. To be wiſe,

is

is wiſdom; and wiſdom is, to be wiſe. So that it is ſo far from being doubted, whether as one is, ſuch is the other, that moſt men think them one and the ſame thing.

But this I would aſk further. Since all things are, good or bad, or indifferent, among which do you rank *the being wiſe?* They (the *Stoics*) deny it to be good: but it cannot be bad; it follows then that it muſt be indifferent. But we call thoſe things mean or indifferent, which may happen as well to a bad as to a good man; as money, beauty, nobility. Whereas this, the *being wiſe*, cannot happen, or be aſſigned, but to a good man: therefore it is not indifferent: and it cannot indeed be bad, becauſe it cannot happen, or be aſſigned, to a bad man: therefore it is good. *But it is nothing more*, they ſay, *than an* accident *to wiſdom.* Is this then which you call *being wiſe*, what makes, or is made, wiſdom? Be it either active or paſſive, it is ſtill a body: for that which makes, and that which is made, is a body; and if it be a body it is good; for this was all that you ſuppoſe wanting to it, to prevent its being a good; that it was not a body.

The *Peripatetics* hold, that there is no difference between *wiſdom* and *being wiſe*; becauſe the one is included in the other. For do you think that any one can *be wiſe*, but he that *hath wiſdom?* or that any one can have wiſdom, without being wiſe? The antient Logicians firſt made a diſtinction between them; and were followed herein by the *Stoics*. What this is I will now inform you.

A field is one thing, and to *have* a field, another. For why? to *have* a field relates to the poſſeſſor, and not to the field: ſo *wiſdom* is one thing, and *to be wiſe* another. I ſuppoſe you will grant theſe to be two things, the poſſeſſor, and the thing poſſeſſed. Wiſdom is poſſeſſed; he that is wiſe poſſeſſeth it. *Wiſdom* is, a perfect mind, or what contains the higheſt and chief good, it being the whole art of life. What then is *to be wiſe?* We cannot ſay that it is a perfect mind, but that it is contingent to ſome one having a perfect mind; ſo that the one is

is itſelf an upright mind; the other, as it were, the *having* an upright mind.

There are, it is likewiſe ſaid, *different natures of bodies*: as this is a man, and this a horſe: and theſe natures are attended with motions of minds declarative of bodies: and theſe motions have ſeverally ſomething proper, and diſtinguiſhable from the bodies themſelves: as, *I ſee* Cato *walking*. This the ſenſe of ſeeing diſcovers to me, and my mind believes it. It is a body that I ſee, on which both mine eye and my mind are fixed. I ſay afterwards, Cato *walketh*. I am not ſpeaking now of body, but of ſomething relative thereto; which ſome call a *dialectical*, ſome a *declarative*, and ſome a *dogmatical* propoſition. So, when I mention *wiſdom*, I underſtand thereby a body; but when I ſay, *he is wiſe*, I mean ſomething *relative* to body. Now there is a great difference between the one and the other. Let us ſuppoſe then, for the preſent, theſe are two things; (for as yet I do not declare my own opinion) what hinders that a thing, though it may be different, may yet be good? I before obſerved, that a field is one thing, and to have a field, another. For the poſſeſſor, and the thing poſſeſſed, are different in nature: thie is land, that is man. But in the two things we are diſputing about, there is no ſuch difference, as they are both of the ſame nature; he that poſſeſſeth wiſdom, and the wiſdom poſſeſſed.

Beſides, in the former caſe, what is had, and he that hath it, are different; but in this, what is had, and what hath it, are the ſame. The field is poſſeſſed by right, wiſdom by nature; that may be alienated, and delivered up to another; but this departs not from its owner. It is not therefore conſonant to reaſon, to compare things that are diſparate. I was ſaying, they might be two things, and yet either of them good; and you grant that wiſdom and a wiſe man are two things, and either of them good. As then *wiſdom* is good, and alſo *the having wiſdom*; nothing hinders but that *wiſdom* is the ſame, and alſo *to have wiſdom*, i. e. to be wiſe. For to this end I would be a wiſe man, *that I may be wiſe*. What then? Is not *this* good, without which neither is *that* good? You moſt aſſuredly ſay, that wiſdom, if not given for

uſe, is by no means acceptable. What then is the uſe of wiſdom? *To be wiſe:* this is what is moſt precious and eſtimable herein: take away this, and you will render it a vain, ſuperfluous thing. If torment be an evil, to be tormented alſo muſt be an evil; inſomuch that if that were no evil, neither would the conſequence of it be ſo.

Wiſdom is the habit of a perfect mind; *to be wiſe* is the uſe and application of ſuch an habit. How then can the uſe of it not be good, when without the uſe it cannot be good itſelf? I aſk again, *is wiſdom deſirable?* You grant it. And is *the uſe of it deſirable?* It is likewiſe granted; for you ſay, you would not accept it, if denied the uſe of it. What is deſirable is good; to be wiſe, is the uſe of wiſdom; as the uſe of elocution is to ſpeak, and of the eye to ſee; ſo, I ſay, to be wiſe, is the uſe of wiſdom; but the uſe of wiſdom is deſirable, therefore to be wiſe is deſirable; and if deſirable, it is good.

I have more than once condemned myſelf for imitating thoſe I cenſure, and waſting words upon what is ſelf-evident. Who can doubt but that if extreme heat be an evil, to be extremely hot is the ſame; and that if cold be an evil, ſo is it, to be cold; and if life be good, to live is alſo good. All theſe trifling queſtions about wiſdom are certainly not comprehended in wiſdom's ſelf. But it is ſtill our duty to abide with her; or if we have a mind to make an excurſion, ſhe hath a large and copious field for us to rove in. Let us enquire into the nature of the Gods; what feeds the ſtars, and gives divers motions to the planets; and whether our bodies are affected according to theſe their motions; or whether they have an influence on the minds and bodies of all; whether the things we call caſual, are linked together in a certain chain of cauſes; or that nothing happens in this world inſtantaneous, or without the direction of Providence. Theſe things however tend but little to the reformation of manners, yet they raiſe the mind; and lift it up to the greatneſs of thoſe things it is employed about; whereas the foregoing diſputes, and the like, leſſen and depreſs the mind; and are ſo far from ſharpening it, as you ſuppoſe, that they rather dull and debaſe it.

Why,

Why, I pray you, do we ſpend our care and diligence, ſo neceſſarily required and due to affairs of greater conſequence, on what, for any thing we know, may be falſe, and certainly is uſeleſs? What will it profit me to know, whether *wiſdom* is one thing, and *to be wiſe* another? At all adventures I will ſtand the chance of this my wiſh—may *wiſdom* be *your* lot, and *to be wiſe*, *mine*; and I doubt not but we ſhall fare alike. Or rather, ſhew me the way to attain knowledge in the following particulars:—tell me what I am to avoid, and what to purſue—by what ſtudies I may ſtrengthen, and fix the, as yet, wavering mind—and how I may diſengage myſelf from thoſe vices that turn and drive me from the right way—and how I may relieve thoſe calamities that have broken in upon me, or thoſe that I have unwarily ruſhed upon myſelf.—Inſtruct me how I may bear adverſity without ſighing; or proſperity without making others ſigh.—How not to live in anxiety, concerning the laſt and neceſſary end of life, but to fly to it, when *proper*, as to a ſure refuge. Nothing, in my mind, ſeems more abſurd and mean, than *to wiſh* for death. For if you would live, why do you wiſh to die? if you would not live, why do you aſk the Gods for what they gave you at your birth? As it was then decreed that you ſhould one day die, whether you will or no; *(to be willing)* to die is always in your own power; the one is impoſed upon you by neceſſity, the other is left to your approbation.

In my reading I have met with a principle, ridiculous enough in theſe days, though wrote by a man, otherwiſe very learned and eloquent; Ita, inquit, moriar quamprimum, *Let me*, ſays he, *die as ſoon may be.* (*e*). Fond man! you deſire what is your own. *Let me die as ſoon as may be.* Perhaps when you ſay this, you are grown old and fooliſh; otherwiſe what ſhould prevent you? No one detains thee. Go off as you pleaſe. Chuſe ſome proper inſtrument of nature for this purpoſe. Now theſe are the elements whereby this lower world is maintained, water, earth, air, and theſe are not more the means of life than they are the ways of death. *Let me die as ſoon as may be.* How *ſoon* would you have it be? What day do you aſſign to this word *ſoon?* it may poſſibly happen ſooner than you deſire. Theſe then are the words of a weak

mind catching at mercy and a longer life, in this ſeeming deteſtation of it. He hath no mind to die, who wiſheth for it. Aſk of the Gods, if you pleaſe, life, and health: but if you had rather die, the fruit or effect of death is to ceaſe from wiſhing.

Let theſe things, my *Lucilius*, employ our meditations, in order to form our minds thereto. This is *wiſdom*; this is *to be wiſe*; *to meditate on life and death*; not to debate on ſubtle trifles with idle diſputations. So many queſtions of great importance hath Fortune propoſed to you, which remain as yet unreſolved. At preſent you only cavil. But how ridiculous is it to ſtand flouriſhing your ſword, when the trumpet calls you to battle? Throw aſide theſe ſportive weapons, theſe daggers of lath. There is need of the ſword, and to engage in earneſt. Tell me by what means no ſorrow ſhall afflict, no fear diſturb, the mind—by what means I may diſcharge my breaſt of this heavy load of ſecret deſires. Something muſt be done.

What ſay you? *Wiſdom* is good; *to be wiſe* is not good? Be it ſo, if you pleaſe. Let us deny, *that to be wiſe is good*; to the end that we may draw into contempt this whole ſtudy, as being a vain and ſuperfluous employ. And what if you ſhould know, that *this* likewiſe is made a queſtion; *Whether* future *wiſdom be a good?* But what doubt, I pray you, can there be, that the barns feel not the load of a *future* crop; and that childhood is not ſenſible of the ſtrength and vigour of youth? Health *to come* profits not the man who is ſick at preſent, any more than the reſt, that is to follow many hard and painful labours, refreſheth a man at the time of his running or wreſtling. Who knows not that *what is to come*, is not good upon this very account, becauſe it *is yet to come?* What is good alſo profiteth; but nothing profiteth that is not preſent; and if it profiteth not, neither is it good; and if it profiteth, it profiteth inſtantly. *I ſhall hereafter be wiſe*; this then will be good when it ſhall come to paſs; in the mean while it is nothing.

A thing muſt firſt be, before it acts: for how, I beſeech you, can that be good, which is as yet nothing? And how can I better prove to you, that

that a thing is not yet, than by ſaying, *it is to come?* For 'tis manifeſt, that what is ſtill coming, is not yet come. The ſpring is coming on, I know it therefore to be as yet winter. Summer will follow; it is not therefore yet ſummer. In ſhort, I ſay, the beſt argument to prove that a thing is not preſent, is, that it is yet to come.

I ſhall be wiſe, I hope; but in the mean time, I am not wiſe. The time is to come when I ſhall be wiſe, from whence you may eaſily underſtand, that as yet I am not wiſe. I cannot have that good and this misfortune at the ſame time. Theſe two things do not coincide, nor can good and evil dwell together.

But let us give over theſe imaginary trifles, and haſten to what may turn to our advantage. No parent who is going under great concern to fetch a midwife for his daughter, will ſtop by the way to read the play-bills *(f)*. No one who is informed that his houſe is on fire, will ſtand ſtudying, in a game at cheſs, how to deliver his king out of check. But from all parts news is continually flying about that one's houſe is in flames; one's children in danger, our city beſieged, and our goods plundered: add to theſe, ſhipwrecks, earthquakes, and whatever elſe is terrible to man. Diſtracted among all theſe calamities, are you at leiſure to attend to ſuch things only that amuſe the mind? Are you ſolicitous to enquire what is the difference between *wiſdom* and *the being wiſe?* Do you employ yourſelf in continually making and ſolving riddles, while matters of ſo great weight are impendent? Nature hath not ſo liberally and prodigally beſtowed the gift of *Time* upon us, as to have given us any to throw away. And yet you ſee how much of it is loſt, even by the moſt careful and diligent. Sickneſs, either our own, or of ſome friend, robs us of a great part: another part is taken up with neceſſary affairs; and another with the demands of the public: and ſleep divides with us almoſt the whole of life.

Of the time then, at beſt, ſo very ſhort and rapid, carrying us away with it, ſhall we delight in loſing the greater part, and throwing it away idly? Add hereunto, that the mind is too apt rather to a[illegible]

than to heal itſelf; and that philoſophy is made uſe of as paſtime, rather than as a remedy. I know not what difference there may be, between *wiſdom*, and *the being wiſe*; but this I know, that it is of no conſequence to me, whether I know theſe things or not. Tell me, when I have learned the difference between *wiſdom* and *being wiſe*, whether I ſhall be wiſe myſelf. Why elſe do you detain me upon the words rather than the works of wiſdom? Make me more brave, more ſecure; make me a match for Fortune, or rather her ſuperior. I may be ſuperior to her if I put in practice all I learn.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) Secedere. Figuratively, from their changing their places in the Senate by permiſſion of the Conſul.

(*b*) Expetendum, inquiunt, quod bonum eſt; *ad*expetendum quod bono contingit. Expectandum vocat αἱρετον, adexpectandum nova voce προσαιρετον, i. e. quandam quaſi προσθηκην τῦ αἱρετῦ. And many ſuch words, ſaith *Muret*. have the Stoics coined without any neceſſity for them. It is obſervable, that in our ancient language the ſyllable is often uſed by way of augment. as, *to-partid*, Chaucer's Knight's Tale. v. 763. *to-broſtin*, ib. 1833.

(*c*) *Cicero* in the very period wherein he gives us the names of ſeveral ancient Atheiſts, makes the belief of a God natural to all men. Quo omnes, ſays he, naturâ duce vehimur. But ſee *Locke's* eſſay, l. 1. c. 4. where this argument for the being of a God, from the univerſal conſent of mankind, is fully diſproved. See Cic. Tuſc. Qu. i. 16.

(*d*) Quomodo ultimum et neceſſariam vitæ terminum non expectem, ſed ipſemet, cum viſum fuerit, profugiam. Theſe words, like ſome other before taken notice of, required ſoftening; in order to adapt them to a Chriſtian ear: which never can be reconciled to ſuch horrid doctrine as is here exhibited in the uſual rant of Stoiciſm: and which *Seneca* himſelf never vouchſafed to follow, but by compulſion of the cruel tyrant *Nero*. This benefit however we receive from it, that it enhanceth the value of the Goſpel, and ſerves as a foyl to ſet off the purer light, which by the bleſſing of God we Chriſtians enjoy.——Ut quandoque moriaris etiam invito poſitum eſt, ut cum voles, in tua manu eſt. *Ib. It is appointed for all men once to die*, therefore ſaith *Seneca*, *die when you pleaſe*. No; let us remember what follows the like ſentence in *Paul's* Epiſtle to the *Hebrews*, (9. 2.) *and after this the judgment*. So ſhall we be ſafe from giving attention to ſo raſh a precept from an Heathen; or from one much worſe, and more contemptible, a renegado Chriſtian.

(*e*) We know not whoſe words they are, but they ſeem ſpoken by one, who on the bed of ſickneſs had reſigned himſelf to patience; yet, as it is very natural, *wiſhed to die*: and however they may be condemned by a Stoic, there was wanting but a word or two more (*God willing*) to render them truly Chriſtian.

The moſt deſirable manner of yielding up our lives is,—when Nature thinks proper to deſtroy the work of her own hand, as the artiſt who conſtructed the machine is beſt qualified to take it to pieces. In ſhort, an old man ſhould neither be anxious to preſerve the ſmalleſt portion of life which remains

remains to him; nor forward to reſign it without a juſt cauſe. It was one of the prohibitions of *Pythagoras, not to quit our poſt of life*, without being authoriſed by the Commander who placed us in it, i. e. without the permiſſion of the Supreme Being. *Cato.* Melm. 109.

(f) Dictum et ludorum ordinem perlegit. It was cuſtomary among the *Romans* to give out bills, ſhewing what day the gladiators were to fight, and how they were matched; and this they called *pronuntiare munus.* Munus populi pronunciavit in filiæ memeriam. *Sueton.* in Jul. Vid. *Lipſ.* l. c. 18. Saturn. Serm.

EPISTLE CXVIII.

An Enquiry into what is the true Good.

YOU require me, *Lucilius*, to write oftener. Were we to reckon, I believe, you would find yourſelf in my debt. It was our agreement indeed, that you ſhould write firſt, and expect an anſwer from me: but I will not inſiſt upon it: I know you are to be truſted, and therefore will pay you beforehand (*a*). Nor yet will I do as the moſt eloquent *Cicero* deſires his friend *Atticus* to do; that *if nothing material occurred, he would write any thing that came uppermoſt.* I ſhall never want matter, though I paſs over thoſe things with which *Cicero* fills his Epiſtles; as, *what candidate was hard drove; who engageth with his own or with foreign forces—who ſtands for the conſulſhip, upon the favour and authority of* Cæſar *or of* Pompey; *or upon his own art and ſtrength:—and how hard an uſurer is* Cecilius, *of whom a neighbour cannot borrow money under* cent. per cent. No; it is better for us to treat of our own failures than thoſe of other men; to examine ourſelves; and conſider how many things we are candidates for without having a ſingle vote.

This, my *Lucilius*, is excellent; this the way to live ſecure and free; to ſue neither for place nor penſion; and to let Fortune keep her court-days to herſelf. How pleaſant is it, think you, when the tribes are aſ-

ſembled,

ſembled, and the candidates for an office are buſily employed in paying court to their well-wiſhers; while one promiſeth money; another ſues by his agent; another ſqueezes and kiſſes the hands of thoſe, whom, when he is choſe, he ſcorns to touch; and all ſtand in ſuſpenſe, expecting the voice of the cryer, or returning-officer! How pleaſant is it, I ſay, at ſuch a time to be entirely diſengaged, and unconcerned, as a ſpectator of the *fair*, without buying or ſelling! How much greater pleaſure does ſuch a one enjoy, who, without care or concern, beholds not only theſe mobbing elections of prætors, and conſuls, but thoſe great aſſemblies (*b*) in which ſome are canvaſſing for anniverſary honours; others perpetual power: ſome are praying for happy ſucceſs in war, and a triumph; others are intent upon riches: others on matrimony and children: others on the welfare of themſelves and their relations! How great is the mind that can prevail upon itſelf to aſk *nothing?* to ſue and cringe to no man; and to ſay to Fortune, *Begone, I have no buſineſs with you; I ſhall not put myſelf into your power; I know by your means* Cato *is rejected, and* Vatinius *choſen; I have nothing to aſk of you.* This is to humble Fortune indeed, by depriving her of all authority.

Let us then entertain each other with theſe reflections, and perpetually dwell upon this ſubject, while we ſee ſo many thouſands involve themſelves in difficulties and diſquietude; who, in the purſuit of ruin, are ſtill running from one miſchief into another; and now ſeek that which they ſoon will fly from and deteſt. For where is the man, who thinks even *that* enough, when he hath obtained it, which before ſeemed too much for him to aſk or wiſh for? Felicity is not, as men are apt to think, covetous, but mean; and therefore ſatisfieth not. You fancy perhaps ſome things great, becauſe you are not acquainted with them, but the man who hath attained them is of a contrary opinion: I belie him, if he does not yet ſtudy to riſe. What you ſuppoſe the ſummit, is but a degree or ſtep towards it. And the reaſon why men run into this error, is, they know not *truth:* being deceived by common opinion, they are carried away with the *appearance* of good; and at laſt find, when, after much toil and labour, they have

have gained their end, that what they purſued is evil or vain, or greatly ſhort of what they expected: and the greater part admire ſuch things as certainly deceive them at one time or another, and commonly take what is *great* to be *good*. Leſt therefore we ſhould fall into the like miſtake, let us enquire what is *good*.

Various have been the interpretations hereof: ſome have defined it one way, ſome another, under different expreſſions. As, ſome define it thus, *Good is that which invites and attracts the mind of man.* But to this it is immediately objected, *And what if that which invites a man, invites him to his ruin?* You know that many evils are very attractive. Truth and veriſimilitude differ in this: what is good is annexed to truth; for it is not good, unleſs it be true. But what invites and engages by its appearance, is veriſimilar, wheedles, ſollicits, attracts.——Or, ſome thus define it; *Good* is *that which incites a longing after it, or influenceth the mind with a tendency thereto.* But to this is made the ſame objection: for many things influence the mind, which things are purſued, to the great detriment of the purſuer.——They define it better therefore, who ſay, *Good is that which influenceth the mind according to the nature and fitneſs of things*; and is then to be ſought after, when it becomes worthy our ſearch, and is truly decent and honourable. For this is by all means deſirable. And here I am called upon to ſhew the difference between bonum and honeſtum, *what is good*, and what is *fit and decent*.

They ſeem indeed inſeparable, for nothing can be good, but what in ſome meaſure is right and fit: and what is right and fit muſt alſo be good. What then, you will aſk, is the difference between them? Why, the honeſtum *(what is right and fit)* is that perfect good which completes the happineſs of life, and by communion therewith other things become good. This is what I mean: ſome things are neither good nor evil in themſelves, as *warfare, embaſſage, juriſdiction*; but when theſe offices are juſtly executed they begin to be good, and become really ſo from being indifferent. Bonum, *good*, therefore ariſeth from a communion with honeſs. But honeſtum, *fit and right*, is good on its own

account. Good floweth from the fitneſs of things, but the fitneſs of things is good of itſelf. What is good might have been bad, and what is right and fit cannot be otherwiſe than good.

Others again define it thus: *Good is that which is according to Nature.* Obſerve what I ſay, what is good is alſo according to nature. But it does not follow that what is according to nature is alſo good. Many things are agreeable to nature, and yet of ſo little conſequence as not to deſerve the name of *good*; for they are light and contemptible: whereas not the leaſt good is contemptible. So long as there is any littleneſs in it, it is not good; and when it begins to be good, it is no longer little. *How then ſhall we know when a thing is good?* when it is perfectly agreeable and conſonant to nature. *You own,* you ſay, *that what is good is according to Nature: this is a neceſſary property: yet you affirm that ſome things may be accord ing to Nature; and yet not be good. How then can the former be good, and theſe not ſo? How do they attain another property or quality, when the ſame excellence, the being agreeable to Nature, is common to both?* Why, from their magnitude or greatneſs. Nor is it new or ſtrange, that things ſhould alter their properties by increaſe or growth. One that was an infant, is now a young man: and hath other inclinations. He was before irrational, but now is rational. Some things grow not only greater by increaſe, but are totally changed.

But, it is ſaid, *A thing is ſtill what it was, notwithſtanding any increaſe. Whether you fill a pitcher or a tub with wine, it makes no difference; the wine is ſtill the ſame. A ſmall or a large quantity of honey have both the ſame taſte.* Theſe examples ſuit not the purpoſe. For in theſe the ſame quality, however they are encreaſed in quantity, ſtill remains: but as ſome things, though amplified in kind, ſtill keep the ſame property; there are other, which after many additions, the laſt quite alters, and impreſſeth thereon a new and different condition from that wherein it was before. Thus one ſtone will make an arch; I mean that which is wedged in between the reclining ſides, and binds them together. Now why is this laſt addition, though a ſmall one, of ſo great conſequence? not becauſe it increaſeth, but becauſe it fills, or completes the work.

Some things alſo in their proceſs throw off their priſtine form, and take a new one. As, when the mind hath long been muſing upon and purſuing a ſubject till it is quite wearied with the greatneſs of it; that now begins to be thought another thing, and is called *infinite*, which at firſt appeared, though great, yet *finite*. In like manner when we have found a difficulty in cutting a thing, this difficulty increaſing upon us, we pronounce it impoſſible to be cut: and ſo from a thing which is hard to be moved, we paſs on to what is immovable. In the ſame way of reaſoning, ſomething that was agreeable to nature, is by an additional greatneſs transferred into another property or quality, and becomes thereby *truly good*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) In anteceſſum dabo. A *ſerenſic* term, or what is uſed by the bankers and ſcriveners. Ep. vii. In anteceſſum accipe. *Quinctilian.* Quod apud mercatores ſolet, in anteceſſum dedi. *I gave earneſt.*

(*b*) Throughout the world, wherein Fortune preſides.

EPISTLE CXIX.

On Riches and Contentment.

AS often as I find any thing, I ſtay not 'till you cry, *half is mine (a)*, I offer it myſelf. Do you aſk what I have found? Hold up your lap: 'tis all ſolid gain. I will tell you how to grow rich at once, which I know you would be glad to learn: and you are in the right. I will ſhew you then a moſt compendious way to attain great affluence; yet you muſt be obliged to ſome creditor, with whom you may negotiate this affair; I ſay you muſt neceſſarily run in debt. Yet I would not have you borrow by your ſollicitor, or any interceſſor, nor ſhall your name ſtand in any broker's books. I have got a creditor for you. According to the recommendation of *Cato (b)*, you ſhall borrow of yourſelf. Quantumcumque eſt, ſatis erit, ſi quidquid deerit, id a nobis petierimus. *Whatever little we have 'twill be enough, if what is ſtill wanting we can borrow of ourſelves.*

For there is little or no difference, *Lucilius*, between not wanting a thing, and having it. The effect is the ſame in both; you will no longer be in pain. Not that I command you to deny Nature any thing ſhe properly aſks. She is ſtubborn, and not eaſily to be overcome. She demands her own. But I would have you know, that what exceeds the call of nature is precarious, and unneceſſary. I am hungry; and muſt therefore eat; but whether it be the common ſort of bread, or made of the fineſt wheat-flour, is of no concern to Nature; ſhe does not deſire any otherwiſe to pleaſe the belly, than by filling it. I am thirſty, and whether I drink of the next pool (*c*), or of ſuch water as is mixed with ſnow, in order to give it a coolneſs not its own, it is the ſame to nature. She deſires nothing more than to quench her thirſt; it matters not whether it be out of a cup made of gold, or of cryſtal, or of the *Chalcedonian* pebble, or a plain earthen mug (*d*), or from the hollow of the hand. Fix thine eye upon the end or deſign of all things, and you will diſdain ſuperfluities. Hunger calls upon me; I therefore reach out my hand to the next thing I meet with that is eatable. Hunger will make me reliſh it, be it what it will; an hungry ſtomach diſdains not any thing.

If you aſk now what it is that hath ſo delighted me; it is this, which I think an excellent ſentence, ſapiens, divitiarum naturalium eſt quæſitor acerrimus, *the wiſe man is a moſt diligent ſearcher after natural riches*. But *this*, you ſay, is *ſetting before me an empty platter. What can this mean? I was preparing my bags, and conſidering in what ſea I ſhould firſt make my trading voyage, what public buſineſs I ſhould take in hand, or what wares I ſhould ſend for. This is deceiving me; to teach me to be poor, when you promiſed me riches*. Do you then think the man poor, who wants nothing? *But this*, you ſay, *he owes to himſelf, and the benefit of his patience, not to Fortune*. Well; and do you therefore think him not rich, becauſe his riches, ſuch as they are, can never forſake him? Tell me, which you had rather have? much, or a ſufficient competency? He that hath much deſireth more; which is an argument that he hath not enough: he that thinks he hath enough, hath attained what the rich man never can, the end of his wiſhes (*).

Or

Or do you think them no riches, for which a man is in no danger of being proſcribed? or becauſe they are not enough to tempt a bad ſon or wife to prepare poiſon for their father or huſband? becauſe they are ſafe in time of war, or in peace at their own diſpoſal? Becauſe it is neither dangerous to enjoy them, nor does it require much labour to diſpoſe of them?

Or do you think a man hath but little, who hath juſt enough to keep him from being cold, or hungry, or thirſty? *Jupiter* himſelf hath not more. It is never little, which is enough. *Alexander* of *Macedon*, after he had conquered *Darius* and the *Indians*, was ſtill poor. He was ſtill ſeeking ſomewhat more, which he might call his own: he ſearcheth out unknown ſeas: he ſends a freſh fleet into the ocean: and, if I may ſay it, he breaks through the barriers of the known world. What Nature is ſatisfied with, ſatisfieth not man. There are thoſe who ſtill deſire ſomething, when they have got every thing. So great is the blindneſs of our minds; and ſo forgetful is every one of their beginning, when they ſee themſelves advanced; that he, who was but now maſter of a little nook in *Greece*, and that controvertible, is ſoon after grieved, that, being checked in his career by the far diſtant end of the world, he muſt now return through that world he has made his own. Money never made any one rich. On the contrary, it only makes the poſſeſſor more covetous and needy. Do you aſk the cauſe of this? The more a man hath, the more he thinks it poſſible to have.

Upon the whole, ſet before me one of thoſe whoſe name may be joined with that of *Craſſus*, or *Licinus (e)*; and let him ſet down his revenues, and take into the account not only what he hath, but what he hopes to have. Yet even ſuch a one, if you will believe *me*, is poor; or, if you will believe *yourſelf*, he may be ſo. Whereas the man who hath ſo compoſed and formed himſelf to that which Nature alone requires of him, is not only out of the reach, or ſenſe of poverty, but alſo exempt from the dread of it. But that you may know how difficult a thing it is for a man to ſtraiten himſelf within the meaſure of Nature, even he, whom we ſuppoſed to live according to Nature, and whom you.

you call poor, hath ſtill ſomething that is ſuperfluous. But riches attract and blind the common people; when they ſee large ſums of money expended in any houſe; or the houſe adorned with gold; or if the family be comely in body, and ſplendid in apparel; the happineſs of ſuch a family exiſts in oſtentation and outward ſhew; but the man whom we have withdrawn, both from the eye of the people, and the reach of fortune, is happy within himſelf. For as to thoſe, whom poverty hath ſeized upon, under the falſe name of riches, they have riches, as we are ſaid to *have* an ague, when the ague *hath* us. As we ought therefore to ſay, an ague hath hold of ſuch a one, in like manner we ſhould ſay, riches hath hold of him.

There is nothing therefore I would ſooner remind you of than this, which but few or none ſufficiently obſerve: *that you meaſure all things by pure natural deſires, which are eaſily ſatisfied, or with very little.* Only be careful to keep your deſires clear from vice. You enquire perhaps, what ſort of table I would keep, what plate, and how many ſpruce ſervants in livery I would have attend dinner? Know then, that Nature requireth nothing more than meat and drink;

Nam tibi cùm fauces urit ſitis, aurea quæris
Pocula? num eſuriens faſtidis omnia, præter
Pavonem rhombumque?—*Hor.* S. i. 2. 115.
When thirſty is the throat, and calls for eaſe,
Will nothing but a golden goblet pleaſe?
Or when, with hunger pinch'd, you fain would eat,
Will nothing ſatisfy but dainty meat,
An ortelan, or turbot?——

Hunger is not ambitious. It is well content when ſatisfied; nor regardeth much by what means. Such torments belong to wretched luxury: which though glutted, is continually ſeeking to get an appetite; not to fill the belly, but to ſtuff it: and how to recover the thirſt that hath been quenched by the firſt draught. *Horace* therefore hath elegantly denied that it at all concerns the thirſty, in what glaſs, or with what delicate hand they are ſerved with water. For if you think it of any

any conſequence, how frizzled and curled the page is *(f)*, and how clear the glaſs, you are not dry.

Among other favours, this particular one is beſtowed on us by Nature, that ſhe hath removed all diſdain from neceſſity. Superfluities alone require choice. *Such a thing does not become me, this is not elegant, and that offends the eyes.* The will of the Creator of the world, who hath preſcribed to us the rules of life, is, that we ſtudy to preſerve ourſelves, and not to be over-nice and delicate. All things that tend to our health and preſervation are ready and at hand. Delicacies are not provided but with care and trouble. Let us then make uſe of, and thankfully enjoy, this eſtimable bounty of Nature; and think, that in nothing ſhe hath more obliged us, than, in that whatever is neceſſarily wanted, or deſired, it is accepted without diſdain.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) In commune] It was proverbial among the *Greeks*, when any one found a thing, for another who was preſent, to ſay κοινὸς Ἑρμῆς, *communis Mercurius:* foraſmuuh as *Mercury* was ſuppoſed to preſide over the highway or common road, and the thing ſo found was called Ἑρμαῖον, *Mercurial*, ——as we ſay, *halves.*

(*b*) Catonianum illud] *Lipſius* and *Pincian* read it, *Hecatonianum*; as frequent mention is made by *Seneca* of *Hecaton*, the philoſopher.

(*c*) So *Propertius*,

Ipſa petita lacu nunc mihi dulcis aqua eſt.
Ev'n from a pool the water now ſeems ſweet.

(*d*) Tiburtinus calix.

(*e*) Content, thou beſt of friends! for thou
In our neceſſities art ſo.
'Midſt all our ills a bleſſing ſtill in ſtore,
Joy to the rich, and riches to the poor.——
Content, the good and golden mean,
The ſafe eſtate that ſits between
The ſordid poor, and miſerable great,
The humble tenant of a rural ſeat.
In vain we wealth and treaſure heap;
He 'midſt his thouſand kingdoms ſtill is poor,
That for another crown does weep:
'Tis only he is rich who wiſhes for no more. Dryd. Miſc. ii. p. 83.

(*f*) Theſe

(*e*) Theſe two names are likewiſe mentioned together in *Perſius*, ii. 36.

Tunc manibus quatit, et ſpem macram ſupplice voto
Nunc Licini in campos nunc Craſſi mittit in ædes.
Then dandles him with many a mutter'd pray'r,
That heav'n would make him ſome rich miſer's heir,
Of Licinus, *or* Craſſus.——
Diſpoſitis prædives hamis vigilare cohortem
Servorum noctu Licinus jubet——Juv. xiv. 305.
Rich Licinus's *ſervants ready ſtand,*
Each with a water-bucket in his hand,
Keeping a guard for fear of fire all night—Dryden.

In Sidonius, Ep. v. 7. we have his Epitaph:

Marmoreo hoc tumulo *Licinus* jacet; at *Cato* nullo.
Pompeius parvo. Credimus eſſe Deos?

He is alſo mentioned in the following Epiſtle.

(*f*) *Such a one as* Horace *deſcribed*, Od. ii. 5. 23.

Diſcrimen obſcurum, ſolutis
Crinibus, ambiguoque vultu.
So ſmooth his doubtful cheeks appear,
So looſe, ſo girliſh flows his hair.

EPISTLE CXX.

From whence we learn the Knowledge of Good.

I FIND, my *Lucilius*, that your Epiſtle, after wandering through many petty queſtions, at laſt fixed upon one, which you deſire me to explain: *from whence do we receive the firſt notices, or ideas, of* Good and Right? Theſe two things, in the opinion of ſome, are very different; but we *Stoics* only ſuppoſe them ſubject to a ſlight diſtinction. What I mean is this: ſome think a thing *good* from its being uſeful; they give this title therefore to *riches, an horſe, wine, ſloes*, &c. So low do they degrade the name of *good*, making it applicable to ſervile uſes. And they ſuppoſe *that* to be *right*, which conſiſts in the diſcharge of any juſt duty: as, in the pious care of an aged father; aſſiſting a friend in adverſity; a brave and bold expedition; or in paſſing a prudent

dent and merciful ſentence. Now we (Stoics) ſuppoſe *good* and *right* to be two things indeed, but of the ſame import. *Nothing is* good *but what is* right; *and what is* right, *is alſo* good. I think it unneceſſary to add the difference between them, having ſo often taken notice of it. I ſhall only obſerve, that nothing ſeems *good* to us, which may be made a bad uſe of. And you ſee how many make a bad uſe of riches, nobility, ſtrength, and the like. I therefore now return to the queſtion propoſed, *How we come to the firſt knowledge of* Good *and* Right?

Nature could not teach us this. She hath ſown in our minds the ſeeds of knowledge, but not implanted knowledge itſelf. Some affirm that we fall upon this knowledge accidentally; but it is incredible that any one ſhould have met by chance with the idea or image of virtue. We rather think it gathered from obſervation and reflection; and that from comparing ſuch things with themſelves as have been well experienced, the underſtanding formed from hence its judgment of what is *good* and right, by *analogy* *. For ſince the Latins have adopted this word, and made it a free denizen of *Rome*, I think it by no means to be rejected, or returned to its native country, *Greece*; it is to be accepted therefore, not as a ſtranger and newly-received word, but as if it were in common uſe.

To explain then what is meant by the word *(analogy)*. We know that ſanity or health is a quality belonging to the body; from hence we infer a like quality belonging to the ſoul: we know that ſtrength and vigour are properties of the body: from whence we preſume the ſoul to be endowed with the like properties. We have been amazed at ſome generous, humane, brave actions; hence we began to admire them, as ſo many perfections: but theſe however have been traverſed with many failings, which the glare and ſplendor of ſome notable action concealed from us; we therefore pretended not to ſee them. Nature commands us to magnify deeds that are praiſe-worthy; whereupon glory is generally carried beyond truth. From hence we took the idea of ſome extraordinary *good*.

Fabricius refuſed the gold of King *Pyrrhus*, and judged it greater than a kingdom, that he was able to contemn the riches of a King (*a*). The ſame hero, when a phyſician made him an offer to poiſon *Pyrrhus*, adviſed the King to be upon his guard againſt treachery. Now it was the ſame greatneſs of ſoul, that ſcorned to be overcome with gold, or to overcome his adverſary by poiſon. We therefore juſtly admired this great man, who was not to be prevailed upon by the promiſes of a King, nor by any that were treacherouſly made againſt a King. So reſolutely fixed was he on ſetting a good example: and what is moſt difficult, he preſerved his innocence, in war. He thought a man might be guilty of baſeneſs even towards his profeſt enemies; and in the extreme poverty, wherein he gloried, deteſted riches no leſs than poiſon. *Live*, ſaid he, Pyrrhus, *by my courteſy, and rejoice at what you was ſo much diſpleaſed before, that* Fabricius *was not to be corrupted.*

Horatius Cocles, with his ſingle arm, kept the narrow paſs of the bridge, and ordered it to be pulled down behind to prevent the paſſage of the enemy: and ſo long did he maintain his poſt againſt the aſſailants, 'till he heard the downfall of the props and timbers; and looking behind and ſeeing his purpoſe affected, ſo as at his own peril to ſtop the peril of his country, *Now follow*, ſaid he, *who will; this is the way I go.* And thereupon immediately flung himſelf into the river; and being not leſs ſollicitous in the rapid ſtream to preſerve his arms than his life, with this honourable and victorious load upon him, he got to land as ſafe as if he had returned by the bridge (*b*). Theſe and the like actions give us an idea of valour and magnanimity.

I will add what perhaps may ſeem ſtrange to you. Evil things have ſometimes given us the idea of good. And what is moſt *right and fit* hath appeared from the contrary. For there are you know certain vices, which border upon, or have the reſemblance of, virtues, ſo that even in the moſt vile and baſe men, there is ſometimes the appearance of goodneſs. Thus the prodigal man counterfeits the liberal; whereas there is a great difference between a man's knowing how to give, and not knowing how to keep, his money. There are many, I ſay, *Lucilius*, who

who do not give, but throw it away. I do not call him a liberal man, who is angry, as it were, with his money. In like manner, careleſſneſs aſſumes the air of eaſe and freedom; and raſhneſs, of fortitude. Now this reſemblance hath obliged us to examine things carefully, and to diſtinguiſh ſuch as reſemble one another indeed in appearance, but in fact are widely different. While we reſpect thoſe whom ſome noble exploit hath rendered famous, we begin to remark that ſuch a one hath executed an enterprize with nobleneſs of ſpirit and great reſolution; yet it was but once. We ſee him brave in war, in the forum a coward: bearing poverty with manlineſs and courage; but ſcandal and infamy with a poor and abject mind. We have therefore praiſed the particular deed, but deſpiſed the man.

We have ſeen another perſon courteous to his friends; moderate towards his enemies; and both in public and private life, behaving himſelf ſoberly and righteouſly; not wanting patience, in what he was bound to ſuffer; nor prudence in what he was to perform: we have ſeen him, when it was a time to give, diſtributing his bounty with a full hand; and when labour was required of him, how reſolute! induſtrious, ſubject to command, relieving the wearineſs of his body with conſtancy, and firmneſs of mind. He was moreover always the ſame, conſiſtent with himſelf in every action; and not only good by intention and deſign, but happily arrived to ſuch an habit, as not only to do what was right, but to be capable of doing nothing but what was right.

From whence then we learn that in ſuch a one virtue is perfect; and this we divide into ſeveral parts: ſeeing that deſires are to be reſtrained; fear to be repreſſed; requiſite actions to be foreſeen; and their ſeveral duties paid to every one (*c*): from hence we learned temperance, fortitude, prudence, juſtice, and gave to each their particular office. And from whence did we learn virtue? It was diſplayed in the order, decency, conſtancy and uniformity, that ſuch a one obſerved in all his actions; and particularly in that greatneſs of ſoul which exalted itſelf above all the reſt. Hence appeared that bleſſed ſtate of life, which

ever flows in a proſperous and happy courſe *(d)*, dependent entirely upon itſelf. And what we further collect from hence is, that this perfect man, this adept in virtue, never curſed Fortune; was never caſt down by any accident, and looking upon himſelf as a ſoldier and citizen of the world, underwent all labours as patiently as if they were enjoined him by the command of his ſuperiors. Whatever happened to him he received it, not with diſcontent, as an accidental evil, but as his deſtined lot in life. *This*, ſaith he, be it what it will, *is my portion. It is hard: it is indeed ſevere; but we muſt bear it, and do the beſt we can.*

He neceſſarily appeared therefore, in all reſpects, a great man; from whom no diſaſters could ever diſtort a ſigh or groan; who never complained of his fate: he gave to many a taſte of his goodneis, which ſhone as a light in a dark place (*e*); turning the inclinations and affections of every one towards him, being mild and gracious, and alike juſt in all affairs both human and divine. His mind was perfect, being advanced to that height, above which there is nothing but the mind of God. A part whereof condeſcended to dwell even in this mortal breaſt *(f)*; which is never more divine, than when it reflects upon its own mortality; and knows that man was born to this end; that he muſt one day part with life; and that this body is not a fixed habitation, but an inn; and indeed an inn, where we muſt make but a ſhort ſtay; and muſt certainly leave it, at the pleaſure or diſpleaſure of our hoſt.

It is a very ſtrong argument with me, dear *Lucilius*, that the ſoul is derived from ſome higher ſource, when it looks upon all earthly things, wherewith at preſent it is converſant, as mean and vile; and is under no dread to leave them. For he knows whither he is going, who recollects from whence he came. See we not how many things incommode and trouble us; and how irkſome this body is to us? Sometimes we complain of the bowels, ſometimes of the head, ſometimes of the breaſt and throat; at one time the nerves, at another our feet rack us; to-day a lowneſs of ſpirit; to-morrow a violent cold; ſometimes too much blood; ſometimes too little; thus are we toſſed about, and at laſt obliged

to

to go off. This is what generally happens to thoſe who live in a tenement not their own. And yet though ſuch a weak and putrid body be our portion, we nevertheleſs lay ſchemes for eternity; and as far as human life can poſſibly be extended, ſo far do we ſtretch our hopes; never ſatisfied with riches or power. But what can be more ridiculous? What more ſhameful? Nothing contenteth *us*, who muſt die ſoon, nay, who *die every day*; for we daily draw near our end; and every hour drives us to the precipice from whence we ſhall ſurely fall.

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Obſerve then in what a ſtate of blindneſs our minds are involved! That which I ſaid muſt come, is now come, and great part of it already gone: for the time we have lived, is there, where it was before we lived (*g*). We greatly err in fearing our laſt day; ſince each of the foregoing contributes as much unto death, as this. It is not this laſt ſtep that hath tired us when we drop; it only makes us know and confeſs that we are tired. The laſt day reacheth death, the former advanced towards it. Death cuts us not off at once, but only crops us continually (*h*). A great ſoul therefore, conſcious of a better ſtate in reverſion, and a more exalted condition, endeavours indeed, in the ſtation wherein it is placed, to demean itſelf induſtriouſly and honeſtly; but it looks upon none of thoſe things that ſurround it, as its own property; but as things lent us for a while, and uſeth them accordingly, as a ſtranger, and one that is haſtening to another abode (*i*).

Now when we ſee a man acting with ſuch conſtancy and integrity, it cannot but preſent us with the diſtinguiſhing marks of an uncommon underſtanding; ſomething, I ſay, above the common ſtandard of human nature; eſpecially, if as I before obſerved, this greatneſs is attended with the manifeſtation of truth. Truth ever keeps the ſame ſteady courſe. Things falſe and counterfeit laſt not, being ever ſubject to change. Thus ſome men are at one time *Vatinius'*, at another time *Cato's*; one while they think *Curius* not ſevere; nor *Fabricius* poor enough: they will ſcarcely allow *Tubero* to be frugal, and ſufficiently content with his little: and at another time they challenge *Licinius* in wealth, *Apicius* in luxury, and *Mecænas* in the moſt elegant delights.

Nothing

Nothing can be a greater ſign of a bad diſordered mind, than this reſtleſſneſs, this continual agitation, between the diſſimulation of virtue, and the love of vice:

—— habebat ſæpe ducentos
Sæpe decem ſervos; modò reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens; modò ſit mihi menſa tripes, et
Concha ſalis puri; et toga quæ defendere frigus
Quamvis craſſa, queat; decies centena dediſſes
Huic parco paucis contento: quinque diebus,
Nil erat in loculo.—Hor. Sat. i. 3. 11.

Sometimes two hundred ſlaves compoſe his train,
And ſometimes ten. Now, in a pompous ſtrain,
Of kings and heroes he would brag; and ſoon
Lower his ſtyle to a more humble boon;
A three-legg'd table, and of ſalt one ſhell,
And a coarſe gown the weather to repell;
Yet in five days, ſo frugally content,
Had he a million, it would all be ſpent. Duncomb.

There are many ſuch as *Horace* hath here deſcribed; ſo wavering, ſo unlike to, and inconſiſtent with themſelves. Did I ſay many? nay, almoſt all men have this foible. There is ſcarce any one but who changeth his opinion, and his wiſhes: at one time he thinks himſelf happy in a wife; at another time he prefers a miſtreſs: he will now be maſter, and ſoon after ſtoop to be an officious humble ſervant; at one time he ſhews away in the greateſt ſplendour, ſo as to create envy; at another time he ſubſides, and lowers himſelf beneath the moſt abject of mortals: at one time he is profuſely generous; at another time he ſcrapes together all he can get. Nothing ſure can diſcover a weak and imprudent mind more than ſuch demeanor; where one action is perpetually thwarting another, and (than which I think nothing can be more vile) the man is altogether inconſiſtent with himſelf.

Think it a great virtue, my *Lucilius*, to act uniformly. Now none but a wiſe man appears always one and the ſame. The reſt are daily putting

putting on new ſhapes. One while you would think us very frugal and grave; at another time, prodigal and vain. We frequently change our maſques, and put on a very different one from that we pulled off. Exact this therefore of thyſelf, having fixed upon a certain rule of life, maintain it to thy laſt breath. Endeavour to deſerve praiſe, at leaſt to make it known who you are, by an uniformity of action: for it may ſometimes be ſaid of the man you ſaw yeſterday, *who is this man?* ſo great an alteration hath one day made in him.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*) Things that come not within the ſcrutiny of human ſenſes, as the virtue of the loadſtone, &c. cannot be examined by them, or be atteſted by any body; and therefore can appear more or leſs probable only as they more or leſs agree to truths that are eſtabliſhed in our minds; and as they hold proportion to other parts of our knowledge and approbation. *Analogy* in theſe matters is the only help we have, and 'tis from that alone we draw all our grounds of probability. See *Locke*, p. 285.

(*a*) See *Plutarch.* in the Life of *Pyrrhus.*

(*b*) Id. in the Life of *Poplicola.*

(*c*) The like charge is given us by St. Paul, *To render to all their dues, tribute to whom tribute is due, cuſtom to whom cuſtom, fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour.* Rom. xiii. 7. And here I cannot but recommend to the Reader's notice that moſt excellent ſermon of my good and ever-memorable maſter Dr. *Snape* on this text.

(*d*) i. e. the Εὐρὸϛια of the Stoics.

(*e*) As St. Peter ſaith of *the moſt ſure word of prophecy, wherewith ye do well that ye take heed as unto a light that ſhineth in a dark place.* ii. Pet. 1. 19. And St. *John* of our Saviour—*In him was life, and this life was the light of men, and the light ſhineth in darkneſs and the darkneſs comprehended it not.* John, i. 45.

(*f*) *For who hath known,* ſaith St. *Paul, the mind of the Lord, that he may inſtruct him? But we have the mind of Chriſt. Let this mind be in you, which was alſo in* Chriſt Jeſus. Phil. ii. 5. *Know you not yourſelves, how that* Jeſus Chriſt *is in you, except ye be reprobates?* ii. Cor. 13. 5. *And of his fullneſs have we all received.* John i. 16.

(*g*) The bell ſtrikes one.——If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the Flood. *Young.* N. T.

(*h*) Carpit nos illa non corripit] The old tranſlation renders it, *Death ſwallows us indeed, but doth not devour us.* Cellu nous avalle, mais ne nous devore pas.

Is Death at diſtance? No: he has been on thee;
And giv'n ſure earneſt of his final blow. *Id.*
Each *moment* has its ſickle, emulous
Of *Time's* enormous ſcythe, whoſe ample ſweep

Strikes

Strikes empires from the root: each *moment* plays
His little weapon in the narrower ſphere
Of ſweet domeſtic comfort, and cuts down
The faireſt bloom of ſublunary bliſs. *Id.*

(*i*) *Theſe all died in faith, not having received the promiſes, but having ſeen them afar off, and were perſuaded of them, and embraced them, and confeſſed they were* ſtrangers and pilgrims on the earth. *For they that ſay ſuch things, declare plainly they ſeek a country: and truly if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came, they might have had opportunity to have returned. But now they deſire a better country*, i. e. *an heavenly. Wherefore God is not aſhamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city.* Heb. ii. 13. 6. *Dearly beloved*, ſaith St. Peter, *I beſeech you, as* ſtrangers and pilgrims, *to abſtain from fleſhly luſts, that war againſt the ſoul.* i. Pet. ii. 11. And St. Paul, This I ſay, brethren, *the time is ſhort, it remaineth that ye uſe this world as not abuſing it; for the faſhion of this world paſſeth away.* i. Cor. 7. 31. See Epp. 58, 74, 98.

"The *Ægyptians* in general, according to *Deodorus*, held the preſent life to be of ſmall account; but the glory of a life to come hereafter, acquired by virtue, to be the higheſt object of their ambition. They looked upon our houſes here but as *inns*, where we are to bait but a little while." Nay, *Macrobius* aſſures us, Animarum originem manare de cœlo inter rectè philoſophantes indubitatæ conſtat eſſe ſententiæ. *Somn. Scip.* l. 1. *It was the undoubted opinion of the beſt philoſophers, that our ſouls were derived to us from heaven.*

EPISTLE CXXI.

Whether every Creature is ſenſible of his own Conſtitution.

I KNOW you will chide me, *Lucilius*, when I explain to you the petty queſtion, which I have been ſo long muſing upon this very day. And again you will cry out, *what avails this towards reforming our morals?* But exclaim as you pleaſe, when I have called to my aſſiſtance thoſe eminent Stoics, *Poſidonius* and *Archidemus* (*a*); let them argue the point with you: what I would aſk is, *whether any thing that relates to morality does not tend to create good manners?* When we conſider the different engagements and purſuits of man, we find that one thing tends to his nouriſhment, another to exerciſe, another to dreſs, another to inſtruction, another to pleaſure and delight. All theſe, I ſay, belong to him, yet not all of them make him a better man. So with regard

to morals; ſome things affect him in one way, ſome in another; ſome correct and regulate mankind; other things point out their nature and origin.

And when I am enquiring after the reaſon why *Nature* firſt made man, and gave him the pre-eminence over all other animals; do you think that ſuch an enquiry bears no relation to *manners?* if you do, you are miſtaken; for how will you know what manners beſt ſuit a man, unleſs you firſt find out what path it is beſt for man to purſue? unleſs you inſpect his very nature. Then indeed you will underſtand what you are to do, and what to avoid; when you have thoroughly learned what you owe to your nature and conſtitution as man.

I would fain learn, you ſay, *how to covet leſs, and leſs to fear: root out all ſuperſtition from me; teach me, that what is called* felicity, *is light and vain; and that by the acceſſion of one ſyllable, it becomes the reverſe, in*felicity. Know then, I will ſome day gratify your requeſt, by exhorting to the practice of virtue and ſcorning vice: and though ſome perhaps may think me too ſevere in this reſpect, I will ſteadily perſiſt in perſecuting iniquity, bridling in the moſt refractory affections, reſtraining ſuch pleaſures as neceſſarily end in pain and ſorrow, and in thwarting every idle wiſh. For why? we have often wiſhed for the greateſt of evils; and have received that with joy and congratulation, againſt which we afterwards ſo bitterly exclaim (*b*). In the mean while permit me to diſcuſs a few things, however wide they may ſeem from this purpoſe.

The queſtion was, *whether all animals have a certain ſenſe of their condition or conſtitution (c).* And that they have ſuch a ſenſe, is chiefly manifeſt from their ſo aptly and expeditiouſly moving their limbs, as if they had been particularly inſtructed and bred up therein. There is a certain agility in all their different parts; as the artiſt uſeth his tools with eaſe and readineſs; and the pilot knows to ſteer his ſhip: and the painter, having ſet before him many various colours picks out, or forms, that which he thinks will give the beſt likeneſs; and with a

quick eye and ready hand paſſeth between the pallet and the image repreſented. So ready and nimble is an animal in the uſe of each ſeveral motion. We are apt to admire juſt actors, in that their hand is expreſſive of every affection; and a proper attitude and geſticulation attend on the different flow of words; what theſe do by art, animals do by nature. None of them find any difficulty in moving their limbs; nor heſitate in the uſe of them. They come into life with this knowledge; and are born, as it were, with ſuch particular inſtructions.

But it is ſaid, *that animals move their limbs in ſuch an apt manner, becauſe if they were to move them otherwiſe it would give them pain.* According to this opinion then they act by compulſion; 'tis not the *will*, but *fear* that directs them to a proper motion. But this is falſe; they are ſlow upon compulſion: agility is a voluntary motion; and ſo far is the fear of pain from inciting thereto, that they will endeavour at their motion, though they ſuffer pain by it. Thus an infant, who is learning to uſe his feet and to ſtand upright, as ſoon as he begins to try his ſtrength, falls down, and not without tears riſeth again as often, 'till by frequent exerciſe and much pain he hath attained the habit Nature deſigned him. Some animals of a very hard back being turned thereon, will twiſt themſelves, and throw out their feet and ſcramble with them, 'till they are replaced in their proper poſition. The tortoiſe, for inſtance, when laid upon his back, is not ſuppoſed to feel much pain, yet through deſire of his natural poſture, he is reſtleſs, and ſtruggles, nor will ceaſe his endeavours 'till he hath recovered his feet. There is in every animal therefore a ſenſe of their conſtitution; and from hence proceeds the prompt uſe of their limbs; nor can we have any greater ſign that they came into life with this knowledge, than that no animal is ignorant in the uſe of his body.

Conſtitution, it is ſaid, as you define it, *is the governing principle of the mind, under ſuch a modification with regard to the body. But as this is ſo perplexed and ſubtle, and what you yourſelves ſcarce know how to expreſs; how ſhall an infant underſtand it! All animals ſhould have been logicians, that they might comprehend this definition, which is obſcure and unintelligible*

unintelligible to a great part of the better learned among yourſelves. There would be ſome force in this objection, if we ſhould allow that the animals themſelves underſtand this definition of conſtitution. But conſtitution itſelf is much eaſier underſtood from Nature than it can be from any definition or expreſſion (*d*). The infant knows not what is meant by the word *conſtitution*, but he well knows his own; neither does he know what an animal is, but he perceives himſelf to be an animal; and alſo underſtands in the groſs, ſummarily, and obſcurely, his own conſtitution.

We likewiſe know that we have a *ſoul:* but what the ſoul is, where it is, of what quality, and from whence it is, we know not (*e*). The ſame ſenſe that we have of the ſoul, though we know not its nature and ſituation; ſuch a ſenſe have all animals of their conſtitution. For they muſt neceſſarily be ſenſible of that, by which they are ſenſible of other things; they muſt needs be ſenſible of that, which they obey; and by which they are governed: there is not one of us, but who knows there is ſomewhat within him, that ſtirs up his powers to action; but what it is he knows not. As infants, ſo likewiſe other animals, have a certain ſenſe of their principal part, though it be not clear enough, nor ſo expreſs, as to form a juſt notion of it.

You ſay, it is objected again, *that every animal is at firſt reconciled to his conſtitution; but that the conſtitution of man is rational; and therefore is man reconciled to himſelf, not as merely to an animal, but as to a rational animal; for in that is man dear to himſelf, as being man; how then can an infant be reconciled to a rational conſtitution, when as yet he is not rational?* Every age of life hath its own conſtitution. There is one conſtitution to infants, another to youth, and another to old age, and all are reconciled to their preſent condition. An infant hath no teeth, he does well without them: he cuts his teeth: this condition agreeth likewiſe with his age: as that herb, which in a little time will become bread-corn, hath one ſtate, when tender and ſcarce riſing above the furrow; another when it is grown up; and though the ſtalk indeed be ſlender, yet it is ſtrong enough to bear its weight; another when it begins to change

colour, and ripen for the barn; in whatever ſtate it is, it maintains the ſame, and in all reſpects is accommodated thereto. Thus I ſay there is an age peculiar to infants, another to children, another to youth, and another to maturity; yet I am ſtill the ſame perſon I was, when a boy, when a young man. So though the conſtitution of every man is continually changing, there is the ſame reſpect and agreeableneſs in every change: for it is not the boy, nor the young, nor the old man, that Nature recommends to my care, but myſelf (*f*). Therefore the infant is reconciled to that conſtitution which he then hath as an infant, not to that which he ſhall hereafter have when a young man. Neither, though ſome greater and better ſtate may remain, into which he ſhall one day paſs, is not this alſo in which he was born ſuitable to Nature.

At firſt, every animal is reconciled and a friend to *ſelf*. For there muſt be ſome quality to which other qualities may be referred. I ſeek pleaſure. For whom? Myſelf. Therefore I take care of myſelf. I fly from danger? For whoſe ſake? My own. Therefore am I cautious. If then I am directed by ſelf-preſervation; ſelf-preſervation muſt be before all things. And this we ſee in all living creatures; nor is it ingrafted in, but born with us. Nature bringeth forth her young, and would preſerve them: and, becauſe the nearer our defence is the more ſafe we are, ſhe hath committed the charge of every one to himſelf; and therefore, as I have ſaid elſewhere, young animals as ſoon as they come from their dam, or ſee the light, know immediately what is hurtful to them; and fly from thoſe things that threaten death. Nay ſuch as are in danger from birds of prey, are afraid even of the ſhadow of thoſe birds when flying over them. No animal comes into life without the fear of death.

It is aſked indeed, *how an animal, juſt brought forth, can underſtand what is either ſalutary or deſtructive?* But firſt the queſtion is, whether he does underſtand this, not how he underſtands it? And that they have ſuch underſtanding is manifeſt from this, *they will do nothing more than what they ſo underſtand.* Why does not the hen fly from the peacock or the gooſe, when ſhe flies from the hawk with all ſpeed, a much leſs

leſs bird, and not known to her before? Why are chickens afraid of a cat, but not of a dog? It is plain they know what will hurt them, without having learned this from experience: for they are afraid before they have made any trial of their danger. And then that you may not think this happens by chance, they neither are afraid of other things than what they have cauſe to fear, nor do they ever forget that ſuch are their enemies. Their flight from what is pernicious is ever anſwerable to this their defenſive care and diligence.

Beſides, the longer they live, they are not leſs afraid; from whence it is apparent that this comes not by cuſtom, but from the natural love of their own welfare. What cuſtom teacheth is learned ſlowly, by degrees, and in various ways: but whatever Nature propoſes comes alike to all, and at once. If you deſire to know, I will tell you, how every living creature comes to the knowledge of what will prove deſtructive to him. He perceives himſelf to conſiſt of fleſh, and conſequently knows whereby fleſh may be cut, or burned, or bruiſed. Such animals then as are armed for miſchief, he concludes to be his enemies, and of an hoſtile diſpoſition. There is a connexion between theſe things. For as every animal is at once endowed with the ſenſe of ſelf-preſervation, ſuch things as tend thereto they readily perceive, and dread what is like to be hurtful.

Now this dread of, and rejecting, contraries is natural; and what Nature directs, is done, without forecaſt, without deliberation. See you not with what art and ſubtlety the bees form their little cells (*g*)? what amazing concord there is between them in dividing the labours of the day! See you not that no art of man can imitate the curious texture of the ſpider's web (*b*)! What pains does ſhe take in the juſt diſpoſition of the threads! ſome are woven in a ſtrait line by way of foundation; others are entwiſted circularly, and growing ſtill finer but cloſer ſpread, are a net to catch flies, her deſtined prey. Now this art is innate, not taught her, and therefore none of theſe animals are more learned than others of the ſame kind. Every ſpider of the kind ſpins a like

like web; and every cell in the honeycomb is formed with the like angles.

Whatever is taught by art is uncertain and unequal: but what Nature teacheth is always uniform; and nothing hath ſhe taught more certainly than ſelf-defence, and ſkill in ſelf-preſervation. Animals begin to live and to learn at the ſame time; nor is it any wonder that, that inſtruction ſhould be born with them, without which they would have been born in vain. Nature hath given them this knowledge, as the firſt means of preſerving in them a conſtant agreement with, and love of their own condition. They could not poſſibly be ſafe, unleſs they had an inclination ſo to be: nor would this alone have been of ſervice to them, but without this nothing elſe could.

Laſtly therefore let me obſerve that you will find in none of them a contempt, nor even a diſregard, of *ſelf*. For even ſuch as are dumb, and brutes indeed, though in other things they are quite ſtupid, are cunning enough to get their living: and you will ſee even thoſe, which are altogether uſeleſs and unprofitable to others, are yet never wanting to themſelves.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Archidemus*, an eminent leader among the Stoics. *Cicero* likewiſe mentions him with *Antipater*. Vid. Lipſ. Manud. l. 12.

(*b*) Nos plerumque id votis expetimus, quod non impetraſſe melius foret, &c. Val. Max. vii. 2.

——— Quid enim ratione timemus,
Aut cupimus? Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatûs non pœniteat, votique peracti?
Evertêre domos totas optantibus ipſis
Dii faciles.——Juv. x. 6.

How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well diſpos'd, ſo luckily begun,
But when we have our wiſh, we wiſh undone?
Whole houſes of their whole deſires poſſeſt,
Are often ruin'd at their own requeſt. Dryden.

(*c*) Thy

(*c*) Τὴν δὴ πρώτην ὁρμὴν, φησι, τὸ ζῶον ἴσχειν ἐπὶ τὸ τηρεῖν ἑαυτόν.—*Laert.*—Placet iis quorum ratio mihi probatur, ſimul atque natum ſit animal, ipſum ſibi conciliari et commendari ad ſe conſervandum et ad ſuum ſtatum, et ad ea quæ ſunt conſervantia ejus ſtatus diligenda.—alienari autem ab interitu, iiſque rebus quæ interitum videantur afferre. *Cic.* de Fin. 3. 5. *The philoſophers, whoſe ſyſtem I approve of, are of opinion, that as ſoon as any creature is born, (for here we muſt commence our diſputation) it has an affection for itſelf; it endeavours its own preſervation and well-being; and is impelled to the love of every thing that can contribute thereto. At the ſame time it abhors diſſolution, and whatever may ſeem to threaten the ſame.*

(*d*) *We ſhould know very little indeed,* ſaith GALEN, *did we know no more than what we could give a juſt definition of.*

(*e*) There was a ſtrange diverſity of opinions among the antient philoſophers about the nature of the human ſoul. The moſt eminent of them however, from the time of *Pythagoras*, maintained, that it is *a portion of the divine eſſence.* See *Leland* ii. 1. 280.

(*f*) *Self,* is that conſcious thinking thing, (whatever ſubſtance made up of, whether ſpiritual or material, ſimple or compounded it matters not) which is ſenſible, or conſcious of pleaſure and pain, capable of happineſs or miſery, and ſo is concerned for *itſelf* as far as that conſciouſneſs extends. *Locke,* p. 292.

(*g*) " See what bright ſtrokes of architecture ſhine
Through the whole frame, what beauty, what deſign!
Each odorif'rous cell, and waxen tow'r,
The yellow pillage of the rifled flow'r,
Has twice three ſides, the only figure fit
To which the lab'rers may their ſtores commit
Without the loſs of matter, or of room,
In all the wondrous ſtructure of the comb." *Anon.*

(*b*) I cannot here but pay my reſpects to the memory of Dr. *Littleton,* my late moſt worthy friend, whoſe elegant poem on a *ſpider,* is in the hands of every one.
Inſidious, reſtleſs, watchful, ſpider, &c.

EPISTLE CXXII.

On Extravagance, and irregular Living.

THE days, *Lucilius,* are now upon the decline: they are grown indeed ſomewhat ſhorter, yet are ſtill long enough to give a man ſufficient time for buſineſs; if he would riſe, as I may ſay, with the day itſelf; but to ſome other purpoſe, than merely to give the uſual ſalutation. But it is ſcandalous to lie dozing when the ſun is riſen, and not to be thoroughly

thoroughly awake 'till noon: and yet this is what ſome call riſing early. For there are thoſe who invert the order of night and day, and who never open their eyes, ſtill heavy with yeſternight's debauch, 'till night returns again. They ſeem to be in the ſtate of thoſe, whom Nature, as *Virgil* ſaith, hath placed oppoſite to us, with their feet to our feet.

Noſque ubi primus equis oriens effulſit anhelis,
Illic ſera rubens accendit lumina veſper. G. i. 250.
Or when Aurora *leaves our northern ſphere,*
She lights the downward heav'n, and riſes there;
And when on us ſhe breathes the living light,
Red Veſper *kindles there the tapers of the night.* Dryden.

It is not that their region or country is oppoſite and contrary to that of other men, but their life. There are oftentimes *antipodes* in the ſame city; who, as *Marcus Cato (a)* obſerves, *never ſaw the ſun, either riſing or ſetting.*

Think you that thoſe men know how to live, who know not when they live? And yet they fear death, though they bury themſelves alive, and are as ominous, if you chance to meet them, as the night-raven. Although they ſpend their darkneſs in wine and perfume; although they ſpin out the whole time of their intemperate vigils in banqueting, and variety of luxurious diſhes; they *feaſt* not, but are ſolemnizing their own funerals (*b*). The obſequies of the dead indeed are wont to be celebrated in the day-time, and are ſoon over: but no day is long enough for him that liveth, and worketh as he ought. We muſt ſtretch out the narrow ſpan of life; the duty and ſign whereof conſiſt in action. We muſt even contract the night, and transfer part of it to the day. Birds that are cooped up for a feaſt, that by ſitting ſtill they may grow fat, are generally kept in the dark: ſo of thoſe men, who lie all day long without any exerciſe, a ſwelling is apt to invade the ſluggiſh body; a lazy fatneſs ſeizeth all their limbs; and having dedicated themſelves to darkneſs, they grow filthy and ill-favoured. Their ſodden countenance looks as ſuſpicious as of thoſe who labour under ſome diſeaſe; they are of an aſhy colour, languid and faint; and tho' ſtill active, their fleſh ſeems already corrupted. This however, I may

ſay, is but the leaſt of evils that attends ſuch irregularities, ſince a far greater darkneſs involves the mind; it is quite ſtupid; it is ſo very dark, it envies the blind. Who but ſuch men as theſe could ever think that the eyes were given us to be uſed in darkneſs!

Do you aſk whence proceeds this depravity of mind, that loaths the day, and is for turning the whole of life into night? Know that all vices are repugnant and contrary to Nature: they all deſert the order and fitneſs of things. It is the very deſign of luxury to rejoice in perverſeneſs; and not only to depart from what is right, but to fly from it as far as poſſible. Do they not ſeem to live contrary to Nature, who drink faſting (*c*), who pour down wine into their empty veins, and go drunk to dinner? yet ſuch is the common exceſs of youth, who affect in this way to try their ſtrength. Upon the very threſhold of the bath they ſtrip and drink; nay, they quaff down bumpers, and every now and then wipe off the ſweat occaſioned by their frequent and hot draughts. To drink only after meals is too vulgar a thing for men of taſte; let your country-folk, and men who know not true pleaſure, follow rules; our gallants delight not in that wine which ſwims harmleſs upon their food, and has a free and eaſy acceſs to the nerves: no drunkenneſs is ſo agreeable, as that which is got upon an empty ſtomach.

Do they not ſeem to live contrary to Nature, who change habits with women, and ſtudy to preſerve a young bloom on a wrinkled forehead? What can be more horrid, or more wretched? They would fain never be man, that they may not leave off their boyiſh tricks: and when their ſex ought to reſcue them from contumely and diſgrace, not age itſelf can diſcharge them.

Live they not contrary to Nature who covet a roſe in winter? and who by the nouriſhment of warm water and a proper heat of air, force the lily and other ſpring flowers, to bloom in the depth of winter?

Live they not contrary to Nature, who plant orchards on their turrets, (*d*), ſo that trees may wave over the tops of their houſes; and ſtrike

their roots in thoſe places, which it would have been preſumption to pretend to reach with their higheſt boughs?

Live they not contrary to Nature, who lay the foundation of their baths in the ſea; nor think they can ſwim delicately unleſs the warm water likewiſe be ruffled with billows?

Thus having reſolved to will nothing but what is contrary to the cuſtom of Nature, they at laſt entirely revolt from her. "*Is it day-*"*light?* It is time then to go to ſleep (*e*). *Is it night?* Let us now "take our uſual exerciſe: let us get into our chariots, pay our viſits, "and ſo to dinner. But lo! the morning approaches; it is now ſup-"per-time. It is not for us to act as the common people do. It is "mean to live in the ordinary and vulgar way. Let the poor wretches "enjoy the whole day to themſelves; ſo we have but an early hour in "the morning to go to bed."

For my part I cannot but rank ſuch extravagant fops among the dead. For how like a funeral is it, and a ſorrowful one too, to live thus by the light of torches and flambeaux? I remember not long ago, there were many who lived ſuch a ſort of life, among whom was *Atticus Buta*, a Prætorian, who after he had ſpent a large eſtate, and was complaining of his poverty to *Tiberius*, received this anſwer, *you are too late awakened*. *Montanus Julius (f)*, a tolerable poet, but well known, by having been a favourite, though afterwards in diſgrace, with *Tiberius*, was one day reciting his poetry; and as he was fond of uſing the words ortus and occaſus, *(eaſt* and *weſt*, or *morning* and *evening)* when a friend of his complained that he had detained him a whole day, and that it was very unreaſonable to expect a man ſhould attend ſo long to hear his compoſitions; one *Natta Pinarius (g)* ſaid pleaſantly enough, *For my part, I think a man cannot uſe him more courteouſly than I do; for I am willing to hear him*, ab ortu ad occaſum (alluding to the *words* only.) But when he was reciting theſe verſes,

Incipit ardentes Phœbus producere flammas,
Spergere ſe rubicunda dies, jam triſtis hirundo

Argutis

Argutis reditura cibos immittere nidis
Incipit, et molli partitos ore miniſtrat.
Phœbus begins to ſhew his ſultry flame,
And ruddy morn to ſpread around the ſame;
With various food the ſwallow treats her young,
And lulls them with her melancholy ſong.

Varus a Roman knight, a companion of *Lucius Vicinius*, and an excellent ſmell-feaſt, making himſelf every where welcome by his witty, and often bitter jeſts, cried out,

And Buta *now prepares for ſleep.*

And when he repeated theſe lines,

Jam ſua paſtores ſtabulis armenta locarunt,
Jam dare ſopitis nox nigra ſilentia terris
Incipit.——
The ſhepherds to the fold their flocks had led,
And ſilent darkneſs o'er the world was ſpread:

cried the ſame *Varus, what does* Montanus *ſay? It is now night; I will go then, and give good-morrow to* Buta. Nothing was more notorious than this life which *Buta* led, ſo contrary to all rule; and in which many, as I ſaid, indulged themſelves at that time.

Now the reaſon of men's living in this prepoſterous manner, is, not becauſe they think the night itſelf hath any thing more pleaſing in it; but becauſe nothing delights them that is obvious and common; and becauſe light is generally burthenſome to a bad conſcience; and becauſe they who value every thing, according to the price it bears, be it great or ſmall, diſdain the light, which coſts them nothing.

Moreover theſe luxurious gentlemen deſire to be talked of as long as they live; if nothing is ſaid of them, they think they loſe their labour, and live to no purpoſe; accordingly they are angry with themſelves, if they have done nothing to raiſe a report. Many *devour* all their goods; others waſte them upon harlots. To gain any credit among them, a man muſt not only commit ſome laſcivious, but ſome notable folly. In a city ſo buſily employed as this, a common ſin will not be thought a ſtory worth telling.

I have heard *Albinovanus*, (an excellent ſtory-teller) (*h*) ſay, that he lived but a few doors from *Spurius Papinius*, who was one of theſe night-owls. Sometimes, ſaid he, about the third hour of the night I have heard the twang of whips (*i*). I aſk what is the matter? and I am told, *that* Papinius *is calling his ſervants to account*. About the ſixth hour of the night, I hear a loud bawling: *what is this for?* I ſay. *Why*, Papinius *is only exerciſing his voice*. About the eighth hour of the night, I hear the rattling of wheels; and, when I aſk what it means, am told, that *Papinius* is going to take the air. Towards break of day the whole houſe is in an uproar; the pages are called, and the butlers and the cooks are running up and down; *what now?* ſays I. *Papinius* is juſt come out of the bath, and calls for ſome broth and mulled wine. *What? and did his ſuppers exceed the expences of the day?* No; for notwithſtanding all this he lived very frugally: *he ſpent nothing*, but the night. Therefore to ſome who called *Papinius* a ſordid and covetous wretch, ſaid *Albinovanus*, you may as well call him *lychnobius*, a lamplighter.

You muſt not wonder, *Lucilius*, that you find ſo many peculiarities in vice. Vice hath various and innumerable appearances; the ſeveral kinds of it cannot be comprehended. The obſervance of what is *right* is ſimple and uniform; but *wrong* is manifold, and puts on whatever ſhape you pleaſe. The ſame may be ſaid of the manners of thoſe who follow Nature: they are always free and eaſy, and ſcarce ever know any difference: but the depraved, and ſuch as turn aſide therefrom, not only differ from other mortals, but even among themſelves.

The principal cauſe however of this diſeaſe, ſeems to be the diſdain of common life; as they diſtinguiſh themſelves from others by their dreſs, by the elegance of their entertainments, and by the ſmartneſs of their equipage; ſo would they likewiſe differ from them in the obſervation and diſpoſal of time. They ſcorn to ſin in a low and cuſtomary manner, who expect *infamy* for their reward (*k*). And this is what they all ambitiouſly covet; who live, as I may ſay, *retrograde*. But let *us*, my *Lucilius*, maintain the life which *Nature* preſcribes, nor ever decline

decline from it: to thoſe who follow her all things are eaſy, and readily provided; but to thoſe who are continually thwarting her, life is nothing elſe but *rowing againſt the ſtream.*

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Lipſius* does not recollect this to be ſaid any where by *Cato*, but that *Cicero* makes mention of ſuch ſots; qui ſolem, ut aiunt, nec occidentem unquam viderint, nec orientem, &c. *who are carried away from their meals, and cram themſelves next day, over yeſterday's crudities, who boaſt of never having ſeen the ſun riſing or ſetting, and who are beggars, having ſpent their patrimony.* Cic. de Fin. U. 8.

(*b*) Juſta ſibi faciunt] See Ep. xii. *Pincian* reads it *buſta. They are digging their own graves.*

(*c*) Plutarch. Quæſt. Conviv. 8. 9.

(*d*) Seneca Frag. in Thyeſte,—nulla culminibus meis
Impoſita nutat ſylva.
Nor on my houſetop nods a ſylvan ſcene.

Sen. Controv. v. 5. Aiunt in ſummis culminibus mentita nemora et navigalium piſcinarum freta. *They have not only groves on the top of their houſes but even fiſhponds.*

(*e*) So *Tacitus* ſpeaking of *Petronius*—Illi dies per ſomnum, nox officiis et oblectamentis vitæ tranſigebatur. *He paſſed his days in ſleep, and his nights in the duties and recreations of life.* And *Lampridius* of *Heliogabalus*, Trajecit et dierum actus noctibus et nocturnos diebus, eſtimans hoc inter inſtrumenta luxuriæ; ita ut ſero de ſomno ſurgeret, et ſalutari inciperet, mane autem dormire inceptaret. *He tranſferred the proper actions of the day to night, and of the night to day, looking upon this as an inſtance of luxury; ſo that he would riſe from ſleep expecting a ſalutation, and in the morning fall aſleep.* So *Horace* ſpeaking of one *Tegellius*,

—— Noctes vigilabat ad ipſum
Mane, diem totum ſtertebat.——S. i. 3. 17.
All night he drank, and then all day would ſnore,
No mortal from himſelf could differ more. Duncomb.

(*f*) *Seneca*, the father, likewiſe mentions him, Controv. i. 7. *Montanus Julius*, qui comes fuit, quique egregius poeta) *as an agreeable companion and an excellent poet.* He wrote both Heroic Poems and Elegies, according to *Ovid.* de Pont. l. 4.

Quique vel imparibus numeris, Montane, vel æquis
Sufficis, et gemino carmine nomen habes.

(*g*) He is mentioned by *Tacitus*, l. 5. as one of the clients of *Sejanus.*

(*h*) And alſo a poet.

(*i*) Et cædens longi relegit tranſacta dinrni.
Et cædit donec laſſis cædentibus, exi,
Intonet horrendum, jam cognitione peractâ. *Juv.* vi. 484.
Caſts up the day's account, and ſtill beats on;
Tir'd out at length, with an outrageous tone
She bids them, in the Devil's name, begone. Dryden.

(*k*) So *Tacitus* moſt elegantly of *Meſſalina*, the wife of *Nero.* Nomen tamen matrimonii concupivit, ob magnitudinem infamiæ, cujus apud prodigos, noviſſima voluptas eſt.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE CXXIII.

On Luxury.

TIRED, *Lucilius*, with a diſagreeable rather than a long journey, I came to my houſe at *Alba* late at night. I found nothing ready, but myſelf. I ſtretched therefore my wearineſs on the couch; and began to reflect with myſelf; that nothing is grievous, but what may be endured with patience; nothing intolerable, but what we make ſo by diſcontent. *My baker has got no bread*; but the porter has got ſome; as likewiſe the farmers and the ploughmen. *Yes, coarſe bread!* Stay a little, and you will think it fine enough; hunger will ſoon render it as ſoft and delicate, as what is made of the fineſt wheat-flower. We ſhould not eat therefore 'till this incites us. *Well then I will wait, and not eat before I can get white bread, or can reliſh brown.*

It is very neceſſary to accuſtom ourſelves to live upon a little. Many difficulties, both with regard to time and place, intervene, and hinder the rich and great themſelves from their uſual repaſt (*a*): no one can have at all times what he pleaſes: but it is always in a man's power to have no mind to that which he knows he cannot have, and chearfully to make uſe of what he has. A great part of liberty conſiſts in an orderly good-tempered appetite, that can brook a delay, and even contumely. You cannot imagine what great pleaſure I take in finding that my wearineſs can cure itſelf: I want not unction nor a bath: I aſk no other remedy but that of time: for, what labour hath contracted, reſt will ſoon diſperſe; and a ſupper at ſuch a time, whatever it may be, will be more delicious than a public feaſt in the capitol (*b*).

I have ſometimes made trial of my mind, by way of ſurprize; as it is then more ſincerely and truly made. For when the mind is prepared and hath enjoined itſelf patience, it will not ſo eaſily appear how ſtrong

and firm it is. Thoſe are the ſureſt proofs of it that are made *extempore:* when it looks upon an inconvenience, not only with an equal, but with a pleaſant eye; falls not into a paſſion, nor is litigious: when it ſupplies itſelf, with what might have been expected, only by not deſiring it; and thinks that ſomewhat indeed is wanting to habit and cuſtom, but nothing abſolutely to itſelf. There are many things, which we knew not to be ſuperfluous before we wanted them; for we uſed them, not becauſe we had need of them, but becauſe we had them. And how many things do we ſeek to get, only becauſe others have them, and eſpecially ſome of our acquaintance?

It muſt be reckoned among the cauſes of our evils that we live by example. Neither are we governed by reaſon, but led away by cuſtom. If ſuch a thing is done but by few, we regard it not; nor think of following them therein; but when it becomes the faſhion, we cannot but follow it; as if it were the more fit becauſe more frequent; and error, when 'tis become public, uſurps the place of right. Men cannot travel now but with a troop of *Numidian* horſe (*c*), or a ſtring of running footmen, before them. It is thought ſcandalous to have no one to clear the way; and not to ſhew by a great duſt they raiſe, that a gentleman is coming. All have now their mules to carry their glaſſes, made of cryſtal and tranſparent pebble, cut by the hands of the greateſt artiſts. All have the faces of their minions maſked, leſt the ſun or the cold ſhould hurt their tender ſkin. It is thought a ſhame there ſhould be any among this tribe, whoſe face is not ſo fair as to need no paint (*d*).

Now theſe are the men, *Lucilius*, with whom we muſt avoid all conference. Theſe are they who teach vice, and propagate it from one to another. They have been thought the worſt of men who only carry tales from one to another; but theſe men carry vices. Indeed the converſation of ſuch men is exceedingly hurtful; for though it may not affect us at firſt, yet it will leave certain ſeeds in the mind, which, even when we have ſhook off theſe our companions, will abide with us, to our great detriment. As when we have heard a concert of muſic,

muſic, we carry away the modulation and ſweetneſs of an air, that engages our thoughts, nor will ſuffer us to give attention to any thing more ſerious; ſo the voice of flatterers, and of ſuch as commend vice, ſtays longer with us than the time we give it hearing; nor is it an eaſy matter to ſhake off from the fond mind the pleaſing ſound: it purſues us; will not forſake us; and at times will interfere do what we can. We muſt ſhut our ears therefore to frivolous diſcourſe; and indeed to the firſt attack of ſuch men; for, when once they have made a beginning, and find free admiſſion, they ſoon grow bolder, and at length come to the following language:

" *Virtue, Philoſophy*, and *Juſtice!* what are they but mere empty " ſounds! Our only happineſs conſiſts in *good living!* to do every " thing we pleaſe; and to enjoy one's patrimony. This is to live; " this is to remember that we are mortal: the day fleets from us, and " life irrecoverably paſſeth away (*e*). Why ſhould we ſcruple to em- " brace every delight, and to treat life with thoſe pleaſures it cannot " always enjoy; but now can, and even demands them? What avails " it to ſtretch our frugality even beyond the grave? and now to deny " ourſelves thoſe things which death will ſoon deprive us of? What " a poor wretch art thou, who haſt no miſtreſs? and no minion for a " miſtreſs to envy! How ridiculous is it to walk the ſtreets ſober, " and to ſup ſo early and frugally as if you were to make a diary for the " approbation of a father! This is not to live for yourſelf, but for " another! What madneſs is it for a man to ſollicit for his heir! and " to deny himſelf every thing, that the proſpect of a large legacy, or " an inheritance may make your friend your enemy! For, the more " he is to receive, the ſooner will he deſire, and rejoice in your death. " Value not a ruſh thoſe ſevere and ſupercilious cenſurers of other " men's lives, and enemies to their own; thoſe public pedagogues, " who would fain govern the world! Deſpiſe them we ſay, and make " no ſcruple to prefer mirth, and good living, to the empty name of " a good man."

Such

Such harangues as theſe are to be dreaded, as the voice of the *Syrens* whom *Ulyſſes* would not venture to hear; before he had bound himſelf to the main-maſt. They are altogether as prevalent; they draw us from our country, our parents, our friends, our virtue: and baſely inveigle thoſe wretches that liſten to them into a ſcandalous life. How much better is it to walk in the ſtrait path, and to attain this happy end, to think thoſe things alone delightful, which are fit and honourable? And this we ſhould certainly attain, if we ſuppoſe and ſincerely reflect on two ſorts of things, thoſe that have ſufficient charms to incite us, or thoſe that are attended with horror. By the former I mean *riches, pleaſures, beauty, ambition,* and the like pleaſing, ſweetly-ſoothing baits; while ſuch as drive us from them with abhorrence, are *ignominy, hard-living, labour, pain* and *death.* We muſt therefore be well exerciſed that we fear not theſe, nor covet the former. We muſt fight contrariwiſe, retreat from thoſe that invite us to them, and make head againſt thoſe that preſs upon us. See you not how different is the attitude of thoſe, who aſcend or deſcend an hill? They that go down a ſteep place bend their bodies backward; they that go up ſtoop forwards. For if when you deſcend you ſtoop forwards, or in aſcending lean backwards, this, my *Lucilius*, would be to favour and aſſiſt the precipice. Now, we deſcend into pleaſures, but climb up againſt adverſity and hardſhips: here then muſt we ſtoop forward our bodies, and in the former caſe lean them back, reſtraining them with all our might.

But think not that theſe are the only men whoſe diſcourſe is pernicious to us, while they recommend pleaſure, and inſtil a dread of pain; which is terrible enough in itſelf. No, there are others whom I think as prejudicial; I mean thoſe who under a pretence of affecting *Stoiciſm* exhort to vice: for, this is their boaſt: *that the lover is the only wiſe and learned man; and that he is moſt wiſe, who hath the moſt ſkill in drinking and feaſting. Let us enquire then,* ſay they, *to what age young men are amiable.*—No; let us give up thoſe vices to the *Greeks*; and rather attend to the following inſtructions: *No one is caſually good: virtue is to be learned: pleaſure is a low and mean engagement; to be held in no eſteem; common with dumb animals; the loweſt and moſt contemptible*

have recourſe thereto; glory is ſomething vain, volatile, and more inconſtant than the winds; poverty is no real burthen, but to thoſe who repugn it; death is no evil; why do you complain? This is the moſt juſt and equal law to all mankind: ſuperſtition is a mad error (f); it fears thoſe, who ought moſt to be beloved; and abuſeth thoſe it worſhippeth: for what difference is there whether you deny the Gods, or ſcandalize them? Theſe are the things, *Lucilius*, that are to be learned; nay, they are to be learned, as we ſay, *by heart*. Philoſophy ſhould never ſuggeſt any excuſes for vice; the ſick man can have but little hopes of recovery, to whom his phyſician recommends intemperance.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) A dicbus optantem: *al.* a diis. *al.* a diu optatis. *al.* octavam, referring to the hour of ſupper:

Exul ab octava Marius bibit, et fruitur diis
Iratis; at tu victrix provincia ploras.
Marius *his fine begs off, contemns his infamy,*
Can riſe at twelve, and get him drunk at three.
Enjoys his exile, and condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, prevailing province, to complain. Dryden.

(*b*) Cœna Diali] al. adjiciali, *ſive* adiciali. Ep. 95.

(*c*) Numidarum equitatus] So in Ep. 87. Curſores, et Numidas, et multum ante ſe pulverem agentem.

(*d*) Deſideret medicamentum] So *Juvenal*, of women:

Sed quæ mutatis inducitur, atque fovetur
Tot medicaminibus, coctæque filiginis offas
Accipit, et madidæ, facies dicetur an ulcus? Juv. vi. 470.
But hadſt thou ſeen her plaiſter'd up, before,
'Twas ſo unlike a face, it ſeem'd a ſore. Dryden.

(*e*) Una felicitas eſt, bona vita, facere omnia libere] This is another paſſage in full agreement with that of St. Paul, *come let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.* i. Cor. xi. 32. which in my paraphraſe of that admirable chapter runs thus:

Come, let us ſwim in pleaſure; ſwim at large;
Eat, drink, and with variety of ſport,
Indulge the taſte of luſtful appetence.
For why? To-morrow the eclipſe of life
Shall cover us with an eternal ſhade;
The common period of all earthly beings.

Where I obſerve that this is no *laconic* proverb, properly ſo called as ſome take it; becauſe no people

people were more ſober and frugal than the *Lacedæmonians.*——St. *Paul* certainly took it from Iſ. xxii. 13. but to a different end, &c.

(f) Error inſanus, *al* infantis, *a childiſh error.* "Superſtition is a very dangerous weapon, that cuts with two edges; for while it fills with ſome falſe fears, the abſurdity of thoſe fears drives others into infidelity. Superſtition built the *Pagan* hell and *elyſium*, and infidelity, not content with pulling down the ſuperſtructure, eraſed the very foundations. The extreme errors are, ſuperſtition, which realizes the fire and the worm; and infidelity, which, laughing at theſe, overlooks the analogy. *Malampus*, p. 207.

EPISTLE CXXIV.

Againſt the Epicureans, *that Good conſiſts in Reaſon and not in Senſe.*

POSSUM multa tibi veterum præcepta referre,
Ni refugis, teſtiſque piget cognoſcere curas.
I many ſolid precepts could rehearſe,
Would you attend to the inſtructive verſe.

But you, I know, *Lucilius*, will attend; nor are you diſguſted at the moſt ſubtle queſtion. Such is your elegance of taſte, not to delight only in what is great. And this I likewiſe approve in you, that you reduce all things to ſome uſe and profit; and then only are offended, when a ſubject is not argued with the niceſt ſubtlety imaginable: which indeed is not what I ſhall now pretend to. The plain queſtion is, *whether good is comprehended by ſenſe, or the underſtanding.* And as an adjunct to this, it is ſaid, *that neither infants nor brute animals are capable of it.*

The *Epicureans*, who ſet pleaſure in the higheſt place, affirm *good to be ſenſual:* but we *Stoics*, on the other hand, who attribute it to the mind, ſuppoſe it *intellectual.* If the ſenſes were the ſole judges of good, we ſhould reject no ſort of pleaſure; for there is no pleaſure but what is alluring and delightful: and, on the contrary, we ſhould undergo no pain willingly; as there is none but what offends the ſenſes.

Beſides, they would by no means deſerve blame or cenſure, who are too fond of pleaſure, and who live in the utmoſt dread of pain; whereas we condemn thoſe, who devote themſelves to luſt and gluttony; and deſpiſe thoſe, who dare not engage in any manly exerciſe for fear of pain. For, how do they ſin, or do wrong, who act in obedience to the ſenſes, ſuppoſing theſe to be the judges of good and evil; for to theſe you have given the power of determining what you ſhall fly from, or what purſue? But ſurely *reaſon* ſhould preſide in this affair; which as it ought to determine concerning *life*, *virtue*, and *the fitneſs of things*; ſo likewiſe concerning *good* and *evil:* for otherwiſe, according to theſe men, pre-eminence is given to the baſer part to judge of the better; if good muſt be judged of by the *ſenſes*, dull and ſtupid as they are, and much more imperfect in man than in other animals. What if any one had a mind to diſcern minute things not with his eye, but his touch? Surely to diſcern good from evil, no penetration can be more ſharp and exact for this purpoſe than the ſight of the eyes. You ſee then how ignorant of truth they are, and how diſreſpectfully they trample upon things high and ſublime, who make the *touch* the judge of good and evil.

But it is ſaid, *that as every ſcience and every art muſt have ſomething that is manifeſt, and comprehended by ſenſe, from whence it may be derived and encreaſe; ſo an happy life takes its ſource and foundation from ſuch things as are manifeſt and fall under the apprehenſion of ſenſe.* Well then, you ſay, an happy life takes its beginning from things manifeſt; and we ſay, that ſuch things are happy, or create happineſs, which are according to nature. And what is according to nature appears clearly, and at firſt ſight, as whatever is perfect and entire. *What then is according to nature?* Why, it is that which befalleth him, who is juſt born: I do not call it actually good, but the beginning of good. Whereas you attribute pleaſure as the chief good to infancy; as if a child began to have that from its birth, which he obtaineth only when a complete man. This is to ſet the top of the tree, where ſhould be the root. If any one ſhould ſay that an infant, while it lies in its mother's womb, of an uncertain ſex, tender, imperfect, and unſhapen, is already

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in poſſeſſion of good he would certainly ſeem to be miſtaken. But how little difference is there between him who hath juſt entered upon life, and him, who is as yet a latent burthen in the womb? Both of them as to any underſtanding of good and evil, are alike mature; becauſe an infant is no more capable of good than a tree, or a brute animal. And why is not a tree or a brute animal capable of good? Becauſe they want reaſon: and upon the ſame account infants are not capable; for they as yet want reaſon.

Some animals are irrational; ſome not as yet rational; and ſome rational, but imperfectly: in none of theſe dwells *good*. It is an attendant upon reaſon. What difference then is there between the things before-mentioned? Good can never be in what is irrational; in what is not yet rational, good is not yet; and in what is imperfect, good may hereafter be, but is not now. What I mean, *Lucilius*, is this: good is not found in every natural body; nor in every age of life; and is as far from belonging to infancy, as the laſt is from the firſt; or perfection from a beginning: therefore much leſs in a body, ſcarcely formed in the womb, or whatever prior ſtate it may be in. Again, ſpeaking of the good of a tree or plant; you will not ſay that it is in the firſt leaf that buddeth forth; or that the good of wheat is in the tender blade, or in the ſoft ear that firſt ſprings from the ſtalk; but in the grain, when the ſummer and due maturity hath hardened it. As nothing in nature exhibits good before it is in perfection, ſo the good of man is not in man 'till reaſon is become perfect in him. Now what this good is I will tell you: *it is a mind upright and free, ſubjecting other things to itſelf, itſelf to nothing*. Infancy therefore is not capable of this good; neither can the child, the boy, or youth itſelf expect it, but unjuſtly and in vain. And happy is the old age, that hath attained it by long ſtudy and application, when it becomes a real and intellectual good.

You allow, it is ſaid, *ſome good to be in trees and in herbs; why not then in infants? True* good is neither in trees nor in brute animals; the good in them is only a precarious good, by conceſſion. *And what is that?* you ſay. Why it is that which is conſonant to the nature of

every thing. Good can by no means be aſſigned to brute animals; it is of a more noble and happy nature. There can be no good, but where there is reaſon.

There are four ſeveral natures: that of a tree, that of a beaſt, that of a man, and that of God. The former two, being both irrational, have much the ſame nature. The other two have different natures, the one being immortal, the other mortal. The nature then of one, i. e. *of God*, is perfect good in itſelf; and care and diligence in the other, i. e. in man, hath made alſo his (reſpectively) perfect. Other things are ſaid to be perfect in their nature, but not truly perfect, foraſmuch as they want reaſon. For that, in ſhort, is perfect, which is perfect according to univerſal nature; but univerſal nature is rational; other things however may be perfect in their kind.

In what there cannot be a bleſſed life, neither can be that by which a bleſſed life is effected; there is not in a brute animal that whereby a bleſſed life is effected, therefore in a brute animal good is not. A brute animal indeed comprehends things preſent by ſenſation; and remembers things paſt, when the ſenſe is awakened thereto by ſomething preſent. As a horſe remembers the road when he is put into it; but it is not to be ſuppoſed that in the ſtable he remembers any thing of the road, though he treads it every day (*a*). The third degree of time, I mean the time to come, appertaineth not to brute beaſts. How then can the nature of thoſe things ſeem perfect, which have not the uſe of perfect time? For time is divided into three parts, paſt, preſent, and future: that only which is ſhorteſt, and is paſſing, i. e. the preſent, is given to the knowledge of animals; very rare is the remembrance of the paſt, nor ever recovered, but by the intervention of ſomething preſent. The good therefore of a perfect nature cannot be in a nature that is imperfect; or if it naturally hath good, it is of the ſame ſort that plants alſo have.

Nor do I deny but that brute animals are carried with a ſtrong force and impulſe towards thoſe things that ſeem agreeable to nature; but then

then it is in a confuſed and diſorderly manner; but there can never be any diſorder or confuſion in *good*. *Why then*, ſay you, *are brute animals moved confuſedly and diſorderly?* I ſaid this upon a ſuppoſition, that their nature was capable of order; they are now moved according to nature. For that is confuſed, which may not be ſo at another time; and that not at eaſe, which at another time may be ſecure. Vice is in none, but where alſo there may be virtue. The motion then in brute beaſts is ſuch as is according to their nature. But not to detain you too long, ſuppoſe a brute animal to have ſome good, ſome virtue, ſomething perfect; what then? It is not abſolutely good, nor virtue, nor perfection; for theſe privileges belong only to rational animals, to whom it is given to know, *wherefore*, *how far*, and *in what manner*. So that *good* is in nothing but where there is *reaſon*.

You aſk, *whereunto tends this diſcourſe, and wherein will it profit the mind?* I will tell you; it both exerciſes and ſharpens it: and, as the mind muſt be employed ſome way or other (*b*), detains it in a fit employ: it is of ſervice likewiſe in preventing it from purſuing its natural tendency to ill. But give me leave further to ſay, that I cannot poſſibly confer a greater benefit upon you, than by pointing out to you your own good, by diſtinguiſhing you from brute beaſts, and placing you in communion with God.

Why then, I ſay, do you take ſo much pains in nouriſhing and exerciſing the ſtrength of your body; as if this was to be boaſted of? Nature hath given this in greater perfection to ſavage beaſts. Why ſo careful to heighten and preſerve beauty? When you have done all you can, many animals will excell you herein. Why do you trim your hair with ſo great diligence and art? Whether you let it flow at full length, like the *Parthians*, or tie it up in a knot like the *Germans*, or frizzle and ſpread it wide, like the *Scythians*; every horſe ſhall toſs about a thicker and more flowing mane; and the lion ſhall look more formidably noble: and whatever ſwiftneſs you pretend to, you are no match for the little hare.

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Would you then laying aſide theſe qualifications, in which you are neceſſarily excelled, as they are foreign to you, return to your own proper good? Know, it is this: *a mind or ſoul truly reformed, and comparatively pure as God is pure:* advancing itſelf above all earthly things, and reckoning nothing its own from without. Thou art a rational animal; and what is the good within thee? Perfect reaſon. Do all you can then to advance this, and carry it to the higheſt perfection, its proper end. Then think yourſelf happy, when all joy and ſatisfaction ariſe from yourſelf; when in all thoſe things that men ſo greedily catch at, ſo fondly wiſh for, and ſo carefully guard, you can find nothing, which, I do not ſay, you had rather have, but which you at all deſire. I will conclude with this ſhort rule, whereby you may examine yourſelf, and know whether you are as yet perfect. Thou ſhalt poſſeſs the proper good, when thou ſhalt know and underſtand, infeliciſſimos eſſe felices, *that they are moſt unhappy, who are happy (c).*

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) If brutes have any *ideas* at all, and are not bare machines (as ſome would have them) we cannot deny them to have ſome *reaſon*. It ſeems as evident to me that they do ſome of them in certain inſtances reaſon, as that they have ſenſe; but it is only in particular *ideas*, juſt as they received them from their ſenſes. *Locke*, p. 121.

There is a gradation or ſcale of aſcent of the principle of action among creatures in proportion to their perfection, with regard to the motion of their bodies. But men have further a power of directing arbitrarily their perceptive capacity to, and throughout their paſt perceptions, which brutes have not: and therefore cannot properly be called thinking creatures. And this is the ſpecific difference betwixt rational and irrational beings, as this power is the foundation of the rational nature. See *Baxter* on Locke, p. 79, &c. *Brown* on the underſtanding, p. 173.

(*b*) That there are *ideas*, ſome or other always preſent in the mind of a waking man, every one's experience convinces him: though the mind employs itſelf about them with ſeveral degrees of attention, &c. *Locke*, p. 184.

(*c*) Or it may be rendered, that *the moſt unhappy are happy*, if they diſcharge to the beſt of their power the reſpective duties of life.

THE END.